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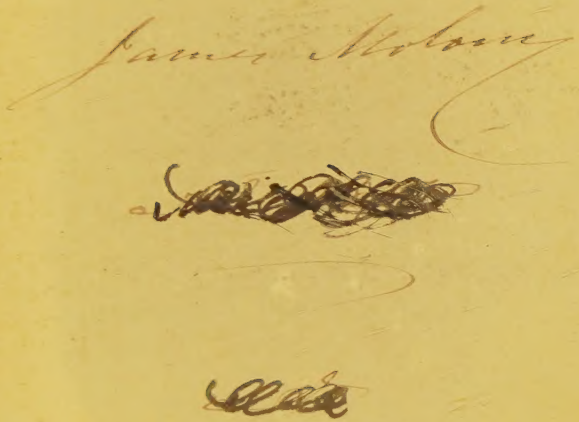

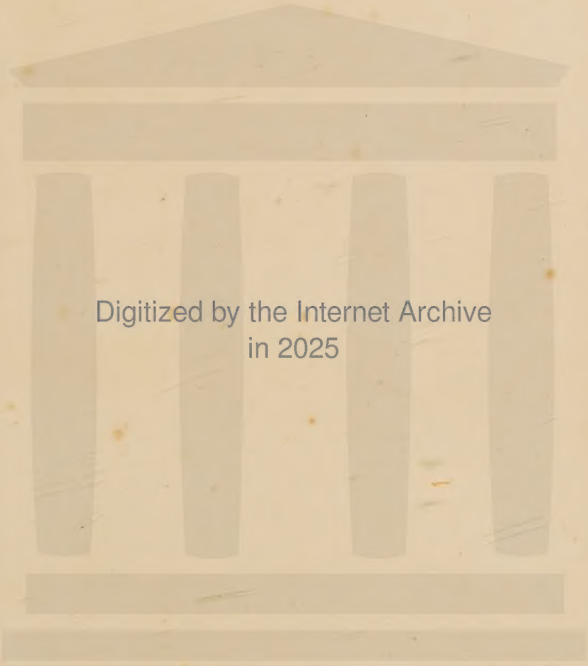
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CLONCURRY & HIBERNIA.

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LIFE, TIMES, AND COTEMPORARIES

OF

LORD CLONCURRY.

BY

WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

"I know Lord Cloncurry well; and, knowing him, I respect and admire him. He is a true and practical Patriot. High in life, and possessed of a large and independent fortune, he rejects the vicious and tasteless example of those who dissipate their wealth in foreign countries. His fortune is spent at home. His useful and honourable life is devoted to the good of Ireland, to the performance of his duties as a nobleman, a citizen, and a magistrate."—*Lord Charlemont*, 1819.

"Ireland has not a better friend or one more devoted to her service than Lord Cloncurry. He sets a splendid example; possessing a munificent fortune, and expending every shilling in his native land. The poor man's justice of peace; the friend of reform; in private society—in the bosom of his family—the model of virtue; in public life worthy of the admiration and affection of the people."—*Daniel O'Connell, 3rd June*, 1824.

DUBLIN:

JAMES DUFFY, 7, WELLINGTON QUAY.

1855.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY J. M. O'TOOLE,
13, HAWKINS'-STREET.

TO

HIS GRACE

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK DUKE OF LEINSTER,

Sole Duke and Premier Marquis and Earl of Ireland,

WHO,

CO-OPERATING FROM HIS EARLIEST YOUTH WITH THE LABOURS

OF

Lord Cloncurry,

AS A CATHOLIC EMANCIPATOR, A RESIDENT LANDLORD,

AN ACTIVE MAGISTRATE, AND A GENEROUS EMPLOYER,

HAS LONG SINCE SECURED TO HIMSELF

THE HONOUR AND ESTEEM OF ALL GOOD IRISHMEN,

The Following Pages

ARE, WITH HIS GRACE'S OWN PERMISSION,

AND IN THE HOPE

THAT THEY MAY NOT ALTOGETHER DISAPPOINT THE RESPECT

ENTERTAINED BY HIM

FOR THE MEMORY OF HIS DECEASED FRIEND,

Respectfully Inscribed,

BY HIS GRACE'S VERY HUMBLE AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK.

10,806

PREFACE.

THE idea of writing this book was first suggested to me by the following passage in a letter from Dr. Richard Grattan,* an old friend and correspondent of Lord Cloncurry, to the editor of the *Nation* newspaper, shortly after his lordship's death:—"It occurs to me," said Dr. Grattan, "that a memoir of the public life and times of Valentine Lawless, Lord Cloncurry, would be a valuable present to Ireland. That this work will be forthcoming there can be no doubt; but our great object should be to have it well done, and in a way, through him, to diffuse generally the sound principles and the enlarged and liberal views by which he was so eminently distinguished. There can be no want of materials; Lord Cloncurry was a fluent writer, and corresponded with almost every one who interested himself in promoting the welfare of Ireland. * * * The testimonial to Lord Cloncurry should be the history of his own life,

* Senior Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, and Ex-King's Professor of the Practice of Medicine.

read and studied by every Irishman, so as to impress his character, as much as possible, on the public mind of Ireland."

I am sure there is no Irishman who will not agree with the opinion expressed by Dr. Grattan. Perhaps, no life of the last generation, except O'Connell's, has so wide an historical interest. That Lord Cloncurry was always foremost, from 1795 to 1853, in every movement tending to the amelioration of our condition, or the increase of our national spirit, is a fact well known, not only to Ireland, but throughout Europe and America. Identified by station and estate with the aristocracy, yet his greatest pride was to take a lead in the ranks of the oppressed people ; a man of ample fortune, which he spent in the encouragement of noble designs, or generous charities, and who passed through every phase of a political career, from the rebel's dungeon to the Viceroy's *camarilla*, yet retained an unimpeached fidelity to Ireland through all.

Having obtained access to a large mass of unpublished and interesting correspondence relative to his lordship's life and times—finding that no one else was likely to undertake the task, and encouraged by the advice of several friends, whose opinion I valued, I at last determined, though with considerable diffidence, to weave the materials which were rapidly accumulating in my hands into such an unvarnished and, I trust, truthful and impartial

narrative, as my untried abilities were capable of producing.

I, of course, in the first instance, met with the objection that a volume, entitled "The Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry," might seem to have forestalled my undertaking; but I do not believe that any person who now goes to the trouble of comparing the one book with the other will remain of that opinion. No two works upon the same subject could well be more dissimilar in design and construction. "The Personal Recollections" were rather a series of reminiscences of his lordship's early friends, and of fragmentary sketches of the most important epochs of his own life until 1832, than a complete biography; and the modesty of a writer who speaks of himself interfered with its fulness, not less than the absence of lights from other external and cotemporary sources. I have endeavoured not merely to follow the direct line of Lord Cloncurry's life, but to illustrate it by notices of the events in which he bore a part, and by the characters and evidence of the men with whom he associated. His lordship's times were eventful—they were times of which we have, unfortunately, little authentic history; and their consideration consequently occupies a much larger portion of my work than is usual in the biography of an individual.

The *earlier* chapters, with the exception of the first, were written almost immediately after the

death of Lord Cloncurry. For the many blemishes that I am well aware characterize them, I solicit the reader's kind indulgence.

On the vast amount of new, and, I should hope, interesting matter which this volume contains, I shall not here expatiate. Of the letters, I will merely observe, that out of one hundred and seventy-two only four appeared in the "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry," and those I have always been particular to acknowledge. With, perhaps, one half dozen exceptions, the entire collection in his lordship's work were addressed by different parties to himself. In the following pages that arrangement has been reversed. A man's private letters have ever been considered the true lights of biography. As many as I considered necessary to illustrate effectively Lord Cloncurry's patriotic career, and the very eventful times through which he passed, I have given—some to show the generous philanthropy which was a constant characteristic of his life.

In addition to the interesting correspondence referred to, further lights, in the shape of extracts from the most effective of Lord Cloncurry's speeches, have been brought to bear upon those portions of his political career, which, from lapse of time, have become either wholly or partially obscured.

In tracing the political and private life of Lord Cloncurry, after his liberation from captivity in 1801, I have found the "Personal Recollections"

little or no guide. His lordship's patriotic career I carefully followed through the newspaper files from 1797 to 1853; and I can with truth affirm that not a single page escaped my scrutiny. No man, save him who has travelled over the same ground, could possibly form a just idea of the labour and tediousness attendant on such an undertaking.

Many of the letters introduced in my book exhibit the characteristics of *private* communications. But it must be remembered that they refer for the most part, to political events which have long since passed away, and are addressed to parties whose connexion with the press rendered it expedient at the time to stamp the word "Private" on them.

To those relatives of Lord Cloncurry, not of his immediate family, who furnished me with much interesting information for the work, and to the friends and correspondents of Lord Cloncurry, who placed a liberal selection from his lordship's letters at my disposal, I beg to return my best thanks. They will find the materials, it is hoped, judiciously used. And as a new edition will shortly be prepared, I take the liberty of here suggesting to correspondents the expediency of furnishing me at once with any unpublished letters of Lord Cloncurry's that may chance to remain in their possession.

WILLIAM J. FITZPATRICK.

South Hill Avenue, Mount Merrion,
March 1*st*, 1855.

CLONCURRY AND HIS TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

How Sir Hugh de Lawless came to Ireland, and what brought him thither—Shangumagh—Provost, Guardian, and Bishop Lawless—Genealogy of the Family—Their landed Property—King James the Second secreted in Puck's Castle—Stands Godfather for his Host's Son and Heir—Walter Lawless attainted—James Lawless of Shankhill—Pedro ac nuck—Robert Lawless—His romantic and eventful History—Birth of Nicholas, first Lord Cloncurry—Sent to Rouen University—Completes his College Course and returns to Ireland—Purchases Galleville—Subjected to more Slights than Courtesies—Marries Margaret Browne, of Mount Browne—Their Offspring—Renounces the Roman Catholic Religion, and purchases an Estate in Ireland—Death of Robert Lawless—His Commercial Establishment—Data connected therewith—Singular Anecdote respecting the Conversion of Nicholas Lawless—Elected M.P. for Lifford—His tardy Appearance in the Field—Created a Baronet of Ireland—Critical Situation of England in 1776—The American War—Diffidence of Sir Nicholas Lawless in the House—Governmental Bias of his Votes—The Marquis of Buckingham Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Regency Question—Unparalleled Corruption practised—Peerages purchased—Anecdote—Elevation of Sir Nicholas Lawless to a Barony—His *Début* in the House of Lords—Incident at Crow street Theatre—Laughable Epigram on Lord Cloncurry—The two Viceroys, Westmoreland and Fitzwilliam—Solicits the latter for Promotion in the Peerage—Request declined—Consequent Revenge of Lord Cloncurry.

In the twelfth century, when Dermod Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, triumphantly carried off the beautiful Dearbhforguill, wife of O'Rourke, Prince of Breíni, and thereby incurred the indignation of that potentate—when all Ireland vowed vengeance on his head for the outrage, and Roderick O'Connor, as the mightiest of its kings, undertook the task of crushing the abductor—when battle raged, and blood gushed fresh and scarlet from the staunch old hearts of the Leinster soldiery—when, driven to desperation, Dermod Mac Murrough rushed panic-stricken from Ireland, and flung himself at

the feet of King Henry the Second, craving his protection and swearing temporary allegiance—when his Majesty, yearning in spirit to possess himself of Ireland, conjured Mac Murrough to be composed, and assured him that he might calculate on sufficient assistance to enable him to recover the kingly position he had lost—when these and other events were being enacted, an armament, for the express purpose of invading Ireland, and of rendering her thenceforward subject to English domination, was actively in preparation at Milford Haven, and awaiting only the preconcerted signal to crowd all sail, and steer direct for Waterford.

The ambition of Mac Murrough blinded his mental vision, and he saw not through the cajolery of King Henry. Not confining his desires to the recovery of Leinster, Dermod ambitioned to become supreme monarch of all Ireland. Henry encouraged this feeling, and gave him every reason to understand that his interference should not be otherwise than friendly.

On the 18th October, 1172, this disinterested and valuable ally, with a fleet of some hundred ships, weighed anchor from Milford Haven, and, after a short voyage, glided almost unobserved into the harbour of Waterford. The army of King Henry, on this occasion, consisted of four hundred knights and several thousand men-at-arms. Amongst the former was Sir Hugh de Lawless,* of Hoddesdon, County Hertford, the ancestor of Valentine Lord Cloncurry.

It does not come within the scope of this work to follow the progress of King Henry's movements. Let it suffice to say, that by means of cajolery, rather than by force of arms, an English footing was permanently established in Ireland. Perhaps the wiliest expedient resorted to by his Majesty was the consummately ingenious manner in which he worked upon the Irish Synod, at that time sitting in conclave at Cashel. Henry's intimacy with Pope Adrian (who was a brother-Saxon) stood him in good stead, and by dint of producing certain Bulls

* The ancestor of Sir Hugh de Lawless was David, Duke of Normandy.

from his Holiness, an almost bloodless conquest resulted. "It is evident," observes Plowden, "that, through the influence of the Synod, the whole nation was induced to submit to Henry with a facility which no other means would have secured to the invader."

No sooner had the Norman knights set their feet upon the verdant island, and gazed around upon its golden valleys and fertile pasture lands, than they at once found themselves filled with an inordinate desire to become possessed of something more than the mere vision of such luxuriance. They smacked their lips at the glittering prospect, and, in the abject subserviency of selfish expectation, prostrated themselves before their gracious and beneficent monarch. Henry received these advances with complacency: he was desirous of rewarding the services of his faithful knights; and, as he had no land to spare in England, he gladly distributed amongst them, with a lavish hand, the Irish manors, which he only knew by name.

One there was, situated in the vicinity of Dublin, that made the Norman mouth, of Sir Hugh de Lawless, water. It went by the name of the Manor of Shanganagh, and was, in sooth, a most ethereal spot. Slumbering beneath the mountain parish of Killiney, and sheltered by the umbrageous foliage of Old Connaught, the vale of Shanganagh, with outstretched arms, while embracing a creek of the dark blue ocean, grasped into a focus all the naturally picturesque beauty of that eminently rich district:

"How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye reposes,
On the picture of beauty, this valley discloses,
From that margin of silver, whereon the blue water
Doth glance like the eyes of the ocean foam's daughter!
To where, with the red clouds of morning combining,
The tall "golden spears"* o'er the mountains are shining,
With the hue of their heather, as sunlight advances,
Like purple flags furled round the staffs of the lances!
Sweetest of vales is the vale of Shanganagh!
Greenest of vales is the vale of Shanganagh!
No lands far away by the calm Susquehannah!
So tranquil and fair as the vale of Shanganagh!"

Golden spears is the literal translation of an old Irish name applied to the Sugar Loaf chain of mountains adjacent to Shanganagh.

So sings Denis Florence M'Carthy. He does not overrate its beauties, and that is saying a great deal.

Sir Hugh de Lawless heard of the exquisite scenery of Shanganagh. He resolved to test the truth of these reports, and made a personal pilgrimage to the spot. To modify the words of Cæsar, he came, saw, and (was) conquered. Yes! the Norman found himself speechless with admiration before its beauties. Shanganagh had taken his heart by storm, and he would that very day wait upon King Henry, and conjure him to make it his for evermore. His Majesty heard the request, complied with it, and from that moment Shanganagh became the property, or as the attorney said, who drew up the deed of settlement—the "*fee simple*" of Sir Hugh.

We can imagine the knight, as he posted off to see King Henry, carolling away in the following style:—

"When I have knelt in the Temple of Duty,
Worshipping honour, and valour, and beauty—
When like a brave man, in fearless resistance,
I have fought the good fight on the field of Existence;
When a home I have won by a long life of labour,
By the thoughts of my soul, or the steel of my sabre,
Be that home a calm home where my old age may rally,
A home full of peace in this sweet pleasant valley!
Sweetest of vales is the vale of Shanganagh!
Greenest of vales is the vale of Shanganagh!
May the accents of love, like the droppings of Manna,
Fall sweet on my heart in the vale of Shanganagh."

The old age of Sir Hugh de Lawless *did* find a home in the vale of Shanganagh, and what is more, "the accents of love fell sweet on his ears" the while. He married,* erected a castle near the water's edge, and lived, and died, after "a long life of labour," within it.

The dichotomised ruins of this old castle are still visible, and may be observed from a great distance.

* By a very old family escutcheon, which remains in the possession of the Lawless family of Shankhill, we find that Sir Hugh had a son named Richard. Beneath this heraldic device is an unfurled scroll, bearing the following inscription:—"Sir Hugh Lawles, Knight, sent a deede sealed with his armes, dated ye first yeare of King Edward ye 3rd, unto his son Richard Lawles, of all his lands of ye manor of Shanganagh."

It would be tedious until we come to the seventeenth century to trace, with any degree of accuracy, the genealogical descent from Sir Hugh de Lawless; but we may observe, *en passant*, that Richard Lawless, from 1310 till 1313, held the office of Provost or chief magistrate of Dublin.* His adjudications appear to have been of a singular character. In 1310, famine stalked throughout the land, and a "cranoge of wheat,"† as the Annals of Dublin tell us, "sold for twenty shillings." The bakers entered into a combination to impose on the public, by means of using false weights, and to a great extent succeeded in carrying out their object. The imposture, however, came to the ears of Richard Lawless, and having had the men of dough brought before him, he sentenced them to be drawn on hurdles through the streets, tied at horses' tails.

In 1347, we find that King Henry appointed Robert Lawless (probably the son of Provost Richard Lawless), one of the public guardians of the peace in Dublin, with power to assess and array its military force as required, and to head the municipal guard in resisting the hostility and invasion of the native "Irishry."‡

In 1354,§ Stephen Lawless was consecrated Bishop of Limerick, and died on Innocents' Day, 1359. The family were then in possession of large estates in Dublin and Wicklow. "In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries," observes Dalton, in his History of the County Dublin, "the Lawless family were in possession of Shanganagh, Kilruddery, Corkagh, and Old Connaught;‖ but

* It was not till 1665, that the chief magistrate became honoured with the title of Lord Mayor—Sir Daniel Bellingham being the first who bore it.

† In 1333, wheat was sold in Dublin at 6d. per bushel!

‡ Rot. Pat. in canc. Hib. (Dalton).

§ "Stephen Lawles, Chancellor of the Cathedral of Limerick, succeeded Bishop Rochfort, and was restored to the temporalities by the king, on the 13th May, 1354. He died on Innocents' Day, 1359."—*The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland, Revised and Improved. Entirely translated from the original Latin, by Walter Harris, Esq.*—2 vols. folio. Dublin. 1764.

‖ From the Lawless family these townlands passed over to the Walshes, who, as "Irish rebels and Papists," are frequently alluded to in the old chronicles of Dublin.

in 1473,* the Vicars of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, petitioned Parliament, stating that they and their predecessors were seised of the seigniory of Shanganagh from time immemorial, had leased it to Thomas Lawless, and had also leased eighty acres within said seigniory to Edmund Walsh, who disowned their authority, and would pay no rent."

Shanganagh, about this time, passed out of the family; but the Lawlesses were too much attached to the old property not to re-establish themselves as soon as possible in its immediate vicinity. This they did by erecting a castle at Shankhill, and a dwelling-house at Cherrywood—townlands situated within a stone's throw of Shanganagh. In the fifteenth century, the Lawlesses were in possession of considerable landed property in Kilkenny.

From an old family document we learn that another branch of the family were, for upwards of a century, seated at the Castle of Rawebuck, or Roebuck, in the vicinity of Dublin, where they continued to reside until about the year 1690.

On the 9th May, 1608, Walter Lawless, of Talbot Inche, County Kilkenny, obtained from his gracious Majesty, King James the First, the princely grant of seven manors, situated in the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny.† According to the old deed of transfer, these manors "possessed the right of patronage, and were to be held for ever, in capite, by knight's service."‡ Lingard speaking of James's munificence in 1608 (vol. vi. chap. 2), says, that his entertainments were of the most costly description, and his presents to those who claimed reward for their services, or had the good fortune to

* Inquisition in Canc. Hib.

† King James' Letters Patent were drawn up in the sixth year of his reign, and dated at Dublin, 19th May, 1608. From them we find that his Majesty "granted the several manors following, to wit, the manor of Clonmell, Killsheallane, Lisronagh, Killfiakill, Corketenny, Danagh, and Ballicallan, with divers lands, tenements, rents, customs, services, and right of patronage, to the said manors respectively belonging, and therein particularly recited and mentioned, situate, lying, and being in the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny. To hold to the said Walter Lawless, his heirs and assigns, for ever, in capite, by knights' service," &c.

‡ This tenure was abolished in England by 12 Charles II. c. 24 (Blackstone).

attract his favour, were valuable and profuse, beyond precedent.* Walter Lawless was one of those men who are born to be lucky. He attracted the royal favour, and received seven boons.

The wife of Walter Lawless was a daughter of Robert Wrothe, Esq., of Kilkenny. By her he had one son, Richard, a prominent member of the Supreme Council of the confederate Catholics of Kilkenny, in the civil wars of 1641. In this capacity Richard Lawless greatly distinguished himself, as some old historians tell us, by warmly opposing the massacre of the Kilkenny Protestants, when proposed to the Council by Torlogh Oge O'Neil.† Richard married Margaret, daughter of Patrick Denn, Esq., of Grenan, County Kilkenny, and died in 1670, leaving issue two sons Walter and Thomas. Walter, the eldest, married a daughter of John Bryan, Esq., of Jenkinstown, County Kilkenny, and had issue five sons. If Walter Lawless, of Talbot Inche, was born to be lucky, certes his namesake and grandson was doomed to be unfortunate. In the Irish wars of 1689, he took a leading part in favour of James the Second, was attainted, and forfeited to the Crown all the valuable manors he derived from his father in Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny; but previously, on the precipitate flight‡ of James from England, when all his army rallied round William of Orange, and proclaimed him their sovereign, we find that the royal plate of the fugitive monarch was deposited with his staunch friend and

* Thus, for example, at Lady Vere's marriage he made the bridegroom a present of lands to the yearly value of £1200. At the marriage of Lord Haddington with Lady Radcliffe, he paid off his debts amounting to £10,000, although he had already given him £1,000 per annum in land (Winwood, ii. 217), and sent to the bride a gold cup, in which was a patent containing a grant of lands of £600 a year. (Lodge, iii. 254, 336; Boderie, iii. 129). —Lingard's England, vol. vii.

† "Turlogh Oge O'Neil, brother to the arch rebel Sir Phelim, and the Popish citizens of Kilkenny, petitioned the rest of the Council, that all the English Protestants there should be put to death; whereupon Alderman Richard Lawless, in excuse answered, that they were all robbed before, and he saw no cause that they should lose their lives."—*Note to the 7 vol. Edition of Lodge.* Dublin. 1789. P. 61, vol. iv.

‡ Macaulay mentions that the king, immediately before his flight, exclaimed—"None but the Irish will stand by me."

supporter, Walter Lawless, in the same manner that his most important papers were entrusted to the care, as Macaulay tells us, of the Tuscan minister. Probably, when Walter Lawless was reduced to the necessity of flying from Ireland, and became involved in the common ruin of all James's influential followers, the deposited plate was made a present to him by his master. Be this as it may, the plate remained in the possession of his descendants, and within a few years a portion of it, emblazoned with the royal arms of the Stuarts, might be seen at Lyons—the seat of Lord Cloncurry.

Richard, the eldest son of Walter Lawless, fell at the siege of Limerick, in 1691. Patrick, his second son, served with distinction in the armies of his Spanish Majesty, Philip the Fifth, was appointed, during the Orleans Regency, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, created Knight of the Equestrian Order, and finally, inaugurated Governor of Majorca, which office he continued to fill, with honour and reputation, until his death. The third son, John, having manifested strong feelings of loyalty towards James the Second, was attainted at the same time as his father, Walter Lawless. The two younger sons died before reaching their majority.

Immediately on the flight of James from England, O'Neil, Earl of Tyrconnell, summoned together the Irish loyalists, and not only exhorted but commanded them to arm, at once, in defence of the inalienable rights of their lawful sovereign. Thirty thousand trusty men, officered by such staunch Catholic partisans as Walter Lawless, were soon disciplined and organized. James, from the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, sent Tyrconnell constant assurances, that at no distant day he would proceed to Ireland in order to take the personal command of this army. But time elapsed, and not till the 23rd March, 1689, did his Majesty arrive at Kinsale. Here he disembarked with 1,200 members of the Irish Brigade, who, mounted on their palfreys, escorted him to Dublin. To say that James was received with kingly honour in the metropolis, could convey no idea of the enthusiasm, pomp, and solemnity, which greeted his arrival.

Everybody seemed to vie with every other body, in expressing the most unbounded manifestations of loyalty and affection. At length, Duke Schomberg, with 40,000 Huguenots, joined the legions of Northern Protestants, who had so intrepidly defended themselves at Derry* during the previous summer, and with this effective force marched straight to attack the hapless Stuart. Various engagements, with various fluctuations of fortune, succeeded, until the arrival of the Dutch usurper, with an overwhelming force, effectually terminated—at least in James's estimation†—the unequal contest. After the defeat at the Boyne, James retreated with the remnant of his army to Loughlinstown, in the County Dublin, where, according to history, they remained encamped for five successive days. Disguised successfully, and attended by a trusty body guard, the monarch, while his army remained bivouacking, made the best of his way to Puck's Castle, then the seat of his faithful adherent, Thomas Lawless.

This edifice stood, and still stands‡ (but of course considerably ruined), in the vicinity of Shanganagh and Loughlinstown, and within about three-quarters of a mile from Shankhill, where Thomas Lawless's family were, for two or three generations, subsequently seated. The owner

* Mr. O'Callaghan, a gentleman who has toiled long and arduously to discover the real facts respecting the Williamite campaign, avers, that the so often vaunted "Resistance of Derry" was, in a military point of view, rather an affair of position and artillery, than of men and courage.

† Tyrconnell and his forces continued to offer a vigorous resistance till October, 1691, when they honourably capitulated on their last bit of *terra firma*—the city of Limerick. The violation of the Treaty, by Act of Parliament, is only of a piece with the entire history of British misrule in Ireland since the master trick of 1170.

‡ The very peculiar state of Irish society in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries rendered such strong frontier residences as Puck's Castle necessary. It was customary, at these periods, for hordes of men, under the O'Tooles, to leave their territories and march on the palesmen of Loughlinstown, Shanganagh, Shankhill, and Bray, very much, it may be supposed, to their annoyance and discomfiture. These harassing incursions appear to have been kept up until James the First ascended the throne. A flight of stone steps leading to the roof Puck's Castle, is still in excellent preservation. A fine view of land and sea is commanded from the summit.

Robert Cowley, writing to Lord Cromwell, in 1537, speaks of the O'Tooles as a sept "who most noyeth about Dublin."

of Puck's Castle was a younger brother of Walter Lawless, of Talbot Inche, who, through his attachment to James, lost, as has been already seen, divers valuable manors in Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny. According to the family account of the matter, which has been communicated to us by the only surviving daughter of John Lawless of Shankhill, King James was received at Puck's Castle with such thorough Irish hospitality, that in gratitude for the kindness and protection shown him he graciously volunteered to stand godfather for Mrs. Lawless's then expected child. Being obliged, however, to leave the castle before the birth of the little stranger, James deputed his natural son, the Duke of Berwick (honourable mention of whose name so frequently occurs in the Jacobite chronicles), to stand as proxy on the occasion. This his Grace did, and the long expected child having turned out to be a son, was accordingly christened James in compliment to the sovereign.

The version we have given of this interesting story is that current amongst the old members of the Lawless family. Of the veracity of its salient points there cannot exist a doubt.

She who presented her lord with this interesting young scion (who, as "King James the Second's Godson," has long been remembered with pride in the family), was the daughter of James Butler, of Kilkenny, a respectable country gentleman, who held considerable landed property in that county. That he was related to the outlawed Barons Dunboyne (whose patronymic is Butler) there can be, we believe, little doubt. The maiden name of Mrs. Lawless, of Puck's Castle, appears to have been Elizabeth. Her husband, Thomas Lawless, died in 1704.

James Lawless was their only son. He inherited the entire of his father's property, and with a portion thereof erected a castellated mansion on Shankhill, near Shanganagh, of which the shell is still standing, and likely to continue so.* Having arrived at the age of manhood, he

* On the death of old John Lawless, in 1790, Mrs. Lawless and her family left Shankhill and removed to Dublin. Since then it has not been inhabited by any member of the Lawless family. Up to the year 1851,

led to the hymeneal altar Frances, daughter of John Usher, of Crumlin, Esq., and had issue by her, two sons, Peter and John. After this marriage dates the period at which the Lawlesses adopted the rural church-yard of Crumlin as their family burial-place.

Having heard that some of their tombstones were still to be seen at Crumlin, we lately repaired thither; but, after a tedious search, were only enabled to discover two. One, completely overgrown with moss, bears the following inscription:—"I.H.S. This stone and burial-place belongeth to Mr. Edward Lawless, of Crumlin, and his posterity. Here lyeth the bodies of two of his brothers and three of his sisters—1760." The second tombstone, of more modern aspect, and several yards distant from that just spoken of, informs "Old Mortality" that it is "The family burial-place of John Lawless, of Shankhill, whose remains are here interred. He departed this life the 10th day of January, 1790, aged sixty-five years." The old sexton informed us that some members of the Cloncurry branch remained interred here likewise, but were, in 1799, by a special order from the Consistorial Court, removed to Lyons.

* * * * * *

It comes neither within the limits nor objects of this work to give a biographical account of each member of the rather extensive family of the Lawlesses.* For this reason we will not enter into any particulars concerning how the scion of an old and respectable family found himself a poor, forlorn, moneyless mountaineer, nobly endeavouring to battle against his unpropitious fortune by the pursuit of an honest, though not very aristocratic calling. His story carries an excellent moral with it, and should be studied by those who hope, through integrity of purpose, to become happy and prosperous men. We earnestly request the reader's attention to a

Shankhill Castle appears to have been a board and lodging house. Shankhill is also known by the name of Rathmichael, and extends over 2,808 acres.

* Philip Lawless, of Warrenmount, alone, had twenty-one children, of whom only two survive, viz.: Barry Edward Lawless, Esq., solicitor, and Jane, his sister.

history that will not only instruct, but interest to intensity.

The history of the boy Robert Lawless, and of his son and heir, is perhaps one of the most romantic and extraordinary that ever appeared in any work other than fiction. In publishing it to the world, we consider ourselves performing a good and an useful act. The life of Robert Lawless will show what can be accomplished through untiring industry, strict honesty, frugality, and moral rectitude.

The father of Robert Lawless, Pedre ac nuck, or "Peter of the Hills"—a name by which he was, early in the last century, known—left him an orphan at an early age. From Pedre ac nuck it does not appear that Robert inherited so much as the value of one solitary farthing, either in chattels or cash. Friendless and moneyless, he had to shift for himself; and manfully he did so, as the sequel will show.

Some vain and inflated intellects may perhaps consider that, in making public the history of Robert Lawless, we are lowering the *prestige* of the noble subject of this memoir. What stuck-up foppery! what miserable folly! In our mind, the fairest chapter in Lord Cloncurry's genealogy is the life of Robert Lawless, the poor mountaineer. From the exertions of this honest man originated that fortune which placed a coronet on his less noble though more aristocratic son, in 1789. The worth of Robert Lawless skipped a generation, and descended to Valentine, whose life we shall chronicle.

We can safely aver that the history of Robert's early life is now only known to very few parties. Our information is derived from the descendants of the family of Valentine Browne (whose daughter, Nicholas first Lord Cloncurry married), and is confirmed by the Lawlesses formerly seated at Shankhill Castle, County Dublin. John Lawless, of Shankhill, was not (as Sharpe's and De Brett's Peerages erroneously allege) the father of Robert, the poor mountain boy. John's sons were:—William, afterwards surgeon, and ultimately general in the service of France; Barry, of Cherrywood, near Bray, gentleman; and Philip, a respectable brewer in Warrenmount, Dub-

lin. All have long since been gathered to their fathers. Each edition of De Brett, from the first to the twenty-second, contains this singular and glaring inaccuracy.

"Peter of the Hills," although the only brother of John, never possessed any residence that could properly be called his home. In early life he boarded and lodged entirely with his brother. To follow the remainder of his history would be foreign to our subject. It lies before us as we write, but, on reflection, we do not consider it necessary to insert.

The following are amongst the most prominent facts in the early history of Robert Lawless. To modify the words of ~~Beattie~~ Johnson, it both

"Points a moral and adorns our tale."

One fine frosty morning, in the year of our Lord 1720, a little boy from the mountains, accompanied by a small ass-load of turf and firs, might be seen wending his way through the Liberty of Dublin, where three or four of his principal patrons resided. His best customer, however, was a respectable woollen-draper in High-street, who not only bought his turf, but occasionally a hare or two, which the boy was in the habit of setting snares for, or otherwise catching in the hills. All accounts agree in stating that Lawless was an extremely intelligent youth, of strict morality, honesty, and rectitude, and, what was looked upon at the time as a singular fact (considering his very humble sphere in life, and the few opportunities in those days of receiving instruction), he knew how both to read and write. That his relatives at Shankhill never had the slightest intercourse with him is certain. He was thrown completely on his own resources, and he quailed not (to his praise be it spoken) beneath the burden of an unpropitious fate. If any man deserved to see his son made a noble, surely it was honest, upright Robin Lawless!

The good woollen-draper, who had a personal knowledge of Robin for a considerable time, at length took a most immoderate fancy to him, and proposed that he should enter his service as a shop-boy, sleep at night

under the counter, open shop in the morning, and run of errands during the day. That Robert Lawless was but too happy to agree to the good woollen-draper's proposal it is unnecessary to say. He thanked him heartily for his benevolence, let both ass and turf go to the deuce, and, rubbing his frost-bitten fingers until they glowed congenially with the flush of satisfaction on his countenance, plunged earnestly and at once into the work he was engaged to execute.

The intelligence and ready parts of Lawless stood his friend. He daily improved himself, and in a few years rose to be foreman, and finally partner. On the death of his principal, in 1731, he married the widow, who was by many years the junior of her first husband. This lady was the daughter of Dominick Hadsor, one of whose ancestors had filled the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin. She knew that Robert Lawless, though apparently of humble birth, had good blood in his veins, and hesitated not to accept his proposal as freely as Lawless did that of her deceased husband. Up to the year 1784, one of Hadsor's family (probably a son) may be found in the "Commercial Directory." For instance, "George Hadsor, lace-seller, Castle-street," appears in that for 1763. In 1784, however, the name of Hadsor vanishes *in toto*, and during the seventy years which have since elapsed has not once reappeared.

The alliance of Mary and Robert Lawless was, like most other marriages, blessed with offspring. On the 30th October, 1733,* a little stranger made his bow upon

* Playfair's Irish Peerage, published during the lifetime of Nicholas Lord Cloncurry, states the year of his lordship's birth to be 1735, and that of his sister Mary, 1736. Each party is thereby made two years younger than they were in reality. Such trifling perversions of truth, during the lifetime of certain parties, are we suppose venial, when that peculiarly delicate subject, age, is in question; but surely, when death has consigned them to the winding-sheet, this absurdity ought to cease. In all the published editions of De Brett, and other Peerages, the two years continue to be struck off their respective ages. The only genealogical chart in which we find the births correctly stated, is the remarkable old document already spoken of, and which we will be happy to show any individual curious in such matters. It was drawn up in 1789, and has all the appearance of having been in the possession of Nicholas, first Lord Cloncurry. The writing (half text hand, and half Roman) affords a fine specimen of caligraphy.

the stage of life. This was Nicholas, first Lord Cloncurry. In less than a year after (October 13th, 1734), another little stranger, but of the softer sex, appeared, and was speedily baptized by the style or title of Mary Elizabeth. This, reader, was the mother of Margaret, first Countess of Clonmel.

In 1740, the Liffey was completely frozen over by an intense frost, which continued for near three months. We can imagine Mr. and Mrs. Lawless, and the children, participating in the festivities that took place upon the ice, and immediately after sharing the universal gloom which famine and pestilence produced throughout the land.

Although almanacs and registries annually appeared in Dublin from the commencement of the eighteenth century, still no directory of any kind whatever was published till 1761. This is the first wherein the names, occupations, and addresses of the merchants and traders of the metropolis are given, and on page 41 of the work referred to, we find "Robert Lawless, Woollen-Draper, High-street."

Robert Lawless spared no expense upon the education of his children. A self-taught man himself, he well knew the inestimable advantages which a sound education is so much calculated to produce; and after having given Master Nicholas what instruction the times permitted at home, placed him under the care of a distinguished divine in the Catholic College of Rouen, in Normandy. The ruthless penal laws were then in the zenith of their strength, and the fact of a Catholic undergoing instruction in Ireland was a circumstance quite sufficient to rouse the choler of our rulers, and bring down on the head of the instructor a persecution as merciless as undeserved.

Nicholas Lawless inherited the ready parts of his father, and the progress made by him through the University was creditable and rapid. In 1755, he completed his college course, and with a good supply of French and general lore in his head, returned a finished scholar to Ireland.

Nicholas had not seen his parents for a considerable time, and with palpitating heart he repaired to the old house in High-street. A *cead mille a failthe* greeted his ar-

rival. He flung himself into the arms of his parents. He was glad—very glad to see them, but his heart was in Rouen.

Yes, his heart was in the old abbey church of Rouen; his inclinations were entwined around the Gothic town, its picturesque timber-framed houses, its tesselated pavements, its graceful river, and its umbrageous walks. He yearned after the clear blue sky of France—absence from those scenes only strengthened his affection for that country; he expressed a passionate desire to return, and as he was an only son, and the idol, consequently, of his parents, Robert Lawless unhesitatingly acceded to the not very patriotic wish of the impulsive young Celt.

The splendid manor of Chateau Galleville, in Normandy, was just advertised to be sold. It stood in the immediate vicinity of Rouen, and nothing could have appeared better suited to the wants and wishes of Mr. Nicholas Lawless. As a member of the proscribed religion, Lawless was, of course, incapacitated from purchasing an estate in Ireland, and the combination of inclination with necessity, in this instance, was considered by the family as a most fortuitous and happy circumstance. The deeds of assignment having been perfected, Lawless lost no time in establishing himself in the Castle of Galleville. All went smooth at first—no one could be happier, but after a time he found his pleasure doomed to become mingled with alloy. The old gentry of Rouen, as some accounts have it, regarded him in the light of an upstart and an intruder. Chateau Galleville was long the residence of one of the first families in France; but pecuniary embarrassments having effectually immeshed them, dispossession resulted, and thus it was that the chateau became advertised to be sold. It would appear, however, that the quondam occupant had sufficient influence remaining, despite his pecuniary difficulties, to prejudice Mr. Lawless's neighbours against him, and render his position as irksome as possible. One of Lord Cloncurry's oldest friends, the late Sir S—— B——, was frequently in the habit of observing, that perhaps the greatest annoyances to which the Normans subjected Lawless

while at Galleville, was the continual execution, almost under the very windows of his drawing-room, of all the capitally convicted criminals of the district. An array of gibbets cannot be said to form a very agreeable or interesting prospect, and no wonder is it that Mr. Lawless should soon have become heartily sick of this abominable persecution. He abandoned the chateau for a time, but did not give it up *in toto* yet. Weeks—months elapsed, and he returned, but only to find himself burned in effigy. Sir S—— B—— always told the above anecdote with the utmost seriousness, and pronounced it to be the account generally circulated and believed at the time of Lawless's return to Ireland.

While the accompanying pages were passing through the press, we incidentally learned some curious data, calculated to throw considerable light on Sir S——'s extraordinary story respecting the executions at Chateau Galleville. The late General Sir George Cockburn, K.C.B., drew up, some years before his death, an unvarnished but interesting history of the various members of the Cloncurry family. From that document (which never fell, nor ever will fall, into the clutches of a printer's devil) it appears that Nicholas Lawless, when purchasing Galleville from the lord of the manor, neglected a very important matter, namely, the purchase of the SEIGNEURIAL RIGHTS connected with it. There are many readers who will require to be reminded of the peculiar nature of "seigneurial rights." In principle they may be said to have been identical with the old Scotch local jurisdiction, which it was agreed, at the period of the Scottish Union, should be preserved unaltered and intact by virtue of a compact expressly entered into. Years elapsed—many denounced its continuance—many advocated it ; and the stormy debates during the agitation of the question attest what a diversity of opinion existed on the subject. The dissentients finally triumphed.

Attached to every French and Scottish manor were, in the olden time, certain seigneurial prerogatives which none but the lord of the seigniory could exercise. Should the manor be disposed of for 90,000 francs, its seigneurial

rights usually fetched about quarter that sum. To purchase one without the other was considered a most unsatisfactory and unbusiness-like bargain, and means were generally adopted to annoy the man who bought the manor *minus* its rights. Nicholas Lawless purchased Chateau Galleville, but declined acceding to the seigneur's terms for his jurisdiction, and hence the annoyances of which he complained. During the period of Lawless's tenancy, Monsieur B—— constantly exercised, to his no small discomfiture, those rights and prerogatives inherent to a Gallic seigniory. He stopped at nothing calculated to annoy him, even to the gibbeting of the county criminals under the very windows of his drawing-room.

Even in Ireland, if we mistake not, the family of Lord Talbot de Malahide possessed (if they chose to exercise it) the seigneurial right of trying and executing for high treason within the compass of their own estate.

Extraordinary as may appear the causes we have mentioned, in ultimately inducing Mr. Lawless to turn his back on France for evermore, we consider the story much more plausible than the family account of the matter, which Lord Cloncurry, by publishing it in his "Recollections," would seem to have believed implicitly. As the event happened six years before his birth, he, of course, could not be supposed to have any personal knowledge of it, and he, doubtlessly, communicated to the public that version which his father had communicated to himself half a century before. From the work referred to, it would appear that his father sold Galleville, and changed his religion, on account of having, as he thought, detected the Church making invidious distinctions in the distribution of her honours among the faithful. One day, at Mass, in Rouen, the curè of the cathedral gave the honours of the censer to a neighbouring seigneur, before bestowing them on Lawless, and as that gentleman considered that the seigneur had no right to be incensed before himself, he flung up the French estate in disgust, and returned a true blue Protestant to Ireland. To use an abominable pun, he was *incensed* at what he conceived to be a studied slight, and resolved then and

there to resent it. "He returned to Ireland," observes his lordship, "conformed to Protestantism, and thereby became qualified to hold a territorial stake in the country."

In arriving at this stage of the proceedings, however, we have been rather premature. The doings of several years remain to be outlined, ere we continue our account of his adieu to France, and to the faith in which he had been born and reared.

In 1761, during one of Mr. Nicholas Lawless's visits to Ireland, it was his good fortune to meet in society Miss Margaret Browne, the only child of, perhaps, the richest mercantile man in all Dublin, Mr. Valentine Browne, of Mount Browne. Whether Nicholas Lawless became enamoured of her person or her purse, tradition does not state. Certain it is, he fell over head and ears in love with her, and after a short acquaintance, contrived to avail himself of a propitious opportunity to make a warm declaration of love, and an offer of his hand and heart. The young lady at first rejected his advances, but Lawless was not a man to be daunted by ordinary obstacles, and he followed up the original attack with address, determination, and spirit. In the prime of life, and possessed of an attractive person, with manners glittering with continental polish, and a tongue teeming with native "blarney," but so far refined by intercourse with French society, as to lose all vulgar coarseness, and gush forth pure and crystalline—it may well be supposed that Mr. Lawless was altogether a rather dangerous gentleman for any young and inexperienced girl to test her strength against. The result need scarcely be told. Margaret Browne had never taken any vows of celibacy. She was a woman, and like the generality of her kind, a little susceptible to adulation and flattery. It was not in her nature to resist such gallant overtures; Mr. Lawless skilfully improved on the impression, and after a short conflict, found himself standing in the dignified position of victor.

Miss Margaret Browne was very naughty. This all went on unknown to her papa. He remained in tranquil

ignorance of the whole transaction, and never before felt so happy, or fonder of his child. With a father's pride he gazed upon her form; and, as the old man's eyes looked dimly into the future, he saw, or fancied he saw, coronetted suitors prostrate before his child. He saw her strolling through bright Utopian palaces—the rugged paths of life receded from his vision. He was a happy man, was Valentine Browne!

Margaret knew that it would be perfect folly to ask her papa's consent; he would never agree to it. Ally his daughter to a woollen-draper!—a dukedom would be scarcely an equivalent for her fortune. Margaret was knowing; she determined to marry Lawless first, and ask leave afterwards.

So she did. On All-Hallow's Eve, as some accounts have it, in the year of our Lord 1761, Dublin was thrown into a state of unparalleled excitement by ascertaining for certain that "Robin Lawless's son" had actually had the audacity to carry off from her father's house the celebrated Catholic heiress, Miss Margaret Browne. It could hardly be credited. To think of Mr. Nicholas Lawless's presumption excited the indignation of old and young. His namesake could hardly have attempted anything more daring. Not since the unprincipled bakers were drawn on hurdles through the city, by order of Provost Lawless, was the quiet region of Mount Browne and James's-street thrown into a state of greater excitement. What between expressions of commiseration for Mr. Browne* on the one side, and groans of indignation for

* Mr. Valentine Browne was an opulent brewer. He resided in the neighbourhood of Kilmainham. His brewery stood adjacent to that thoroughfare well known by the title of Mount Browne.

During the last century, it was usual "to christen" streets after the most respectable citizen or merchant who resided in it. In 1733, William Usher, of Usher's Island, was Sheriff of Dublin. Byrne's-hill, in the Liberty, derives its name from Edmund Byrne, an eminent brewer, whose house is still standing at the extreme end. The derivation of Buck Jones's Road may be similarly accounted for.

Playfair's Family Antiquity, vol. v., pronounces Valentine Browne to have been a descendant of Lord Kenmare's family. If so, Sir Valentine Browne, who was Auditor-General of Ireland in the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Queen Mary, must have been an ancestor of his.

the abductor (for as such he was considered) on the other, his house that night presented a singular scene. Mr. Browne was oppressed with grief. We need scarcely say that he peeled no apples or cracked no nuts that night. It was the gloomiest All-Hallow's Eve he had ever passed.

Mr. Thomas Callan, formerly of Prussia-street, brewer, and afterwards of Osbertstown, County Kildare, gentleman, stood in the relationship of cousin-germain to Miss Margaret Browne. He was an opulent merchant, like his kinsman of Mount Browne, and entertained, in common with that gentleman, quite as lofty notions as to whom the fair young heiress ought to connect herself with for life. We have been informed by Mr. Callan's daughter, that the indignation of her father at the intelligence knew no bounds. How little he thought, and how little did Valentine Browne think, that the woollen-draper's son would one day become not only a baronet, but a peer of the realm. Such is life!

But let us hurry over this. Browne, though somewhat vain, and occasionally impulsive, possessed much of the philosopher, and more of the politician. He saw no use in keeping up a coolness towards his child, and, after a time, forgave both herself and her gallant *caro sposo*.

Enlivened by the charming society of a young and blooming wife, Nicholas Lawless returned to Normandy, fully determined, for the time to come, not to notice any of those slights or insults to which his Gallican neighbours were in the habit of subjecting him. This absentee movement on the part of Lawless can hardly be said to have arisen from any unpatriotic tendency. Most gladly would he have purchased an Irish estate, and thereon remained for the rest of his days; but as Catholic Ireland lay, at that time, prostrate beneath the burden of the penal code and the hoof of English tyranny, there was no course open to him but to seek in France, or some other clime, those privileges of landed property, of which a despotic law debarred him at home.

Of all the various members of the family, none appear to have watched the approach of maternity in Mrs. Law-

less with a greater degree of anxiety than her worthy father, Valentine Brown. With dismay, however, he perceived that one, two, three, four, and five years elapsed, and still no sign of what both himself and his son-in-law daily offered up their prayers for. A jubilee, at length, was celebrated—a child was born. Mary Catharine Lawless, afterwards the wife of "Jerusalem Whalley," opened her eyes to the world. This auspicious event took place in the month of August, 1766. The ice having been thus broken, numbers of little brothers and sisters followed in rapid succession. On the 12th September, of the ensuing year, Valentina Alicia Lawless made her appearance. This was the Honourable Lady Burton of after years. On the 21st January, 1769, Charlotte Louisa, the subsequent wife of Edward Lord Dunsany, appeared. In 1771, Master Robert Lawless, the son and heir, was born; and on the 19th August, 1773, VALENTINE BROWN LAWLESS, SECOND LORD CLONCURRY. Only the two elder sisters, however, were born in France. In 1767, Robert Lawless, of High-street, Dublin, expressed his desire and intention of retiring forthwith from business. The old gentleman was particularly anxious that his son should not let so old and so respectable an establishment merge into the management of strangers. Nicholas took the idea up warmly, and having disposed of Chanteau Galleville to advantage, returned with Mrs. Lawless and her two little ones, to Ireland.

Our full conviction is, that Nicholas Lawless was glad of any excuse to bid an eternal adieu to France. The slights and annoyances which have already been adverted to did not mitigate in earnestness as time progressed.

Their departure took place in 1767, soon after the birth of little Valentina, and immediately after the death, at Chateau Galleville, of Mrs. Patrick Lawless,* the wife of a gentleman, who, in Thomas-street, Dublin, had been

* Mary Lawless was allied in marriage to Pat. Lawless immediately after attaining her sixteenth year. The nuptials took place on the 30th September, 1752, while her brother Nicholas was at school in Normandy. Their only daughter, Margaret, inherited an enormous fortune. It proved a valuable windfall to John Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel. Mrs. Lawless, however,

for many years carrying on a bank, under the firm of Coates and Lawless. Her demise occurred at the early age of thirty-three, on the 13th October, 1767. It caused a great shock to the family, and produced some temporary confusion amongst their affairs. Mrs. Lawless's death was remarkable as occurring on her own birth-day, and on the anniversary of her brother's marriage with Margaret Brown—these three events having all, singular to say, taken place on the 13th October.* People in those days were much more disposed to superstition than at present. The idea of such a tragic event happening at the very moment that the anniversaries of Lawless's marriage, and that of his sister's birth, were about to be celebrated with suitable festivity and rejoicings, filled both master and mistress with an amount of mysterious horror that is as difficult to describe as it was on their part to overcome. They regarded it in a sort of ominous light, and resolved to remain no longer in France, hopelessly contending with ill-luck, and the prejudices of an uncongenial people.

Old Robin Lawless, after having made the necessary arrangements, retired from the bustling mercantile region of High-street, to what, in these days, was considered a place of solemn dignity and grandeur—Chancery-lane.† Here he passed the remainder of his days in

had two other children who died young. According to the peerages, her issue consisted only of Margaret; but the family document, to which we have already more than once made reference, distinctly mentions the original number to have been three.

* The old MS. genealogical chart, whose details we believe to be much more worthy of credence than De Brett, distinctly says, that the marriage of Nicholas Lawless with Margaret Browne took place on the 13th October, 1761. De Brett, in every edition of his Peerage, alleges the nuptials to have been celebrated on the 31st October, 1761. There is nothing more usual in printing than an occasional typographical transposition, and we are inclined to think that in this instance the "31" should be "13."

Since the above note was written we observe that Mr. Playfair, in his "Family Antiquity," speaks of the marriage as having taken place on the 13th October.

† A more squalid, dilapidated thoroughfare than Chancery-lane is at present it would be difficult to discover. How it ever could have been a fashionable dwelling-place appears strange, since its breadth, in some parts, is so very narrow, that opposite neighbours might, if desired, give each other a cordial shake hands from the windows of their respective drawing-rooms.

comparative retirement. On the 16th March, 1779,* his honourable career was, at length, brought to a close by a general disruption of the constitution, which a kick, received a short time previously from a favourite horse, in no small degree accelerated. Robin lived to see his son a baronet, but not a peer. Pity that those honest old eyes were unable to feast upon that golden coronet which, in 1789, surmounted the escutcheon of his son.

But we anticipate. Nicholas lost no time in occupying the position and premises vacated by his father, and by dint of adhering to the old gentleman's advice and hints, had little difficulty in setting the machinery of the place once more in motion. He had objections, however, that the High-street establishment should re-open in his own name, and accordingly entered into partnership with a Mr. John Lawless, a man possessed of much shrewdness, tact, and practical experience, and related, moreover, to himself. In this individual's name the woollen-drapery business was carried on till 1796, as may be ascertained by reference to the old directories.

Everybody knew, however, that Nicholas Lawless was the principal proprietor of the establishment, although his private residence was in Merrion-square; indeed, he made no attempt to disguise it himself, for long after Lord Harcourt created him a baronet, he personally attended the fairs and markets in the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, and Kildare, in the prosecution of his mercantile speculations. It was no unusual sight to see him with his three-cocked hat and courtly attire, standing in the middle of a knot of country clowns, while he endeavoured to conclude a hard-fought bargain with the principal, for the purchase of half-a-dozen load of wool packs.†

* "The said Robert Lawless having, for upwards of thirty years, carried on the woollen-drapery business in the city of Dublin, on a very extensive scale, acquired thereby a considerable fortune, with the fairest character; and on the 16th March, 1779, died at his house in Chancery-lane."—*Old Genealogical MS. of the Cloncurry Family.*

† The late Lord Cloncurry never made any disguise about his father having been engaged in commerce. In the second chapter of his Personal Recollections, he mentions, that Nicholas, the first Lord, "entered to a large

It may, perhaps, be interesting here to insert some data respecting the members of Lord Cloncurry's family who engaged in commerce in Dublin. We are indebted for it to Wilson's Directories.

The first Directory, as already mentioned, which ever appeared in Dublin, was that for the year 1761. Therein we find "Robert Lawless, woollen-draper, High-street," and his name and commercial occupation may be found in the succeeding Directories till 1767, when Nicholas Lawless returned to Ireland. From the year 1767 to that of 1787, "John Lawless, woollen-draper, No. 2, High-street," appears. In 1788, the address is No. 2, High-street, and 23, Dame-street. From 1783, an asterisk (*) prefixed to the name distinguishes Lawless as a wholesale merchant.

In 1789 (when Nicholas Lawless became an Irish peer) "John Lawless, woollen-draper, 23, Dame-street," only appears. In 1790, "John Lawless, woollen-draper and carpet manufacturer," is the designation. In 1791, the Lawlesses once more return to the old locality. From that year till 1796, the address is "23, Dame-street, and 3, High-street." But in 1796 and 1797, John's name disappears *in toto*, and "Mary Anne Lawless, woollen-draper and carpet manufacturer, 10, Dame-street," is found in its stead. The commercial career of this lady appears to have been a short one. Throughout the following year her name may be searched for in vain. The Dublin Directory underwent, during 1798, a sad thinning. Amongst others, the family of Lawless bade an eternal adieu to its pages, though not, we must add, from the same causes that led to the withdrawal of Oliver Bond, Napper Tandy, Addis Emmett, and Dr. M'Nevin. No woollen-draper of the name of Lawless is

extent, and with considerable success, into the banking and woollen trades." The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, in the Quarterly Review, gave his lordship a rather rough handling on the publication of these Recollections. With their general tone and spirit he entertained little sympathy. For the purpose of raising a laugh at the expense of his Lordship, he analysed several of his sentences, and amongst the number the one above quoted. "For banking and woollen trades," observed Croker, "read *blanketing*."

discoverable in the Directory for several succeeding years. It may then be inferred that Lord Cloncurry's family entirely relinquished business in 1798.

The reader must not jump at the conclusion that the present house, No. 2, High-street, is that whilom inhabited by Robert Lawless. The numbers have undergone some alteration since that period. About thirty years ago, three old houses stood between Christ Church and Michael's Church, at the top of Winetavern-street, forming thereby a continuation of High-street. The central one was the woollen-drapery establishment of the Lawless family. About the year 1820, the three old houses were taken down. Their venerable neighbour, Christ Church, underwent some pseudo-improvements at the same period.

It now behoves us, at a respectful distance, to follow Nicholas Lawless through the uphill pathway of his most eventful history. On his return from France in 1767, he applied himself with much industry to business, and not only took an active part in the management of the High-street concern, but entered into partnership with a Quaker banker of respectability, well known in his day by the name of John Dawson Coates. With this gentleman, Patrick Lawless* had been for many years previously connected.

* Pat. Lawless lived in a large house on the Coombe, in Dublin, not far from Mr. Byrne's, of Byrne's Hill. Although he never read his recantation, but on the contrary, to the day of his death, called and considered himself a Roman Catholic, he was only nominally a member of that persuasion. This observation will be illustrated by two facts. His children (for he had three, although only one attained maturity) he got christened by the Protestant Rector of St. Catherine's; this was Margaret who became the wife, in after years, of Lord Clonmel. The second proof of his lukewarmness towards the Catholic faith was the indifference he manifested throughout his life to frequenting its sacraments. For some weeks previous to his death, in 1784, he laboured under serious indisposition, and the anxiety of his Catholic relatives for his salvation increased day by day. The Rev. Mr. Dunne, the Parish Priest of St. Catherine's, Meath-street, entertained certain apprehensions, in common with them, concerning his fate, and as he knew Lawless intimately, did not hesitate to call personally upon him, and endeavour, by means of exhortation and argument, to arouse him to some sense of the danger of his position. Father Dunne had not much success on the first visit, or even on the second, but odd numbers, they say, are remarkable for luck, and

The bank of Coates and Lawless (of which the walls are still standing) was situated between Nos. 35 and 37, Thomas-street, Dublin, and is the identical house now occupied by Mr. Arthur O'Connor, a soap and candle manufacturer. From his connexion with the banking company, as also with the woollen-drapery establishment in High-street, Nicholas Lawless realized a considerable fortune. In 1778, his connexion with the former completely terminated, and from that year till 1793, we find the business carried on under the solitary name of John Dawson Coates. Since then it has become the alternate residence of chandlers and haberdashers.

We have heard from some hoary-headed octagenarians, that "Friend Coates's bank" (as they knew to their cost) never completely discharged the entire of its agreements. It does not appear to have become notoriously bankrupt, but certainly, for a considerable period after the cessation of its business, in 1793, the proprietors were busy paying off both large and small sums to their multifarious creditors.

The strangest proceeding in the life of Nicholas Lawless remains yet to be told. It is a delicate matter to handle, and many folk would probably be inclined to let it repose unmolested; but having promised in the first instance to "deliver a round unvarnished tale," and neither extenuate nor asperse, nothing shall induce us to gloss it over. Too many historians wreck their reputations by falling into this fatal, but most common error.

it appears that the third was in some degree successful. He promised Father Dunne that he would on the next morning make his confession, and as soon as permitted approach the Communion. The zealous pastor returned home overjoyed. At an early hour next morning, he set out for the Coombe—reached Lawless's house, entered it, and found him——dead!

Pat. Lawless was a strange, incongruous character in all matters relative to religion. He revolted at the idea of following his kinsman's example, by becoming a Protestant; but deliberately placed himself beyond the pale of the Catholic Church by the non-observance of its sacraments and customs! Such characters are not uncommon.

Of Pat. Lawless's branch was Robert Lawless, of London, concerning whom some particulars, extracted from the Annual Register for 1806, may be found in the Appendix.

One morning, very soon after his arrival from France, Nicholas Lawless, to the no small astonishment of his friends, and the infinite horror of his Catholic relatives, announced himself a convert to the Church of England. Almost simultaneously with this proceeding, he purchased, for what was considered a nominal sum, the valuable estate of Rathcormac, in the County Cork, then in the possession of Roger O'Connor's family. It was designated in the rental as "the borough of Rathcormac," and proved a highly remunerative investment for Mr. Nicholas Lawless. In connexion with this period of Lawless's history a curious and interesting anecdote is related, which, as it does not happen to be generally known, we can have, of course, no hesitation in inserting.

It is, we believe, a fact, that some Roman Catholics have read their recantation and become Protestants from conviction; but it is also indisputable, that numbers, for worldly objects, especially in the penal days, became Protestants likewise. In the latter category, must be placed Nicholas Lawless. We do not make this startling assertion either flippantly or unadvisedly; it has been the result of long and diligent inquiry on our part. In renouncing the faith in which he had been born and reared, Mr. Lawless was not actuated by conviction, but, on the contrary, from motives of cold, calculating policy. Although no honourable man can revere his principles in this instance, it is impossible to deny his worldly sagacity. Had he remained a Roman Catholic, it is not very probable he would ever have become Lord Baron Cloncurry.

The precise position of Lawless's own feelings, shortly after conforming to the Establishment, and purchasing the very tempting borough of Rathcormac, in the County Cork, will probably be best illustrated by the following well-authenticated anecdote. It comes from Matthias J. O'Kelly, Esq., a gentleman well known to, and deservedly respected by, the citizens of Dublin. We have obtained full permission to mention his name in connexion with it; and this fact will, no doubt, stamp—if it needed any such proof—its authenticity. Nicholas

Lawless and the late Mr. O'Kelly were intimate friends, and reposed much confidence each in the other.

Perhaps we ought to preface the anecdote by observing, that one of the principal articles of the Roman Catholic belief is, that out of the pale of "Mother Church," save in cases of invincible ignorance, there is no salvation.

The father of our informant married Mary, daughter of Mr. Thomas Flood, the proprietor of Galway's Walk*—a nice secluded plantation and pleasure-ground, which at that time extended from Watling-street to Stephen's-lane. On Mr. Flood's death, his son-in-law, Mr. O'Kelly, became the proprietor of this property; and it was while one day sauntering through its shaded pathways, that the following singular colloquy between Nicholas Lawless and Mr. O'Kelly took place:—

"Lawless," said he, "I have to congratulate you on the remarkably nice estate which you have just contrived to become possessed of. Upon my honour, it is a beautiful thing, and many a man will be disposed to envy you."

"Aye, aye," replied the future nobleman—"no doubt, no doubt. I grant you it is a dainty spot; and you may be very sure it took a pretty strong hold of my fancy, when I absolutely ventured to *risk body and soul for it!*"†

This reply is so expressive, that any explanation on our part would be almost unnecessary and uncalled-for; but we may observe, *en passant*, that if a Roman Catholic

* The origin of the name of "Galway's Walk" appears to have been as follows:—John Lord Galway, for many years previous to his death, laboured under either much bodily infirmity, or much bodily laziness. Whichever it was, it matters little now. Whenever he left home, it was generally in a palankeen borne on men's shoulders. For Mr. O'Kelly's pleasure-grounds he entertained a considerable *penchant*, and would not desire more agreeable occupation than to pass three or four hours of the day in traversing "Galway's Walk."

† We trust it is unnecessary to observe, that this fearful sentiment, and the very harsh language which expresses it are not in the least exaggerated; and that, in recording the anecdote at all, we merely pursue that course which a biographer must pursue, if he chooses to discharge his duty impartially. There will be noble traits enough recorded, Heaven knows, before this work reaches its termination, in connexion with the representative of Nicholas Lawless.—W. J. F.

in those days purchased an estate, he would run very imminent risk of losing it before the lapse of many weeks, by the hateful "discovery" process, then of such lamentably frequent occurrence.

The family of Lawless were outrageous at his apostacy, —that of Valentine Browne equally so. Old Robin Lawless, formerly of High-street, was still living, and he felt the affliction—for as such it was regarded—acutely. Whether Mrs. Lawless conformed with her husband we have been unable decidedly to ascertain; but when it is recollected how thoroughly and completely they were identified, both in thought and sentiment, the chances are that she did. From the year 1768, Lawless's prosperity was of railway speed. In 1799 it reached its terminus. Then it was that Nicholas Lawless departed to the other world.

A simple but expressive anecdote will forcibly illustrate the burning sense of indignation which animated every member of the Lawless family, as soon as their kinsman flung off the Helot's chains. Mr. Luke Lawless, of James's-street, brewer, was one of Robert Lawless's wealthy relatives. We have been informed by Dr. D——, of Dublin, who for many years was on terms of familiar intercourse with his (Luke Lawless's) family, that he has heard them repeatedly declare, while chatting over old family matters, that their father and mother, so long as Nicholas Lawless remained a Catholic, constantly boasted of the existing relationship; but that, the moment he apostatized, they indignantly—to use their own phrase—"*cut the connexion*" for evermore, and would never after acknowledge as relatives any members of his branch.

Rathcormac was purchased by Nicholas Lawless on most advantageous terms—in short, "a dead bargain." After a few years, an eligible opportunity appeared for disposing of it on equally favourable terms to himself. Lieut.-Col. William Tonson, of the 53rd Regiment of Foot, Governor of the Cork garrison, and previously Member of Parliament for the borough of Tuam, took a most immoderate fancy to Rathcormac, and offered Lawless a

sum for his title thereto, which he appears to have had very little hesitation in accepting. Colonel Tonson, having become proprietor of the borough, had little difficulty in getting himself elected its representative. In 1776, he was accordingly, at the general election, returned therefor; and on the 13th October, 1783 (having rendered the Crown important services throughout the octennial existence of Parliament), we find him elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Riversdale of Rathcormac.

With the proceeds of the sale, Mr. Lawless purchased the valuable estate of Abington, in the County Limerick, and the handsome villa and grounds of Maretimo, County Dublin. This delightful residence, situated at the Black Rock, is well known to our citizens. Both properties still remain in the possession of the family.

Lawless, however, possessed much too active and ambitious a disposition to content himself with solely exercising the rights, and performing the duties, of a landed proprietor. With Margaret Browne's dowry at his back, with coffers brimming over with the profits arising from his banking and agrarian speculations, not to speak of the balance in favour of the woollen-drapery establishment, it may well be supposed that Lawless was not altogether unqualified to contest an election, and to defray the heavy expenditure usually attendant thereon. Accordingly, we find him, at the general elections of May, 1776, triumphantly returned with the Hon. Abraham Creighton* for "the independent borough" of Lifford, in Donegal, and in the Parliament which met on the 11th of June, making his first appearance as a senator. The idea of offering himself a candidate appears to have been quite a sudden thought. Upon reference to the file of the *Freeman's Journal* for 1776, the reader will find that numbers of addresses to

* This gentleman was a younger son of the Earl of Erne. He was born in 1734, and filled for several years the office of Registrar of Forfeitures. Sir Jonah Barrington honours (?) him with a niche in his "Black List"—an enumeration of those who, in 1799 and 1800, voted against the Union, but suddenly wheeled round at the eleventh hour, upon being offered money or office. The Hon. Mr. Creighton (to use Sir Jonah's words) was "privately purchased."

the electors of each borough, town, and county, appear for at least two months before there is any sign of Lawless joining in the fight. Upon what chances and trifles do the destinies of men hang, and the tide of fortune turn! Had he remained quietly superintending the improvements at Abington, instead of plunging into the noisy, dusty bustle of an Irish election, it is very certain that neither himself nor his descendants would ever rejoice in being addressed as "My Lord."

Whatever course Mr. Lawless pursued to ingratiate himself at once into governmental favour we know not. If any understanding really did take place, a veil of mystery obscures it from the glance of the biographer. Lawless's ambition was effectually awakened. Golden dreams enraptured him. How true it is that "coming events cast their shadows before!" These he observed advancing, and he bowed down and worshipped them. He heard everybody talking of the approaching creations, and he took care it should not be his fault to omit making every needful preparation for the winning and wearing of title and honours.

If Lawless's object were really to find favour—which is probable—in governmental sight, he succeeded in securing it with a vengeance. Not ten days elapsed from the date of his return until it was decided by both British and Irish Cabinets that Nicholas Lawless should be created a baronet. In the *London Gazette* of July 3, 1776, we find the following official announcement of the creation:—

"*St. James's, July* 2.

"The King has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed under the great seal of the kingdom of Ireland, containing his Majesty's grant of the dignity of a Baronet of the said kingdom, unto Nicholas Lawless, Esq., of Abingdon in the County Limerick."

How the eyes of Mrs. Lawless must have glistened as she read this flaming paragraph.

The situation of England at this period was critical in the extreme. The hitherto apathetic American colonies which, with pride and satisfaction, she had beheld for so

many years swelling majestically with strength and wealth, suddenly started to their feet and girded themselves for battle.

"Hark! hear ye the sounds that the wind on her pinions
Exultingly rolls from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions—
'Tis Columbia that calls on her sons to be free.

"In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
Whilst the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song
From the rock to the valley re-echo—'Awaken—
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long!'"

Columbia's force was formidable, but Lord Cornwallis blenched not. He gathered together what British arms could be mustered, and, vowing vengeance for having been put to so much trouble, marched ten thousand strong to crush the rebel foe. Great was the slaughter on the plains of Roxburgh and the heights of Winter Hill. The English retreated, and established themselves in Boston. But George Washington commenced a spirited bombardment, and struck terror, as well as bullets, into the hearts of his enemy. Boston, at length, became too hot to hold them, and the British general determined to evacuate it by sea. This he did, in the most undignified manner possible, on Patrick's Day, 1776; and, while his rear was embarking at one side, the Americans, at the other, poured like an impetuous current of molten lead into the town.

That day the thirteen colonies declared themselves independent, and the star-spangled banner floated gaily on the wind.

From April, 1775, till March, 1776, England and America were in open war. The leading Whigs of Great Britain and Ireland opposed its continuance upon principle. They denounced the policy previously pursued by England; and in their discussions all but justified the American revolt. Ireland was not slow in upraising her threatening voice. The analogy between America and that country was too striking not to attract the notice of

its patriots; and speedily a change both in their attitude and tone became glaringly observable to his Majesty's ministers. Ireland had been long exhorted to bide her time,—repeatedly reminded that England's difficulty was her opportunity; and at last that happy moment seemed as though it had arrived. But, alas! it was in appearance only; for rarely before was the condition of poor Ireland more sadly depressed, or the tension of her muscles so miserably unstrung.

The American war, although it tended considerably at first to excite the Irish spirit, effected a reaction by impoverishing the country. Previous to the war Ireland exported large quantities of linen to America. This prolific source of wealth, however, which had so long fertilized the land, now dried up, and the face of the country became arid and unproductive. The pockets of the people were empty, and their dishes little better. At length some political economists decided on a plan for increasing, in some degree, her national wealth. Ireland prepared to send provisions to America. Had she succeeded in carrying out this most judicious project, not only would approaching famine have been averted, but an immense increase of wealth must inevitably have flowed into her empty lap.

England, however, with cruel *sang froid*, laid an embargo on the exportation, and this well-matured project for national amelioration accordingly fell defeated to the ground. The gloomiest results succeeded her veto. Land, wool, and cattle fell in value to the lowest ebb. When landlords felt the depression acutely, it is hardly matter of wonder that tenants should have declared themselves unable to pay their rent. Public credit was almost extinct, and the ghost of famine again appeared. Ministers were besought for aid, but they refused to hearken. Lashed into energy by such repeated and studied insults, the Irish Commons at length adopted the first step towards attaining that glorious state of civil liberty which, in 1782, was achieved by the bloodless show of sixty thousand Volunteer sabres. Some of the oldest

ministerial members joined the opposition, loudly complaining that the real grievances of Ireland were not fairly made known to the King; and calling upon the Viceroy to represent them to his Majesty, as a duty incumbent on him at all hazards to discharge.

The first octennial Parliament had been only in existence four years out of the eight to which the law restricted it, when the British Cabinet found it advisable, on account of the spirit of independence of the members, at once to dissolve it. The manly resistance to British dictates, which characterized its last session, alarmed the Government. There must be a new Parliament, said they, and it won't be our fault if that body is not judiciously constituted, now that we have the elements of its manufacture fairly in our hands. The next must be a pliant Parliament. Never was there one more urgently needed.

The general election accordingly took place, and bribery and corruption, as is usual on such occasions, stalked unblushingly through the land. Government beheld the returns with pride and satisfaction. The majority were men whom they thought they could calculate on. To enslave the members of both Houses, an unprecedented quantity of promotions and creations were speedily decided on, and almost as quickly effected. Ministers beheld in the last session some of their oldest partisans wavering, menacing, and "*ratting*," and now, in order to infuse a fresh spirit into the new Parliament, five viscounts were created earls, seven barons viscounts, and in one day no less than EIGHTEEN new barons, fresh and glittering from the herald's mint, ascended the baron's bench! Foremost amongst the baronets (who were comparatively few in number) was "Sir Nicholas Lawless of Abington, County Limerick," as the pompous letters patent thought fit to style him. Not since the famous promotion of twelve in the days of Queen Anne was there anything like such creation or advancement. The expedient was successful; and Government, with pride and gratification, watched the salutary effect which

resulted from having set in motion this and other engines of enslavement.*

Upon reference to the Irish parliamentary debates of the last century, it is easy to perceive that the voice of Sir Nicholas Lawless was rarely heard resounding through the vaulted House of Commons. His votes were, for the most part, recorded in silence, and his views of debated topics expressed in whispers. Whenever he did rise to speak he manifested no small diffidence. This may be collected from the few parliamentary speeches delivered by him which remain on record. For instance, on February 24, 1785, he observed, whilst advocating the dissolution of Lord Charlemont's Volunteers, "Sir, a plain man like me rises with great disadvantage to deliver his opinion after the eloquent gentleman who has just spoken, or, indeed, most of those who have risen on the question. What I shall say by way of excuse is, that I wont detain the House beyond a very few minutes." Again, he says, on another occasion—"Unaccustomed to speak often in this House, I rise with some disadvantage after the Right Hon. gentleman." It is quite true that Sir Nicholas Lawless seldom spoke; but whenever he did so, it was well done,† and to the purpose. Indeed his speeches, taking them for all and all, read better than many now-a-days delivered in the British House of Commons. If pertinence and earnestness may be considered recommendatory qualifications in an orator, Sir Nicholas possessed them in a high degree. "His parliamentary conduct," says *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1799, "was always favourable to the measures of the

* Amongst them the system of pensioning was not forgotten. Early in 1778, we find the patriotic members of the House protesting warmly against "the rapid and astonishing growth of the pension list."

By the way, no lexicographer with whom we are acquainted, save Dr. Noah Webster, ventures to give that signification of the word Pension—which is but too truly, in many instances, the correct one—to wit: "*An allowance or annual payment considered in the light of a bribe.*"

† His best speech was, we think, on Feb. 18, 1785, when, while praising the Volunteer army for their past services, he urged that Ireland should now turn her thoughts to the cultivation of the arts of peace, lay aside the pomp of military parade, encourage the artisan to set his loom in motion, and the countryman to substitute the ploughshare for the sword.

present Administration; and he was a very respectable, though *not* an eloquent speaker." We need scarcely remind the reader that the Administration alluded to was an essentially Tory one. It is not correct, however, to assert that his conduct was *always* favourable to Tory regime, as we in the sequel shall show. But, certainly, from 1776 till 1789, when Lord Buckingham transplanted him to the House of Peers—not a particularly *green House*, so far as nationality was concerned—Sir Nicholas's votes and speeches were governmental alike in substance and tone.

It is said by men of his day that after Sir Nicholas Lawless's elevation to the baronetcy his demeanour was observed to become haughty and imperious. Of the very ridiculous extent of this pride more than one instance might be related. The following anecdote is sufficiently illustrative of it. In the summer of the year 1778, Sir Nicholas and Lady Lawless engaged apartments in a respectable lodging-house at Windy Harbour, near Dundrum, conducted by a Mrs. Dempsey. The locality was, in those days, much more fashionable than at present, and numbers resorted to it during the summer and autumn months. Amongst others who engaged apartments at Mrs. Dempsey's in 1778, was the late Edmund Byrne of Byrne's Hill, a gentleman well known and respected in his time. During the period of his sojourn at Windy Harbour, it seems to have been a favourite practice with Sir Nicholas to saunter up and down the gravel walks of Mrs. Dempsey's garden. Nothing was easier, however, than to disturb him in this exercise, as should any other lodger venture to cross the hallowed precincts of the enclosure, it would be the immediate signal for Sir Nicholas to beat a precipitate but majestic retreat to the privacy of his chamber. Mr. Byrne derived some very wicked pleasure in offending the dignity of the baronet. "Bessie," he would often say to a member of his family resident at Mrs. Dempsey's, "do watch me from the lobby-window till you see how I turn Sir Nicholas Lawless out of the garden." Saying which, Mr. Byrne would descend, scarcely able to suppress his laughter, and lei-

surely saunter through one of the pathways. But hardly would he have time to advance half-a-dozen paces, than the honourable baronet might be seen to suddenly wheel to the right about, and, stiff as buckram, steer direct for the house. This eccentric movement on the part of Sir Nicholas reminds one of the barometrical man, who always glided into his house directly that his lighthearted neighbour strolled into the garden to enjoy the fine weather. The family of Mr. Byrne have repeatedly heard him relate this anecdote.

In 1787, the Marquis of Buckingham, as Viceroy, assumed the helm of Irish Government. "Little was it supposed," observes Sir Jonah Barrington,* "that the most important and embarrassing of all constitutional questions between the two countries was to take place during his administration." What man familiar with Irish political history is there, who has not heard of the celebrated "regency" commotion, which, during George the Third's aberration of intellect in 1789, eventuated in the expulsion of William Duke of Leinster, Lord Shannon, and other independent men from office; while it placed barons' coronets *galore* on heads which strongly developed the bump of enslavement. The Prince of Wales at this juncture, and for many years previous, professed a line of politics, and retained a class of servants, essentially different from those subsequently adopted by him. As the husband of a Roman Catholic (Mrs. Fitzherbert), the Irish helots entertained considerable hopes that his Royal Highness would, sooner or later, exert himself in knocking off their chains.

"Mr. Pitt well knew," says Sir Jonah, "that his own reign, and that of the Cabinet he commanded, were in danger—that they could endure no longer than some tatters of the royal prerogative and restraints on the Regent should remain in his hands as minister, by which he could curb the regency, which might otherwise be fatal to his ambition and his Cabinet. He, therefore, resisted, with all his energy, the heir-apparent's right to the prerogative of his father, and struggled to restrain the Prince from many of those essential powers of the executive authority."

Through a state necessity the Prince found himself reluctantly obliged to submit to the restraints imposed

* "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation." Paris edition, page 324.

on him by his own rather arrogant and overbearing servant. A large proportion of the Irish Parliament bridled with indignation at the aggression, and refused to obey the dictates of the British Minister. An address to his Royal Highness, "from the Commons of Ireland in Parliament assembled," was drawn up. In respectful language, it requested that he would be pleased to take upon himself the government of Ireland during the continuation of the King's indisposition, and no longer; and under the title of Prince Regent of Ireland, in the name, and on behalf of his Majesty, to exercise, according to the laws and constitution of that kingdom, all regal powers, jurisdiction, and perogatives to the Crown and Government thereof belonging." Ireland, with one voice, called upon his Highness, in virtue of the federative compact, to assume at once the sceptre of authority. Grattan headed the independent party in the Commons, and the Prince, as may be perceived, felt grateful to him for his exertions.* Debates arose more noisy and embarrassing than, perhaps, had ever before agitated the echoes of the Irish senate house.

"The probability of his Majesty's recovery," proceeds Sir Jonah, "had a powerful influence on placemen and official connexions The Viceroy (Lord Buckinghan) took a decisive part against the Prince, and made bold and hazardous attempts upon the rights of the Irish Parliament."

In the recently published correspondence of Lord Buckingham,† we find dozens of letters, daily addressed

* Mr. Pelham, afterwards Lord Chichester, in a private letter to Grattan, after speaking of what he styles "the tricks and intrigues of Mr. Pitt's faction," says, "I have not time to express to you how strongly the Prince is affected by the confidence and attachment of the Irish Parliament. I saw him for an instant at Carlton House, and he ordered me to write to you; but I have only time to say in his own words,—'Tell Grattan that I am a most determined Irishman.'"

The Duke of Portland, writing to Henry Grattan on the 21st February, 1789, says:—"I beg most sincerely to congratulate you on the decisive effect of your distinguished exertions. Your own country is sensible and worthy of the part you have taken in defence and protection of her constitution. The Prince thinks himself no less obliged to you; and whenever this deluded country becomes capable of distinguishing her true friends, she will contribute her quota of applause and gratitude." The two interesting letters, of which the above are extracts, appear in Mr. Grattan's Memoirs of his father.

† Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III. from original Family Documents, by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, 2 vols., London, 1853.

to that Viceroy by his brother, Lord Grenville, the English Secretary of State—all giving the most decided accounts of the Monarch's convalescence. This correspondence extends from December, 1788, to February 24, 1789. There cannot exist a doubt, that the substance of these bulletins must have circulated widely amongst Lord Buckingham's friends in the Irish Parliament, and so stimulated their hostility to the Regency. They were of course well aware, that in the event of the question falling, by the recovery of the King, promotions and creations would recompense their labours. And they were neither mistaken nor disappointed. Attorney-General Fitzgibbon was openly promised the Seals if he succeeded for Mr. Pitt. Each member of the Opposition* was menaced, that he should be made the "*victim of his vote.*" Lures were held out to the wavering†—threats hurled at the independent.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY!‡ such was the sum which

* It was this unmanly threat that called into existence that spirited protest, familiarly known as "the Round Robin." To this document the Duke of Leinster, Lords Charlemont, Shannon, Granard, Ross, Moira, and a host of other noblemen, at once affixed their signatures. They were backed by Curran's, Grattan's, Ponsonby's, Forbes's, Bushe's, Burgh's, and Hardy's. The document dwelt much on the recent threat of making individuals "the victim of their votes," and stigmatised the pursuit of such a course "as a reprobation of their constitutional conduct, and an attack upon public principle and the independence of Parliament: that any Administration taking, or persevering in any such steps was not entitled to their confidence, and should not receive their support."

† Mr. Wright, in his rather English History of Ireland, tells us that perhaps the most able speech delivered on the side of the Government was Mr. Johnson's. As a testimony to its ability, he transcribes it from beginning to end. The speaker was no other than the "Ex-Judge, Robert Johnson," so well known in after years. In 1831, Tom. Moore, had, as appears from his Diary, a most amusing interview with the old judge. He adverted at some length to the past history of his political life. Until the agitation of the Regency question he was an ardent supporter of Henry Grattan. At that exciting juncture he wheeled round, and forthwith became the recipient of Government favours. "In fact," said the judge to Mr. Moore, with peculiar *naivêté*, "we were all jobbers in those days."

‡ It was in allusion to the ministerial bribe and threat that Grattan some years after thundered as follows:—"It is in vain to equivocate; the words were uttered; the minister may have forgotten, but the people remember them. The threat was put into its fullest execution: the canvass of the ministery was everywhere—in the House of Commons, in the lobby, in the street, at the door of the parliamentary undertakers, rapped at and worn

Fitzgibbon was deputed by Pitt to announce as remaining in his hands for purposes of corruption. And as the law officer of the Crown made this ingenuous avowal, he casually observed that a solitary address of thanks to Lord Townshend, some time anterior, cost the nation no less than five hundred thousand pounds!

Lord Buckingham felt somewhat uneasy at the progress made by the Irish Parliament in asserting and carrying into effect their wishes.* He, however, entertained great hopes that his Majesty would, like King Richard, be "himself again," before they could, in defiance of England, proclaim the Prince their Regent. Time was the great object, and he had recourse to every stratagem calculated to protract it.† The shrewd advice given by Lord Grenville to his brother, the Viceroy, at this period, as appears from their recently published correspondence, is most amusing. "I think," he writes, in his letter of February 19th, "that your object will be to use every possible endeavour, by all means in your power, debating every question, dividing upon every question, moving adjournment upon adjournment, and every other mode that can be suggested, to gain time!"

The address to the Regent having passed both the Lords and Commons with an overwhelming majority,

by the little caitiffs of Government, who offered amnesty to some, honours to others, and corruption to all; and where the word of the Viceroy was doubted they offered their own. Accordingly, we find a number of parliamentary provisions were created, and divers peerages sold with such effect, that the same Parliament who had voted the chief governor a criminal, did immediately after give that very governor implicit support."

* The noble editor of the Buckingham Correspondence admits that "the Parliament of Ireland preserved the unquestionable right of deciding the Regency in their own way." "The position of Lord Buckingham," he goes on to say, "had become peculiarly embarrassing. What course should be taken in the event of such an address being carried?*** The predicament was so strange, and involved constitutional considerations of such importance, as to give the most serious disquietude to the Administration."—Vol. ii., page 101.

† That clear-sighted character, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, saw at a glance through this wretched policy. "I am perfectly aware," he writes in a private letter to the Prince, "of the arts that will be practised, and the advantages which some people will attempt to gain by time; but I am equally convinced that we should advance their evil views by showing the least impatience or suspicion at present."—*Life of Sheridan by* THOMAS MOORE, chap. xii.—Regency.

was presented to Lord Buckingham for transmission to his Royal Highness. The Viceroy, however, declined in the most peremptory manner to have anything to say to it, and thus Parliament was reduced to the necessity of forwarding the address by the hands of delegates. Previous to their departure, Grattan moved and carried as the opinion of the House, "That the answer of the Lord Lieutenant in refusing to transmit said address is *ill advised*, and tends to convey an unwarrantable and *unconstitutional censure on the conduct of both Houses*."

It is not surprising that this vote of censure, coming, as it did, from both Lords and Commons, should have shook the Viceroy on his throne. Whether the Prince assumed the Regency or not, it was utterly impossible he could any longer hold the reins of Government. But like a stag at bay, he resisted to the death. Every possible manœuvre that could have the effect of vexing the Opposition, he resorted to before his flight. He became unpopular to loathing. It was intended to illuminate the capital on the night of his departure, but some days previous to that event he retired to Mr. Lees' villa, at the Blackrock, and from thence escaped by sea to England, unnoticed—

"Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."*

The following events, however, occurred anterior to his flight.

The King "*was now*," to use the words of Lord Grenville, "*actually well*."†

The excitement and discussion consequent on the hos-

* Mr. Plowden, in his "History of Ireland," observes, that the Viceroy's friends "gave out" at the time that his health was so impaired by the fatigues of a troublesome Government, as to oblige him to undergo removal to the ship, in a litter, on men's shoulders. "I told you two months ago," wrote his Excellency about this period to his brother, "that my friends would not blush for me; that I might be beaten, but that I would not be disgraced. I write to you now, with the transports of the warmest exultation and of honest pride, to tell you, that on Saturday night I closed the Session in the Commons, having thrown out every measure brought forward by Opposition." As the Viceroy was borne off in his litter, he might well have exclaimed, with Pyrrhus, "Another such victory and I'm undone!"

† "Buckingham Correspondence," page 115, vol. ii. (italics in original.)

tile attitudes assumed by statesmen and patriots accordingly came to a dead full stop. All thoughts of creating his Royal Highness Regent were now at an end. The fire of triumph flashed and reflashed from the eyes of Mr. Pitt's dependants, and their countenances might be seen to glow in a precise ratio as the cold pallor of consternation mastered those of the others.

While the mingled glories of triumph and revenge were yet effervescing within the brains of those who had prostrated themselves in slavish subserviency before Pitt and his colleagues during the late proceedings, Lord Buckingham publicly announced that the strongest marks of governmental favour should be shown to them for their devotion, proportionate as the Opposition would be made to suffer acutely for the independent spirit of its tone and acts. Accordingly, at the magic wave of his lordship's wand, out marched from office the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Treasurer, the Clerk of Permits, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary at War, the Comptroller of Stamps, and many other important officers. The Duke of Leinster, one of the most respected officers of the Crown, was dismissed.* also Lord Shannon. The influential family of Ponsonby, long the unwavering supporters of Government, but who on this occasion joined the Legislature in asserting their constitutional independence and rejection of all subserviency to the views or dictates of an alien Parliament, were also cashiered. But the promotions and appointments far more than counterbalanced the dismissals. Of the former there were forty, while of the latter only fifteen. Employments that had long remained dormant were revived, useless offices invented, sinecures created, salaries increased. The Board of Stamps and Accounts, hitherto filled by one, became a joint concern.

* In the following sentences of a letter to the Viceroy, Grenville blows hot and cold on the policy of the dismissals. "Nothing is clearer to my mind than the propriety of the step you have taken in dismissing Ponsonby; of the intimation which you have given Lord Shannon of the necessary consequence of his present conduct; and of the measures you have adopted for securing to yourself efficient assistance, by the removal of Fitzherbert, and by the nomination of Hobart. * * But I must entreat you to reflect that this line of conduct is only to be justified on the supposition of your being to remain in Ireland."

The staff of officials on the Ordnance and Revenue Boards was considerably augmented. The annual pension list swelled in the proud possession of thirteen thousand pounds additional, and what by right should have flowed into the pockets of such old and active servitors as the family of Ponsonby, filled to repletion the coffers of raw, inexperienced men like Trant and Beresford. The office of Weighmaster of Butter in Cork became divided, not into two but three parts, the duties of which were performed by deputies at the rate of about £200 each. The principals who received the gross amount held seats in Parliament. This drew from George Ponsonby, as we are reminded by Mr. Grattan,* the remark in one of his speeches, that 110 placemen sat in the House, and out of the gross revenue of the country, one-eighth was divided among Members of Parliament.†

Lord Buckingham was proud of his victory. In a private letter to Lord Buckley, published in "The Court and Cabinets of George III. (London, 1853)," he observes:—

"In the space, then, of six weeks, I have secured to the Crown a decided and steady majority, created in the teeth of the Duke of Leinster,‡ Lord Shannon, Lord Grantley, Ponsonby, Connolly, O'Neill, united to all the republicanism, the faction, and the discontents of the House of Commons; and having thrown this aristocracy at the feet of the King, I have taught to the British and Irish Government a lesson which ought never to be forgotten:

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* Life and Times of Henry Grattan, by his Son, vol. iii.

† Speaking of these things in 1796, the Hon. V. B. Lawless, afterwards Lord Cloncurry, said:—"Places without number or utility have been created, and pensions unmerited and indecent bestowed on those whose merit was equivalent to the good of the country, or not even in blasting the growth of public or private virtue."

‡ In a previous letter he speaks of this unanimity as "an infamous combination." Fitzhenry, in his letter to Grattan, speaks of "laying open the tricks of Mr. Pitt's faction." It is most amusing to place the letters of the opposing parties in juxta-position. By Hardy's "Life of Charlemont" we find that Edmund Burke, writing to his Lordship, on April 4, 1789, said, "I am charmed with what I have heard of the Duke of Leinster. I am happy to find him add a character of firmness to the rest of his truly amiable and respectable qualifications. Formerly then is, it seems, the proto-martyr. I never saw him until the time of your embassy, but I am not mistaken in the opinion I formed of him on our first conversation, as a manly, decided character, with a right combination of mind, and a clear and vigorous understanding."

and I have the pride to recollect, that the whole of it is fairly to be ascribed to the steady decision with which the storm was met, and to the zeal, vigour, and industry of some of the steadiest friends that ever man was blessed with."

Amongst "the steadiest friends that ever man was blessed with," we must not neglect to particularize Sir Nicholas Lawless. He stuck to Mr. Pitt through thick and thin. He flung the influence of his vote and his example into the scale in favour of Lord Buckingham. He praised that Viceroy's virtues,* and censured those who disapproved of the policy he thought fit to pursue. In short, Sir Nicholas found as much favour in governmental sight, as disfavour in that of Grattan and Ponsonby, who, it will be seen hereafter, adopted measures to annoy him, in common with his brother barons, Glentworth and Kilmaine.

The list of creations and promotions in the peerage, made out by his Excellency, the Marquis of Buckingham, cannot be said to have been of very limited dimensions. Indeed such was its length, that apprehensions were entertained lest the royal assent should have been, in a moment of shame or indignation, withheld. But Pitt undertook to urge, in his own persuasive manner, their necessity on the sovereign, who, after some hesitation, graciously signified his acquiescence. "With respect to your peerages," writes Grenville to Lord Buckingham, on the 15th May, 1789, "I have, as I promised

* Mr. Bushe thought the present a bad time to place confidence in Government. * * * * Sir Nicholas Lawless declared that Lord Buckingham's virtues, his close inspection into public expenses, and his hatred of peculation and fraud, had created more enemies than any part of his political conduct.—*Debates on February 25th*, 1789.

Sir Nicholas was on familiar terms with Lord Buckingham, and had him frequently to dinner at Maretimo. In connexion with one of these entertainments an amusing anecdote is related. Jephson, well known as the author of the "Count of Narbonne," and soubriquet "*Roman Portrait Jephson*," held, for a number of years, the offices of Vicegal Poet Laureate and Master of the Horse; and was invited with the Viceroy, on one of the occasions referred to, to Maretimo. During dinner, Mr. Jephson, whose wit was always bubbling over, had the singular daring, when he thought himself unobserved by Lord Buckingham, to mimic his Excellency. A mirror in the opposite wall proved a tell-tale. With a look of scathing indignation Lord Buckingham commanded the quailing laureate to begone, and henceforward to consider himself dismissed from office.

you, got Pitt to state them to the King, who has consented to them, marquisates and all. You may now, therefore, recommend them as soon as you please, and *I* will take care there shall be no further unnecessary delay." A somewhat shrewd observation, for one of not particularly sound judgment, was made by the King on the occasion of this interview. "He is willing to engage," continues Lord Grenville, "that these should all be done without delay, but seems much to wish that the promotions and creations should be separated, in order that they may not, by coming together, appear to fill too a large a column in the *Gazette*. There must, therefore, be an interval of a fortnight or three weeks. You will judge whether the promotions or creations should come first."

We have all heard of the political corruption that characterized the days of Walpole and of Pelham; but it is a matter of considerable doubt to us if the system of venality openly prosecuted in the British and Irish Parliaments, during the close of the last century, did not actually eclipse in enormity the Walpole intrigues.

That peerages were actually sold for money, so late as 1789, there cannot exist the shadow of a doubt. By this proceeding his Majesty's ministers were guilty of an impeachable offence. They not only attempted to undermine the constitution, but actually and deliberately violated the laws. Added to this serious misdemeanour, they created fourteen new places for the purchase of M.P.'s, which, as an eminent authority observed, was virtually and indeed an overt act of treason against the State. If precedents were necessary in order to the prosecution of the minister, numerous instances might be cited. In the reign of Charles I. his Grace of Buckingham was impeached for the very crime of which the Pitt Administration stood confessedly guilty. He sold a peerage to Lord Roberts for £10,000. Similar trafficking took place in 1789.

Grattan,* Curran, and Ponsonby offered to prove this

* See Appendix.

startling assertion upon evidence, and made that celebrated motion in the House which filled a profligate Government with terror and dismay. Having offered evidence of the most conclusive character, they begged leave to move—

"That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire, in the most solemn manner, whether the late or present Administration entered into any corrupt agreement with any person, or persons, to recommend such person, or persons, to his Majesty as fit and proper to be made Peers of this realm, in consideration of such person, or persons, giving certain sums of money to be laid out in procuring the return of members to serve in Parliament, contrary to the rights of the people, inconsistent with the independence of Parliament, and in violation of the fundamental laws of the land."*

Mr. Grattan, in his Memoirs of the Life and Times of his father (vol. iii., page 291), tells us that the three peerages which Grattan and Ponsonby offered to prove had been sold, and the money laid out for the purchase of members in the House of Commons, were those of Kilmaine, Glentworth, and Cloncurry.†

* Irish Parliamentary Register, vol. x., page 274.

† In 1789, a small pamphlet, supposed to have been written by Miss Grattan, appeared. The object was to satirize the recent corrupt proceedings of the Pitt and Buckingham Administrations, which it did by means of (as they were then considered) witty parodies on the songs of "Love in a Village." The *dramatis personæ*, and general dimensions of the composition, are far too extensive to permit much more than allusion here. A portion of the second Act we subjoin, as it introduces the name of Sir Nicholas Lawless.

"ACT II.—Scene I.—*Presence Chamber at the Castle, Marquis solus.* * * *

"For counsel I'll fly to Fitzgibbon too high,
To Th—r—t—n, Hobart, and Cooke;
But to soften my cares, and forget State affairs,
I'll laugh with Brown, Lawless, and Luke."
(*Kilmaine, Cloncurry, and Mountjoy.*)

In a subsequent scene we find "folding doors, which open and discover the levee room, with hacks, trimmers, runners, hirelings, &c., who advance singing a chorus." * * *

"Second Lord in Waiting (Nicholas Lawless, Lord Cloncurry) *loquitur:*

"Nor place, nor pension, is my plan,
Large sums I can afford, Sir;
But, as I'm not a gentleman,
I fain would be a lord, Sir." (Nor place, &c., *da capo.*)

The piece (with some intermediate matter) concludes with "a grand chorus of seven expectant lords."

Was inquiry stifled? We rather think so. The motion of the patriotic triumvirate was crushed into nothingness by an overwhelming avalanche of placemen and pensioners.

We are not in a position to state the exact sum which Sir Nicholas Lawless handed the British minister for his peerage; but we can have no doubt that it was considerable. Had he not aided the Government, however, with his voice and his vote, the said sum of money, large as it was, would, doubtless, have been inadequate to its purchase. The late Sir S—— B—— informed us that he heard him on one occasion express the greatest indignation, upon receiving the intelligence that his daughters, the Honourables Valentina, Mary, and Charlotte Lawless had not the precedence at certain court balls and drawing-rooms during Earl Camden's viceroyalty. Our informant smilingly added, that his lordship took occasion to refer, with some warmth of manner, to the exorbitant sum which the wily minister extorted for his peerage, and exclaimed, that he did not see why the d—l he should not, in common right and decency, get every possible value, in the shape of honours, out of whatever Administration occupied the Castle. In Lord Cloncurry's Personal Recollections, a letter from his father to the Duke of Portland, dated August 20, 1799, appears. "If I have obtained any honours," said Nicholas, Lord Cloncurry, in that letter, "they have cost me their full value."

In the Journals of the Irish House of Lords (Januarii 21°, 1790), we find the following somewhat elaborate account of Lord Cloncurry's *début* as a Peer of the Realm:—

"Sir *Nicholas Lawless*, Baronet, being by Letters Patent, dated the twenty-second day of *September*, in the twenty-ninth year of King *George* III. created Baron of *Cloncurry*, in the County *Kildare*, was this day in his Robes introduced between the Lord *Willes*, and the Lord *Harberton*, also in their Robes; the Yeoman Usher of the Black-Rod, and *Ulster* King of Arms, in his Coat of Arms, carrying the said Letters Patents preceding:—His Lordship presented the same to the Lord Chancellor,* on his knee, at the Woolsack, who

* Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare.

gave them to the Clerk of the Parliaments, which were read at the Table; his writ of summons was also read.

Then his Lordship came to the Table, and took the oaths, and made and subscribed the oath of abjuration,* pursuant to the statutes, and was afterwards conducted to, and took his place at the lower end of the Barons' Bench."†

Soon after the elevation of Sir Nicholas Lawless to the peerage, he paid a visit to the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, dressed in the pink of the then fashion, and decorated with a star indicative of his rank. The piece was a pantomime, and the subject, Don Quixote. At the very ludicrous scene where Sancho is tossed by the village clowns in a blanket, Lord Cloncurry was observed to laugh so heartily as to be well nigh in danger of tumbling off his seat—rather a ludicrous proceeding, it must be confessed, when the buckram-like dignity of his lordship's movements is taken into account. The idea was indeed truly laughable, and in the prolific mind of the notorious Lady Cahir (who happened to be in an adjoining stall), it speedily took root, and threw out blossoms of characteristic wit. Beckoning his lordship into her box (at least, so the story has it), she exclaimed:—

> "Cloncurry, Cloncurry,
> Come here in a hurry—
> And tell why you laugh at the squire?
> Now altho' he's tossed high,
> I defy you deny
> That blankets have tossed yourself higher."

Another account which has been furnished us of this matter says, that a reporter for one of the morning papers, who was seeing the pantomime in the pit, observed his lordship's paroxysms of laughter, and mentally composed the following version, which appeared, as we transcribe it, in the *Freeman's Journal* of the ensuing morning. Both

* Every reader may not be aware, that the oath of abjuration asserts the right of the present Royal Family to the Crown of England, and expressly disclaims such right in the descendants of the Stuarts. Sir Nicholas eagerly subscribed to the oath. Nice behaviour this, in a descendant of Walter Lawless, who lost seven estates by his attachment to King James.

† The words in italics as well as the frequent capitals occur in the original.

accounts are equally amusing, and do not in the least blunt its epigrammatic point:—

> "Cloncurry, Cloncurry,
> Why in such a hurry
> To laugh at the comical squire?
> For though he's tossed high,
> Yet you cannot deny
> That blankets have tossed you still higher."

On 5th January, 1790, John Earl of Westmoreland arrived in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. The conduct and policy of his Administration have been variously criticised; some historians praising it, and others censuring. For instance, Mr. H. Grattan* distinctly asserts, that his object in coming to Ireland was "to govern by corruption—that he both avowed it and practised it;" while Sir Jonah Barrington,† on the other hand, avers that, although many have charged the Westmoreland Administration with jobbing, it really was less so than that of any of his predecessors.

Lord Westmoreland was, perhaps, the most convivial Viceroy that had ever been deputed to the Government of Ireland. His table literally groaned beneath the weight of luxury and splendour. Little economy crept into the management of *his* Viceregal household. Unlike many of his successors, the salary he received was spent in Ireland. His hospitality was proverbial, and those whom he invited entertained him in return. In the latter category we must not omit to classify Nicholas Lord Cloncurry, who appears to have been honoured by his Excellency's jovial company on one or two occasions in Mornington House.

With the higher orders Lord Westmoreland was a popular Viceroy, but in the estimation of the masses, he held but a very indifferent position. They understood not his courtly blandishment, nor did some of those who basked in its sunshine, the craft that lay behind it.

Lord Cloncurry had frequent intercourse with Lord Westmoreland. He appears to have construed his habi-

* Life and Times of Henry Grattan. Colburn, London, 1842, vol. iii. page 441.

† Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, page 338.

tual smile into an evident sign of special favour. He was once a baronet, 'tis true, and now a baron, but being a baron was no reason why he should not like to be viscount, and when a viscount, perhaps an earl. Lord Cloncurry yearned for promotion in the peerage. His ambition was not yet appeased. He hoped Lord Westmoreland would recommend him for honour. His Excellency smiled, and smiling, left the country.

Lord Fitzwilliam succeeded the courtly Viceroy. Owing to his avowed desire to emancipate the Catholics, Lord Fitzwilliam was precipitately and insultingly recalled, after a short administration of three months' duration. He arrived on the 4th of January, and on the 8th we find Lord Cloncurry importuning the new Viceroy for an earldom or marquisate. That a matter of closet secrecy like this, should, after the lapse of more than half a century, come to *our* ears, will possibly surprise many a reader. It can be, however, satisfactorily accounted for. Some of the papers of the late Lord Fitzwilliam have found their way into the possession of a distinguished member of the Royal Irish Academy, well known and respected for the important services conferred by him on the literature of his country. Amongst them is the "Precis Book" of the Earl of Fitzwilliam. To this we have been given access, and under date the 8th January, 1795, we find the following entry in the Viceroy's handwriting:—"*Lord Cloncurry desires a promotion in the Peerage. Begs to know if recommended by Lord W.*" Westmoreland is the party referred to.

A few pages further on Lord Cloncurry is again discovered importuning his Excellency. Official duties required the attendance of Lord Fitzwilliam in London. He went; and Lord Cloncurry followed! Among the "*Applications to the Lord Lieutenant in England*" (as it appears in the Precis Book), one is particularly underlined as "*Personal*," and distinctly mentions the applicant to be "Lord Cloncurry," and his object nothing more nor less than "*Promotion in the Peerage.*"

The applications were carefully recorded, but the needful remained undone. Lord Cloncurry saw his

nephew,* from being plain John Scott, created Viscount Earlsfort, and afterwards Earl of Clonmel. His lordship thought that, from having so long supported Government, he had quite as good a right to receive promotion; but in this expectation he was doomed to be disappointed. When he became, in 1789, plain Baron Cloncurry, he had reached the zenith of his aristocratic honours.

It would appear that from the time he found it hopeless to obtain the distinction which he had so long solicited, the bias of his politics became much more democratic. In May, 1797, the celebrated Requisition to the High Sheriff of Kildare, calling on him at once to convene a meeting of his bailiwick, for the purpose of praying the King "TO DISMISS HIS PRESENT MINISTERS FROM HIS COUNSELS FOR EVER," appeared. The tone was unusually spirited for the craven times in which the document was penned, and the conduct of the subscribers proportionately so. The first signature is that of the patriotic Duke of Leinster;† the second, "Cloncurry;" the third, Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and the fourth, George Ponsonby. An old proverb tells us, "Show me your company, and I'll tell you what you are."

The sheriff slavishly fawned upon those ministers, and refused to convene the meeting as requested. But the original requisitionists, including Lord Cloncurry, were not to be defeated, and announced their intention of holding the meeting‡ whether he, Mr. Latouche, liked it or no. Thereupon Government became alarmed, and issued a proclamation, wherein they threatened to disperse it by military force.

* So related from having been married to Margaret, daughter of Pat Lawless, and niece of Lord Cloncurry.

† Father, of course, to the present peer.

‡ The reader will find this meeting noticed at some length in Chapter V. The Hon. Valentine Browne Lawless, afterwards Lord Cloncurry, acted as secretary to it.

CHAPTER II.

Birth of Valentine, Lord Cloncurry—His Delicacy in Childhood—Sent to School, and at once inaugurated into the Office of "Fag"—Comes home an Invalid—Dr. Burroughs—King's School at Chester—Mornington House—Graduates in *Alma Mater*—The Historical Society—Dr. Elrington—His Eccentricity of Intellect and Disposition—His controversial Contest with Dr. Doyle—Lawless visits Switzerland—Parson Meuron—His inordinate Attachment to "worldly Dross"—Beckford—Lausanne—Geneva—Its Drawbacks—Letter to his Mother—Altercation with Mr. Bailly—The Irish Brigade.

THE year 1773, remarkable for having given birth to Francis Jeffrey, Louis Philippe, Simonde de Sismundi, and Madame de Cottin, also introduced to the light of day Valentine Browne Lawless, the subject of this memoir. The town residence of his father was, until 1790 (when he removed to Mornington House), in Merrion-square, Dublin, and here the Hon. Valentine was born, as appears by the parish register, on August 19th, 1773. His *debut* upon the great stage took place somewhat prematurely, and, as not unusually happens, he continued to be, for several years afterwards, a delicate and debilitated child. Being a younger son,* however, this circumstance does not appear to have given his parents that uneasiness which might, under other circumstances, be expected, and accordingly we find him, at the age of eight years, sent off to a boarding seminary at Portarlington, where he was treated with considerable roughness by his school-fellows, and made to fill the not very enviable office of "fag." Poor Valentine was not very long at this academy when he found himself, one morning, shoved, with much dexterity, from off the top of a pent-house, by a youngster

* Robert, the eldest, was at this time living.

named Fred. Faulkner, whose exertions were amply recompensed by "Vaf's" discomfiture, and the wry faces attendant on a dislocated elbow. Years after, when the rough Portarlington schoolboy developed into manhood, and inherited the honours of a patrimonial baronetcy, great was the consternation of his friends, one morning, upon discovering Sir Frederick murdered in his room—murdered by the same* cruel hand that cast an inoffending child from the summit of a pent-house two-and-forty years before.

Attributable, in some degree, to the confinement attendant on this accident, Valentine's frame became a prey to a severe scrofulous complaint, which tormented him unceasingly for four or five years, and finally left a prominent mark upon his face which never, to the day of his death, disappeared. The unremitting attentions of his mother, during the existence of this protracted illness, inspired him for ever afterwards with feelings towards her of the most ardent gratitude and affection.

As soon as Valentine's precarious state of health permitted, Sir Nicholas placed him under the *surveillance* of old Dr. Burroughs, an eccentric clergyman, whose seminary lay in close proximity to the family villa of Maretimo. It went by the name of Prospect House, and received a fair amount of patronage from the Irish *elite*. Amongst Lawless' school-fellows here was the late Lord Bishop of Derry (Dr. Ponsonby), who only preceded him to the grave by eight-and-forty hours. Lords Ponsonby and Shannon, and the late Knight of Kerry, were also cotemporaries with Lawless at this school.

There appears to have been much more of the *bon vivant* and gambler than of the Dominie Sampson in old Dr. Burroughs' eccentric composition. A capon smothered in oyster sauce presented far greater attractions to the Rev. pedagogue than the choicest stanzas of Homer or Euri-

* His suicide took place at Naples, in 1823. As we have recorded a fact not particularly creditable to the lunatic, we shall, by way of counterbalance, observe, that he voted manfully against the Union; and although in comparatively straitened circumstances, refused every species of bribe, both pecuniary and titled.

pides; and the rattle of roulette, or the tumult of the dice-box, were sounds that fell far more joyfully upon his ears than even the creditable answers of his own pupils at the annual scholastic examinations at Prospect. The late Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," says that "he well remembers the anxious haste with which the Rev. gentleman was wont to close the daily business of the school, in order that he might be at liberty to repair to Dublin, and there participate in somewhat more congenial occupations." Crow-street Theatre, Ranelagh Gardens, Lefevre's Lottery Office, or some of the fashionable club-rooms of the city, were proverbially favourite places of resort with Dr. Burroughs.

This eccentric dignitary must not be confounded with the Rev. Dr. Burroughs, Tom Moore's tutor, and spoken of by him in his fragment autobiography.* Mr. Moore's Dominie held a permanent appointment in Trinity College at the time that Valentine's was "magister" of Prospect Seminary. Which of the two were the more eccentric, it would be a matter of some difficulty to decide. The celebrated old slang song—"The Night before Larry was Stretched,"† was written by Moore's tutor.

From Prospect Seminary, Master Valentine was transplanted, after a sojourn of two years, to the King's School in Chester, Dr. Bancroft principal. Whilst here he resided almost entirely with Bishop Cleaver, whose acquaintance Lord Cloncurry cultivated during the administration of his patron, the Marquis of Buckingham.‡ Their acquaintance had, by this time, ripened into friendship, and Valentine, no doubt in consideration of it, was treated by the prelate with much kindness and attention. With a view of being entered of Brazenose College, of

* Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, vol. i. 1852.

† The following remarkable couplet will possibly recall it to the reader's mind:—

"Larry tipped him an illigant look,
And pitch'd his big wig to the d—l."

Everybody may not know that the "him" alluded to was a Protestant clergyman, who, in the act of administering spiritual consolation to Larry, received the ungodly rebuff described in the text.

‡ Dr. Cleaver was secretary to Lord Buckingham.

which the bishop had a short time previous been elected principal, Valentine was brought by his lordship to Oxford; but naturally preferring to become a member of the Irish University, he made application to his father, who, after some dignified hesitation, complied with the request. According to the entries in the College book of admission, Lawless became a student of "Old Trinity" at the age of 17, in 1790, and three years afterwards graduated as Bachelor of Arts. This latter event occurred on a day, long after alluded to with pride by Lord Cloncurry, as that wherein he entertained, for the first time, at Mornington House, the Earl of Westmoreland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Amongst his Excellency's aides-de-camp present on this occasion was Mr. Wesley,* a modest, unassuming young subaltern, well known to Buonaparte, in after life, as Arthur Duke of Wellington, and Prince of Waterloo. Such was the mighty Iron Duke, before he wreathed his brow with budding laurels by the subjugation of Tippo Saib.

Mornington House, the scene of the festive entertainment on the day that Valentine graduated in *Alma Mater*, was whilom the town residence of Mr. Wellesley's parents; and within its walls, we have every reason to believe, their hopeful son first saw the light of day.† It was a handsome mansion in Upper Merrion-street, abutting, as a corner house, upon an expansive area, but long since completely enclosed with buildings. Mornington House was purchased by Nicholas Lord Cloncurry, in 1790, for £8,000, and is now (1854) valued by Thom's Official Directory at £256; or for ten years' purchase, £2,560. So much for "Ireland before and after the Union."

Whilst the arch-ministerial scheme was in contemplation, and restlessly fermented, among the brains of hungry placemen, Viscount Castlereagh, that most im-

* Up to the year 1797, "the Iron Duke" spelt his patronymic—Wesley. This, sounding, in all probability, too Methodistical for the soldier's taste, he altered to the more aristocratic orthography of Wellesley.

† Dangan Castle, County Meath, so long pronounced to be his Grace's birth-place, has of late years resigned in favour of the Merrion-street mansion.

maculate of statesmen, rented it from Lord Cloncurry and, aided by his venal colleagues, concocted within its walls that execrable conspiracy which eventuated in the annihilation of our dearest liberties. Repeated conferences, accompanied on each occasion by Bacchanalian orgies, were held in Mornington House for three or four years anterior to the passing of the Act of Union.*

The progress of Valentine Lawless through the University of Dublin was not altogether *couleur de rose*. A bitter personal hostility existed at that period between the youthful patriotism of a large proportion of the collegians and the intolerant bigotry of the academical heads. They not unfrequently came into collision, and the crash on such occasions fulminated awfully.

Lawless had little more than begun the noviciate of his college course when he joined the interesting and intellectual meetings of the Irish Historical or Debating Society,† wherein the seeds of nationality, already sown in his mind, speedily began to germinate and fling forth blossoms. The objects of this excellent institution were most commendable. It professed to nurture mutual respect among the rising generation of Irishmen, to stimulate the rivalry of their young ambition, and direct it into proper channels; to suppress all anti-Christian jealousies, stifle sectarian animosities, and put a stop to those unfortunate prejudices of caste and creed which so long contributed to retard the prosperity of Ireland and to stunt the development of her energies.

Amongst the many friends for life whom the Hon. Valentine Lawless enlisted in his favour at the Irish Historical Society's meetings, may be noted the late Edward Lawson, Barrister-at-Law, for whom he generously provided, in the evening of his life, a comfortable competence many years after. Though of humble origin, Lawson was regarded by his brother associates with the

* This house is now the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

† This excellent society has been recently revived by the present Provost, who neither regards it, like Dr. Elrington, as a "Jacobite Club," nor apprehends that the collegians will become proficients in necromancy.

profoundest respect, as much for his remarkable talents as for his intrinsic worth.

The Historical Society was virulently opposed by every enemy to national progress. Foremost in the phalanx of educated bigots strutted, with pompous inflation, the Rev. Dr. Elrington, Valentine's college tutor, and afterwards both Provost of Trinity College and Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin. In language the most earnest, he vowed that this nursery of genius, friendship, and patriotism should be then and there "put down;" and ere the lapse of any very considerable period, the influential D.D. had the satisfaction of witnessing its complete annihilation. Cloncurry, in one of his retrospects, daguerreotypes Elrington as "a learned man, but stupid and blockish, and thoroughly imbued with the narrowest bigotries of his class and position." His unequal controversial contest with the great Dr. Doyle will, doubtless, be in the recollection of the reader. Like the Kilkenny cats, nothing but the tails can be said to have remained after this terrific combat. In 1834, while yet undecided, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and the Protestant Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, died. Nothing remained behind to tell the *tale* of triumph beyond a couple of controversial pamphlets.

The mind of Dr. Elrington appears to have been of most peculiar mould. In 1810, if he did not completely lock up the College Library, he certainly subjected the graduates to such restrictions in their access to it, that with difficulty a visit could be, once in a way, obtained. This grievance having been brought forward at a visitation, the Provost was called on for his defence. He replied, that latterly the utmost circumspection had become necessary, as the collegians were actually taking to the study of the black art, and would, probably, soon be trying experiments after the manner of Dr. Faustus!*

* Doctor Madden, who obtained access to those papers of the notorious Major Sirr, which were purchased by the Trustees of Trinity College, and are now preserved in its Library, prints, in one of his appendixes, a letter

In 1792, Valentine Lawless went to Switzerland, and passed several months very pleasantly at Neufchatel, in the family of a Protestant clergyman named Meuron. He had but one fault to find with the worthy old parson—an inordinate love of lucre, and the good things of this life. During the period of his domestication with him he found his finances somehow rapidly diminishing; and this he very plainly gave his friends to understand in a letter home, dated June 30, 1793. "I can't at present think of making any tour," he writes, "Meuron having so completely fleeced me before I left him that I came off a third poorer than I expected."

What Valentine lost in money at Neufchatel he more than gained in the acquisition of some rather distinguished acquaintances. Whilst here he cultivated the intimacy of that excellent and liberal Prince, the Duke of Sussex, his Grace of Leeds, the Earls of Morley, Annesley, Digby, and Cholmondeley, and, though last not least, the vivacious *cara sposa* of Voltaire's old executor, M. de Perou. At the house of this lady Lawless appears to have been a frequent guest.

One morning about this period, the simple inhabitants of Neufchatel were well nigh paralysed with wonderment at beholding the arrival of a dazzling retinue of lackeys, horses, and carriages, the property of Mr. William Beckford, the popular author of *Vathek*. Modern tourists, who consider themselves intensely bored if accompanied by even a solitary portmanteau, will open their eyes wide with astonishment to hear that Beckford's travelling *menage*, on this occasion, consisted of thirty horses, about half-a dozen carriages, and a proportionately large retinue of servants. Of all men, however, Beckford could, perhaps, best afford to live in this princely style.

from Dr. Provost Elrington, wherein he gives a full description to the Major of Robert Emmet's appearance and gait. "In 1798," observes his old preceptor, "he was near twenty years of age; of an ugly, sour countenance: small eyes, but not near-sighted; a dirty brownish complexion; at a distance looks as if somewhat marked with the small-pox; about five feet six inches high; rather thin than fat, but not of an emaciated figure: on the contrary, somewhat broad made; walks briskly, but does not swing his arms!" The picture is a monstrous caricature.

At the time we speak of he had just inherited from his father, Alderman Beckford, a net property equal to £100,000 per annum. Lord Cloncurry always spoke in the warmest manner of Beckford's munificent hospitality during the period of his stay in Neufchatel.

A very short time after their intercourse in 1793, Beckford proceeded to Portugal, where he purchased the estate of Cintra, and erected that magnificent mansion, the desertion and ruin of which, some years afterwards, Byron so beautifully describes in the first canto of "Childe Harold"—

> "There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
> Once formed thy Paradise."

After an agreeable sojourn at Neufchatel, Mr. Lawless proceeded to Lausanne, a Swiss town picturesquely situated on three steep hills which boldly project from Mont Jorat, and command around a view of the neighbouring country, which for variety of scenery and general effect, is not to be surpassed in Europe. As, however, the interior of the town is far from pleasing*—the streets being narrow, steep, and ill-paved—it is not surprising that Valentine Lawless should have taken up his quarters in a rural cottage on the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva, where he participated in all the advantages arising from frequent access to a garden abounding in trees that literally groaned from the weight of apricots and peaches; and whose branches, as if grateful for what they bore, kissed that earth from which they derived vitality. So enervating and oppressive appears to have been the heat during Mr. Lawless' residence near Lausanne, that he could do little else throughout the sultry summer's day than remain quiescent in a bath, and gaze enraptured on the lake beneath, unconscious of a ripple. At night he found it unsatisfactory to go to bed, and impossible to go to sleep, owing to the entire firmament being one vivid sheet of flame from the reiterated flashes of

* Gibbon, whom it was no easy matter to please in regard to the beautiful and picturesque, resided in Lausanne, singular to say, for the ten last years of his existence.

forked lightning. "I believe," wrote Lawless in a letter home, during his residence near the lake, "that I am the only Englishman here that has not got a fever." Admittedly a more delightful residence it would be impossible to select than the neighbourhood of Geneva; but, alas! what serious drawbacks to its attractions were they—heat, sunstrokes, lightning, and influenza!

From a letter he addressed to his mother about this period we are induced to make the following extracts; chiefly, we confess, in order to show the warmth of that filial love with which he ever regarded one of the most estimable and amiable of parents. A painful malady that gradually sapped her strength, and finally crushed her spirit, had a short time previous made its insidious entry into her frame, and to which, after repeated onslaughts that gathered new strength at each attack, she at length succumbed, on February 10, 1795.

THE HON. V. B. LAWLESS TO HIS MOTHER.

No. 1.] "*Lausanne, June* 30, 1793.

"In the midst of the pain, both of body and of mind, with which, spite of your virtues, God has been pleased to visit you, you still have, dearest and best of mothers, showed more anxiety for the well-being of me, to whom you not only gave life, but whose health you have, by so many years of care and difficulty, established, than for your own recovery; for which if I did not perpetually beseech the Almighty, I should be truly unworthy of such a mother. How I wish for a letter in which you will yourself assure me of your perfect re-establishment, and how I pray that on my return to Ireland, I may see you stronger and happier than when I left you.

"Be not uneasy on my account; for your parting advice made too strong an impression on me to suffer me to transgress. * * *

"I hope I shall be able to clothe and feed myself without running into debt—a thing I have not as yet done, though it is much the fashion here. Mr. Annesley,* who my Lord† said had but £300 per annum, has £600, yet

* The Hon. William Richard Annesley, afterwards Lord Annesley. He died in 1838.

† Nicholas Lord Cloncurry had the reputation of being a man extremely fond of his money. We do not believe that he allowed Mr. Lawless as much as would appear from this letter. From the wording of the sentence it is evident that he must have remonstrated at the small amount; and this, probably, drew from his father the remark, that young Annesley had only £300 instead of £600 a-year. It is well known that Lawless, whilst a law student in London, was kept rather low in regard to pocket money.

Sir Nicholas, although fond of his money, disliked above all things, to owe any. It was his will that all accounts should be promptly furnished. A

he owes upwards of £200 in this town, without having ever travelled. I had already told you that £100 a-year would be enough for me whilst not travelling, and so it will; but for this I shall not be able to take one or two masters I would wish for. One of them is a Mr. Mortimer, acknowledged the best master in Europe for finances, eloquence, and modern history. 'Twas he that taught Isaac Corry. He now gives lessons to Lord Morpeth, who is my neighbour, and a very accomplished, agreeable young man: and also Mr. Annesley, who, I am afraid, will not profit much. He costs a louis per week: when I am a little richer I shall take him. * * *

"Farewell, dear, dear mother; may God strengthen, and bless, and reward you for your goodness and kindness to me. Your ever truly affectionate and dutiful son,

"V. B. LAWLESS."*

His personal adventures in Lausanne were of very minor interest, and, to a biographer, most provokingly limited in number. Perhaps the least insignificant was an altercation that took place between him and a young "cannie Scot," named Bailey, upon the superiority of their respective countries, viewed morally, physically, politically, and socially. Words grew high, and ophthalmic fire flashed as freely as the flint of an Affghan matchlock. An explosion should take place, sooner or later, and accordingly Mr. Bailey flung his gauntlet on the floor, and, with a countenance of purple ferocity, suggested the propriety of bringing their quarrel to an issue by duelling. An amiable young clergyman, however, named Fowler, and much respected in after life as the Lord Bishop of Ossory, benevolently undertook to act the part of peace-maker, which he filled so creditably, that both belligerents were soon prevailed upon to shake hands and separate. Fowler not only expatiated on the unseemliness of two British subjects, in a foreign country, proposing to fight a duel on such a ludicrous and trifling pretext, but eloquently remonstrated with

tailor, long in the habit of supplying him with clothes, omitted to send in his bill as soon as requested. Sir Nicholas despatched a special messenger to beg he would make no further delay. The tailor smiled, and very sincerely wished that all his customers were as certain to pay. Sir Nicholas heard the tailor's reply with indignation. He sent back the messenger to say that never while he lived would he (Snip) get another order from him, and to consider himself from that hour dismissed. The bearer of this message was Thomas Braughall, a well known political character in his day. He told the anecdote to a near relation of the writer.

* See "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry."

them on the gross and anti-Christian character of their warmth.

It would appear, however, from what we are about to add, that the Rev. Mr. Fowler did not make a habit of practising what he preached. On one occasion, about this period, when a revolutionary toast was proposed at a public dinner-table at Geneva, we find the loyal churchman starting fiercely from his seat, and hurling a glass of calcavella at the head of the Gaul who occupied the presidential post of dignity. The entire party, much to their discomfiture, passed the remainder of the night in a Genevese guard-house.

Added to the new acquaintances made by Mr. Lawless in Neufchatel and Lausanne, we must not omit to mention several officers of the Irish Brigade, who, in consequence of the utter subversion of the family of Bourbon, were compelled to emigrate, and "bide their time" in an adjacent country. These men, who were invariably the offspring of Irish fathers and French mothers, have been described by Cloncurry as the finest models of men he ever recollected to have seen. Their fathers, exiled for loving the old land "not wisely, but too well," it may be supposed that the sons were not altogether devoid of sympathy for her afflictions, or that they hesitated to express it to Mr. Lawless. Another class of men, Gallic like the brigadiers, peopled Neufchatel at the period we are describing. We allude to those nationalists—the partisans of minor factions—who suddenly found themselves hurled far and wide by that revolutionary explosion, which had just asserted itself with a shock that well-nigh shook the universe to its centre. "Surrounded by such society," wrote Lord Cloncurry, more than half a century after, "it was natural that my thoughts should dwell upon the rights of men, the abuses of party domination, and especially of that form of the latter which had so long held Ireland back in the progress of civilization. Thus my residence in Switzerland sent me home to Ireland more Irish than ever. I lamented her fate, ardently desired to be able to aid in ameliorating it, and be-

came filled with a passionate love of country, which neither persecutions nor disappointments, nor even the efflux of time, have, I am happy to say, rooted out of my heart."

After various flying tours, and various sojourns along the banks of the Rhine and elsewhere, Mr. Lawless returned to Ireland, and made a bold commencement of that political career which in the following pages it shall be our duty to chronicle.

CHAPTER III.

Tone establishes the Society of United Irishmen—James Napper Tandy—The *Northern Star*—Volunteer Convention—Whig Club—Roman Catholic Apathy—Separation not the original Object of the Union—M'Nevin, Emmet, and O'Connor—The Union Test—Prosperity of Ireland after 1782—The Catholic mercantile Body—England at Peace in 1792—Catholic Petition spurned from the House—England's Fears in 1793—Catholic Petition granted—Vampire Spies—Blood and Confidence sucked from the People—Anniversary of the French Revolution celebrated in Belfast—Address to the Republic—Dr. Drennan—Emancipation and Reform—Protestant Sympathy—Alarm of Government—Faction Societies—Orangemen, Peep-o'-Day Boys, and Defenders—Secret Committee; its baneful Effects—Newel—Orange Oath—Bond and Butler fined and imprisoned—The Irish National Guard—The People cajoled—Gunpowder Bill—Convention Act—Rev. Wm. Jackson—Escape of Hamilton Rowan—Widespread Oppression—Arrival of Lord Fitzwilliam—The dark Horizon of Ireland's Destiny for a Moment radiated—His Excellency recalled—Despair of the People—Their fondest Hopes wrecked—Pratt, Earl Camden—Commencement of the Reign of Torture—The Hon. V. B. Lawless joins the Society of United Irishmen—Base Policy of the British Minister—Death of Margaret Baroness Cloncurry—Battle of the Diamond—Reign of Terror—Licentiousness of the Troops—Rivers of Blood overrun the Country.

BEFORE we enter on the connexion of Mr. Lawless with the Society of United Irishmen, in 1795, it may be well to take a retrospective glance at the political aspect and position of Ireland for four years anterior to the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam.

In October, 1791, Theobald Wolfe Tone, and a few other spirited young nationalists, founded the Society of United Irishmen. The germ of this formidable organization having been established in Belfast (where it speedily took root), Tone repaired to Dublin, in order to form there a co-operating club of Irish patriots. This he succeeded in accomplishing, and James Napper Tandy*

* "Tandy was an opulent and influential merchant."—*Autobiography of* HAMILTON ROWAN.

having been inaugurated Secretary, correspondence was at once opened with their brethren in the North.

No one could possibly have displayed more untiring activity than did Theobald Wolfe Tone, in 1792, whilst labouring to effect a coalition between the Catholics and Dissenters. That year was the busiest in his political career. He knew no rest. Actuated by the creditable motive we have spoken of, he was constantly repairing from Dublin to the North, and from the North back again to Dublin, not to speak of his frequent missions to Connaught and Munster, in order to stimulate into action the apathetic Catholics. Tone was likewise connected with the Catholic Committee, then slowly progressing under the auspices of Keogh and Braughall. The political views of both societies may be said to have converged at this period towards the one great object.

The friends of national progress, well knowing the importance of the press as a vehicle for the dissemination of opinion, entered into arrangements with Samuel Neilson, a young Northern of considerable ability and patriotism, for the editorial management of a morning newspaper. To place so powerful an engine on a firm basis, twelve spirited citizens of Belfast subscribed £250 each, or altogether the munificent sum of £3000. "On its appearance," says Tone, "it instantly rose to a most rapid sale; the leading Catholics through Ireland were, of course, subscribers, and the *Northern Star* was one great means of accomplishing the union of the two great sects, by the simple process of making their mutual sentiments better known to each other."

Adhesions, though slowly at first, soon began to hurry in, and Government, with concern and astonishment, beheld the ranks of the confederation swell. They knew not what to make of it, and in their anxiety to obtain knowledge of the intended *modus operandi*, had recourse to an old and favourite expedient. They collected from the scum of society an unprincipled gang of ruffians, of whom Jemmy O'Brien may be regarded as a type—men who, for the sake of temporary lucre, were avowedly willing to doom their souls, if necessary, by deliberate

perjury, so that the object of consigning a few nationalists to the gibbet (no matter whether guilty or not guilty) could be, by any stratagem, effected.

Two clubs, professedly of a national character, had existed previous to the formation of the United Irish Society. One was the Volunteer Convention of 1783; the other the Whig Club. The former, with all its display of patriotism and brotherly love, hesitated to connect the question of Catholic Emancipation with Parliamentary Reform; and the latter, although composed almost exclusively of Emancipators, in their individual capacity, yet, as a body, contrived but too successfully to exclude that most popular of questions from the subject matter of their debates and conferences.

The people, for a time, regarded the members of both Volunteer and Whig Clubs as the legitimate guardians of their rights. But eventually their eyes opened, and all popular confidence became alienated from both bodies. Other and more intrepid leaders rushed to the rescue. They denounced the so-called Parliamentary friends of the people, and upbraided them with having forgotten their duty. As the tone and action of these leaders suited the temper of the times, new disciples were not slow in rallying round their standard of "Erin go Bragh."

It was a spirit-stirring watchword—"Emancipation—Reform—We ask no more, and will have no less!"

The higher order of Catholics, however, held aloof, fearful of losing whatever little advantages they possessed, and plunging themselves still deeper into the dark and troublous sea of slavery and oppression. "Who knows but King George may take pity on our misery," they would say; "we will repose our confidence in the benignity of his Government, and trusting that better days are in store for us, inoffensively pursue the quiet tenor of our way."

So far from separation being the ultimate object of this league, when originally started in Belfast and Dublin, we have very excellent authority for stating that nothing

was contemplated at the outset more treasonable in design than Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Enfranchisement. Our authorities for this assertion are Dr. M'Nevin, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Arthur O'Connor—men of unquestionable integrity and veracity.* This respectable triumvirate have left upon written record their conscientious belief, that no such object as separation from England was agitated either in public or private debate, until the society was in existence for a considerable period. "Its views," they added, "were purely and in good faith what the test of the Society avowed." Every Irishman who desired to become a member of the union repeated this test; and that there was nothing particularly sanguinary in it, will be evident to all upon perusal. "I promise," so the test ran, "to aid in promoting a union of friendship between Irishmen of all religious persuasions, and to forward a full, fair, and adequate representation of the people in Parliament."

The ten years which succeeded the Declaration of Irish Independence in '82, were years of unusual prosperity, both in Ireland and Great Britain. England, during that decade, was at peace with all the world, and apathetically dozed in the consciousness of snug security, whilst her golden treasures were filling amain. In Ireland, as the immediate result of the Dungannon Convention, national amelioration was palpably evident, and Catholics every day, to the no small horror of our rulers, rapidly increased in wealth, number, and influence. The property daily acquiring by that body stimulated their ambition to recover the ancient rights of which they had been robbed, and every hour found them more and more impatient for some change of policy tending to affect their position in the social scale.

Accordingly, early in 1792, we find a petition drawn up by the Catholic body, humbly craving for the elective franchise, and that the profession of the law might be opened to them. Hardly one member of the House of Commons could be found who would undertake to move that this petition, signed as it was by three million of

* Memoir delivered to the Irish Government.

names, should be laid upon the table. An equal difficulty was experienced in procuring another to second it. At length, after considerable delay, the preliminaries were arranged, and the motion made. Pallid with consternation at effrontery so daring, David Latouche, M.P. for Kildare, started to his feet. We verily believe, that had a sword depended from his side, he would have drawn it to resist. In a short speech, he moved that the memorial be spurned from the House; and his friends, to a man, having backed him in this hostility, the ill-starred petition found itself expelled, with a degree of overt acrimony and contempt that aroused even the indignation of the Presbyterians of the North. They knew, however, that it would be indiscreet to show it, and accordingly confined themselves to a moderate remonstrance. This having been in due course presented, Sir Boyle Roche* called upon the House "to toss it over the bar, and kick it into the lobby, as coming from a turbulent and disorderly set of people!" England, it must be remembered, was now at peace with all the world, and feared no unpleasant Irish consequences from this little bit of insolence.

Things, however, were not destined to go on in this way for ever. Towards the close of 1792, the scene, amidst a peal of thunder, shifted. France was seen, in all the grandeur of a distant tableau, crushing her adversaries in every possible direction, while England, on the other hand, apprehensive of approaching retribution, might be observed quaking behind her national defences. The all-consuming lava of republicanism threatened portentously to overwhelm every European state. The cannon at Gemappe, as it mowed down the Austrians in thousands upon thousands, was heard reverberating at St. James's. The wisdom of conciliating the Catholics was at length felt and understood, and in the latter end of 1792—in the early part of which ministers had so contemptuously rejected the petitions alike of Catholic and Dissenter—

* Sir Boyle Roche, if not a bully like Egan, was at least one of the greatest bull progenitors in the House. On one occasion he announced, with admirable gravity, that "he for one was quite prepared to give up, not merely a part, but the whole of the Constitution to preserve the remainder."

those same ministers introduced a bill to relax the penal code, and early in the following year another.*

The justice, however, as Moore† observes, that is wrung from fear, but adds contempt to the former sense of wrong, and the whole history of the concessions doled out to Catholics in this, and the ensuing year, but exhibits in its fullest perfection that perverse art in which Irish rulers have ever shown themselves such adepts, of throwing a blight over favours by the motive and manner of conferring them—an art which unhappily has had the effect of rendering barren, thankless, and unblest some of the fairest boons bestowed by England upon Ireland.

By the bills we have referred to, Catholics might, if they chose, become stuff-gowned barristers, but the dignity of king's counsel was still reserved for the ascendancy. The doors of the grand jury-box, and of the military mess-room, were no longer closed against them—they might append "J. P." to their name, and practise as attorneys, and, though last not least, they became eligible to participate in the advantages of the elective franchise. These concessions were, of course, solely the abortive offspring of fear, which the sanguinary achievements of the young Republic hurried to a head. A large portion of the United Irishmen were now avowedly republican, whilst, on the other hand, the general body discountenanced physical force. The Government spies had amalgamated with them, and became, as it were, blended into their very existence. With avidity they entered into every plot, and willingly took the oath of secrecy, in order the better to worm themselves into the confidence of the conspirators. That informations were daily lodged with the Secret Committee, as to the progress of the treason, is not surprising; and that exaggeration invariably inflated them, still less so, since it soon became an established motto, that the more alarming the disclosure the more valuable the boon. In this way the vampires sucked both confidence and blood from the lips and veins of a too confiding people.

* O'Connell's "Memoir of Ireland," Philipps' "Curran and his Cotemporaries," Parl. Debs., &c.

† Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

As the red flame of revolution extended throughout Europe, Government gradually became more alarmed, and in the above instalment of the debt of "justice to Ireland," exhibited their anxiety to secure some portion of Irish gratitude. A few popular demonstrations too—chiefly in the North—were not without effect in inspiring our rulers with a little wholesome dread of retribution. That of the 14th July, 1792, is perhaps the most important. The town of Belfast, by an imposing feast and procession of her Volunteers, celebrated the anniversary of the French Revolution. The mottoes and devices were essentially democratic. One of them—"Our Gallic brethren were born July 14, 1789, alas! we are still in embryo"—had nearly as much effect in arousing governmental alarm as though a mine were found laid beneath the Castle of Dublin. On the termination of the pageantry, the inhabitants, to the number of 6,000, assembled in the Linen Hall, and voted an address to the Gallic Republic. This, according to Tone, was executed in admirable style by Dr. William Drennan. Four years at least elapsed ere this revolutionary spirit became generally blended into the existence of Ireland.

Early in 1793 the members of the Union, in an eloquent address, called upon all creeds and denominations of Irishmen to rally round their bright green banner, and resolutely co-operate with them in the great and common cause. Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation were conspicuously held up as the objects to which their exertions should, with one grasp, converge.

It is not to be wondered at that a society, having avowedly for its objects, political, religious, and national enfranchisement, should soon have become in Ireland universally popular. With redoubled activity, men of all castes and creeds forwarded their adhesions to the league, and the concern of Government in an equal ratio increased. Singular to say, a large proportion of the adhesions were those of patriotic Protestants, and what is stranger still, the greater number of the leaders in the insurrectionary movement subsequently, as well as in 1848, were

members of the English Church. How many British bigots are there who ignorantly consider the names "Rebel" and "Papist" as synonymous.

In order to in some degree counteract the beneficial effect which the Union organization was expected, by its members, to produce on the British minister, several adverse bands and societies, connived at by the ruling powers, were observed, in 1793, to start into existence. Of these, perhaps, the most destructive was that body of armed miscreants known as Orangemen, whose object, according to their oath, appears to have been the extirpation, by every means in their power, of the Irish Roman Catholics.*

Another very mischievous association which made its *debût* at the period of which we write, was that familiarly designated "Peep-o'-day Boys." Scouring the Popish districts at the dawn of morning, and carring off, *sans ceremonie*, any fire-arms which the "*Papishes*"† might, for personal protection, be possessed of, appears to have been the usual occupation of this body. In vindication of their rather intolerable conduct, they would occasionally produce an old mildewed penal statute, which prohibited members of the Catholic communion from retaining arms, even for self defence, in their possession.

On the other hand, a body of Catholic peasants, calling themselves, and with some show of reason, "Defenders," now came unsolicited to the rescue; and when we take into consideration the maddening cruelties which were, for some time past, being daily perpetrated by the Orangemen and "Peep-o'-day Boys," it must be admitted that the existence of this society was not altogether uncalled for, had its members confined themselves to what they were organized to effect, and not retaliated with cruelty when favoured by opportunity.

* The *Press* newspaper of Oct. 17, 1797, pronounces the following to be a correct copy of the Orange oath:—"I, A. B., do hereby swear, that I will be true to the King and Government, and that I will exterminate, as far as I am able, the Catholics of Ireland."

† The manner in which the vulgar Orangemen of the North were in the habit of pronouncing the word "Papist."

Also, in 1793, was originated that unscrupulous inquisition known as the Secret Committee, which having first put the suspected parties on the solemnity of their oaths, would then interrogate them with admirable *sang froid*, as to the acts, desires, and intentions of their associates. The examinations, however, of the suspected confederates were productive of comparatively trivial disaster when compared to those of such men as Newel and O'Brien. As Mr. Cooke rewarded them munificently for their evidence, it may well be supposed that they did not economize it. They swore on the Holy Evangelists, and then, veracious and perjured, disgorged it indiscriminately. Alas! what a mass of murderous evidence was, by these means, elucidated; and, oh, what a sea of innocent blood, as it surged around their councils, cried piteously to Heaven that It might yet avenge! The published narrative* of John Edward Newel, a repentant informer, is well worthy the attention of all who doubt that perjury polluted the witness table of the Secret Committee.

The component elements of this modern Star-chamber appear to have been chiefly noblemen, opposed to the Catholic claims—noblemen who, during the summer of 1792, contemptuously designated the Catholic Committee "The Popish Congress." Mr. Oliver Bond and other United Irishmen, having had the daring to allege in public that the researches of the Committee were not confined to the professed purpose of its institution, but directed manifestly to the discovery of evidence in aid of prosecutions previously commenced, and utterly unconnected with the

* "At two o'clock I was admitted to the room where the Secret Committee were sitting. After the usual formularies I was placed in a high chair, for the benefit of being better heard. I went through the subject of the examinations, *improving largely* on the *hints and instructions Cooke* had given me; *propagating circumstances which never had, or I suppose will happen; increased the number of the United Irishmen, their quantity of arms and ammunition; fabricated stories which helped to terrify them, and raised me high in their estimation. I told them of laws framed to govern the Republic when they had overthrown the present Government, many of which they approved of highly, though they had no foundation but the effusion of my own brain. I embellished largely*," &c., &c.—See "Life and Confessions of John Edward Newell, written by himself. London: printed for the author, 1798." Dr. Madden pronounces the authenticity of the work to be unquestionable.

cause of the disturbances it was appointed to investigate,* both he and the Hon. Simon Butler, Chairman of the Society, were sentenced, by the House, to pay each a fine of £500 to the Crown, and undergo, in addition, six months' imprisonment. Bond's counsel endeavoured to distinguish the legislative from the judicial function of the House of Lords, and denied its right to administer an oath, in the former capacity. The fines imposed were defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of the United Irishmen.

Among the various expedients proposed by the Unionists for presenting a formidable front to Government, was a revival of the old Volunteer system, which, under the auspices of Flood and Grattan, had produced such beneficial results to Ireland. This they successfully established in Belfast. In Dublin, some attempts were made to originate an armed body on a similar principle, to be called the "Irish National Guard," or "Battalion;" but, on the evening previous to the first meeting of the corps, a proclamation from Government suddenly appeared prohibiting it.

The Parliamentary Session of 1793 opened with what was very unusual—a smile of conciliation towards Catholic Ireland. A proposal, stated to have originated in the bounty of the Crown, was made to Parliament, that it should then and there take into consideration the condition of his Majesty's Irish Catholic subjects. The pleasurable feelings entertained by that much oppressed body may be imagined upon beholding a deputation from the "Popish Congress" amicably closeted with the minister for several successive days, "negotiating," says Moore, "for their admission to power on a far wider basis than that from which, but a few months before, the same minister had so contemptuously dislodged them."

With joy and gratitude the poor down-trodden Catholics beheld the gladsome dawn of what appeared to be a much more just and liberal policy than that which had animated the previous conduct of their rulers. Catholic

* Its proposed object was to investigate the misdemeanours committed by "Peep-o'-day Boys."

Emancipation—unconditional and unfettered! Oh, could it be possible that the long-craved boon was at length about to be conceded? Poor helots! they were well nigh overcome with joy as they strained their eyes, blood-shot from long and anxious watching, into the mists of the future. And how much was this satisfaction augmented upon learning that the no less vital question of Parliamentary Reform bid fair to pass triumphantly through Lords and Commons. For the first time, Government appeared to see the feasibility of such a measure, by formally appointing a Select Committee, whose business it would be to inquire into the state of the representation. To discern its corruption required no microscope; and as the people were fully cognizant of this, they awaited, with some anxiety, to hear the upshot of the investigation.

Grief and disappointment, the overwhelming despair of a "hope deferred," crushed into atoms their expectant hearts.

A number of severe Acts were passed this Session. One of them—the Gunpowder Bill—designed, as Mr. Grattan said, to put down the Irish Volunteers, gave great umbrage to the popular party. It was on this occasion that Lord Edward Fitzgerald stood forth almost alone against the Treasury benches, denouncing, with Demosthenic energy, this iniquitous Act, which, strictly speaking, was nothing more or less than a modern addition to the ancient penal code. Another of the coercive measures of the Session was Lord Clare's celebrated Convention Act, which nearly twenty years afterwards was made subservient to the overthrow of the Catholic Board. Its object on this occasion was avowedly to suppress the Society of United Irishmen. Such proceedings were not particularly qualified to soothe the ruffled spirit of Catholic Ireland, much less to secure to King George the gratitude and affection of his Irish subjects.

For a considerable time that species of agitation, usually known as "constitutional," was diligently pursued; but it required something more approximating to the intrepid demonstrations of '82,* to wrest any right of moment

* It is needless to remind the reader, that not until the Volunteers brought their cannon before the Senate-house, were the rights of Ireland conceded by the British Minister.

from the grasp of such a Government. As the perfect hopelessness, however, of "talking agitation" became apparent to them, a change gradually "crept o'er the spirit of their dream."

Early in 1794, the Rev. William Jackson, a clergyman of the Established Church, was arrested on a charge of high treason, the first indictment of the nature preferred against any Irishman since 1691. Having been commissioned by the French Republic to sound the United Irishmen as to their willingness to join them, should an invasion be attempted, he repaired to Ireland, but executed his mission on the way thither with such consummate indiscretion that discovery resulted, and eventually death. This catastrophe, however, was brought about by his own hand. Having been convicted of high treason, and just as his counsel was on the point of moving for an arrest of judgment, Jackson, whilst standing in the dock, dropped lifeless to the floor. By a *post mortem* examination, it was ascertained that a large dose of poison had been swallowed. Jackson's conduct throughout his long and protracted imprisonment was most heroic and exemplary. Tone states it as his conviction that Jackson might, if he chose, have undoubtedly saved himself by turning king's evidence against many who were seriously compromised in the matter. In fact a proposal of the nature was formally made to him, but he spurned it indignantly, and hurled it, reeking with corruption as it was, back in the tempter's face.

It may be well to mention that exactly one year anterior, when France had declared war against her powerful rival, the Republican Government despatched a similar emissary to Ireland, with a letter of introduction to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. His lordship, as he referred him to Mr. Oliver Bond, gave him, it would appear, but little encouragement. The embassy, accordingly, returned to France, without having any very satisfactory intelligence to communicate to the *Comitè de Salut Publique*.*

Jackson's reception a year later was essentially differ-

* Which Thomas Carlyle thus translates and expounds:—"A Committee of public salvation, whereof the world still shrieks and shudders."

ent—thanks to the paternal Government of the day. By every system of imaginable coercion, a mercenary Executive employed its leisure hours in fomenting discontent, and enkindling, with sardonic ecstacy, the slumbering embers of that furnace which was soon to burst forth with so much heat and fury. Many of the Union leaders received the proposal with delight, entered into the spirit of the scheme with avidity, and awaited the realization of the project with that trepidation and anxiety of which the peculiar circumstances of the case cannot fail to convey a forcible idea.

Up to the year 1794 the meetings of the Union, or Society of United Irishmen, were held openly; but by one of the recently introduced coercive statutes, the military and police received strict orders, and full power, to disperse them as illegal. "The whole body," says Moore, "thus debarred from the right of speaking out as citizens, passed naturally to the next step of plotting as conspirators."

On the 29th January, 1794, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a Protestant gentleman of rank, was committed for two years to Newgate, and fined the sum of £500. Rowan's offence was, that he rejoiced in the appellation of United Irishman, and unhesitatingly expressed his views on two or three occasions. In striking the jury, he urged strong objections against two, on the grounds of their having been heard declare, that "Ireland would never be quiet until Napper Tandy and Hamilton Rowan were hanged."* In support of this allegation he offered proof, but the Bench at once overruled the flimsy objection.

Aided by his faithful attorney, Matthew Dowling, Rowan soon succeeded in escaping from Newgate. A wherry, manned by two honest sailors, named Sheridan, was at readiness for him at Howth. They did not know Rowan, nor he them. In spite of turbulent billows, the party were, before next evening, half-way to France. On Rowan's disappearance, proclamations appeared, offer-

* "Autobiography of Hamilton Rowan," Dublin, 1840. Page 189.

ing £1500 for his apprehension. One of them found its way into Sheridan's possession, who, resting on his oars, commenced to scrutinize the traitor. "You are right, boys," said he, "I am Hamilton Rowan; but you are Irishmen." "Never fear," replied the noble fellow; "by ——, we will land you safe." And so they did.

From this date State prosecutions succeeded each other with electrical rapidity. Juries were packed with more than ordinary profligacy—iniquitous judgments pronounced with unfaltering tongues. Oppression, robed in the black pall of death, stood scowling in the market-place, the field, the cottage, the bye-way, and the street. With increasing pertinacity and *aplomb*, hired informers wormed themselves into the secrets and homes of the peasantry. A licentious soldiery, formidable in their filth even to their own commander,* cast themselves on the people, and for every mark of hospitality shown, responded with an imprecation, and oftentimes something worse. The reign of torture, however, had not yet commenced.

The memorable naval victory obtained by England over her Gallic enemies, on June 1st, 1794, was not particularly calculated to serve the interests of Ireland. If Madame Britannia was haughty before, she now became a hundred degrees more supercilious and unbearable; and with a flambeau in one hand, and a scourge in the other, made preparations for her descent on the homes of the peasantry. Flushed with a splendid triumph abroad, she chuckled at the menacing attitude assumed by the Irish republicans at home, and as their organization progressed, regarded it with some of that singular affection which a great she-wolf might be supposed to experience when gazing on a promising young lamb doomed eventually to be its prey.

We have now arrived at the year 1795. On the 4th of January, a day of unusual rejoicing in Dublin, the amiable and benevolent Earl Fitzwilliam, by a momentary

* Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Shortly after he threw up the command, disgusted with their licentiousness.

triumph of the Whigs, made his grand inaugural entry as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. A gleam of hope and sunshine radiated for an instant the dark horizon of Ireland's destiny. It did not require a clairvoyant's power to foresee that Lord Fitzwilliam was the man who, above all others, might reasonably be expected to throw open to Catholics the gates of the Constitution. The people received the venerable peer with the most enthusiastic manifestations of delight, for his estimable character had been borne on the wings of Fame before him, not to the perfumed *salons* of the great, but into the lowly dwellings of the poor and oppressed. Many an old Popish Helot, bedridden from infirmities, and patiently awaiting his final summons from above, was seen to raise himself with renovated energy upon his couch, and smiling in the proud consciousness of having emancipated children, listen to the intelligence almost too good to be credited. When the Treaty of Limerick was deliberately violated by Act of Parliament, these old Helots were babies in their nurses' arms. Good Heavens! what a life was theirs—what a long, dark, troublous, miserable existence! checquered by hardly one spot of happiness, political or domestic—one ray of sunshine to cheer them on their pilgrimage. Poor Helots, at last you may rejoice. The century of bondage is drawing to a close; your time is nearly up; the good Fitzwilliam has arrived, and he bears in his hand the scroll of your emancipation.

The policy of Lord Fitzwilliam was to conciliate rather than persecute, and he privately determined that it should not be damaged or interfered with by any of the old agents of the English interest in Ireland. He accordingly lost little time in dismissing from office John Claudius Beresford, John Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, the "hanging Judge," and a few others. Those men had made themselves obnoxious to the Roman Catholics by their extreme sectarian views, and the bigotry which animated their general conduct and demeanour. Duly empowered by the British Cabinet, for what reason we know not, to complete the political enfranchisement of Irish Catholicism, Lord Fitzwilliam,

with a smiling countenance and a firm grasp, assumed the reins of Government in Ireland.

Grattan at once announced the purposes of Lord Fitzwilliam's Administration. The call of that great commoner to the Councils of the Viceroy* was hailed by every Catholic in the land as a certain earnest of the boons which they so eagerly longed for and so confidently expected. Lord Fitzwilliam at once proceeded to put matters into train, and acted upon any suggestion of Mr. Grattan's that appeared to him founded upon prudence and justice.

It may be well imagined that the Catholics of all classes and circumstances, after having endured, for seven hundred years, every possible description of insult and persecution, at length, in 1795, looked forward with rejoicing hearts to the not far distant cessation of the torture. With the full sanction of Government, and unopposed by a single murmur of dissatisfaction from any part of the country, Grattan obtained leave to introduce a bill, having avowedly for its object the complete emancipation of four million of Irish Catholics. Oh! with what joy unutterable did they look forward to the cheerful dawn of morning, after that long, dark night of slavery and horror, of incubus and troubled dreams, which thrills even the historian as he gazes back upon it through the vista of records, history, and tradition. The bill was prepared; with palpitating hearts the people awaited the unloosening of their chains; but, oh! can it be credited, just as Grattan was on the point of presenting it, the British Minister stretched forth his hand, and with demoniac cruelty, dashed the cup from their lips. Intimation was conveyed to Lord Fitzwilliam of his approaching recall. He in vain expostulated on the danger of retracting the concession, and with some warmth declared, that he at least would not be the person "to raise a flame which nothing but the force of arms could put down." His remonstrances being favourable to Ireland, were, of course, disregarded. Instead of

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh," vol. i. page 11.

endeavouring to conciliate the people, they preferred goading them into insurrection, and the upright and generous Fitzwilliam was replaced by him whom John Magee incurred the vengeance of the law for designating—"The cold-hearted and cruel Camden."*

Fitzwilliam's earnest wish to conciliate the Catholics, and the generous advances made by his lordship towards that much-oppressed body, flings a lustrous halo around his character and name, far more brilliant and enduring than the dazzling honours and appliances which will long be remembered as identified with the period of his vice-regal rule in Ireland.† Long after these shall have faded from public recollection, the bright old name of William Wentworth, Earl of Fitzwilliam, will be found inscribed in golden lines on the tablets of every Irish memory.

On the day of the good man's departure from Ireland every shop was closed—all the wonted din of a populous city stilled. In fact, the country was in mourning, and its people in tears. The citizens of Dublin, anxious to manifest their love and veneration, drew his carriage to the water side, and invoked benedictions on his head. Among those who paid him this flattering compliment were some of the most opulent mercantile men in Dublin. Thus terminated the short but memorable Viceroyalty of Earl Fitzwilliam.

This sudden, unexpected, and capricious recall cannot, we think, fail to excite some wonder in the minds of all impartial readers. On what grounds was Lord Fitzwilliam's Viceroyalty declared to have terminated? Simply because, like the good Marquis of Anglesey, he

* This was one of the veracious but uncomplimentary epithets applied to Lord Camden, by the spirited proprietor of the *Evening Post*, and which he was subsequently made to expiate by a fine of £500 and two years' imprisonment in Newgate. The defence of John Magee was O'Connell's greatest bar effort, and should be studied by every Irishman. It is a masterpiece of historical retrospect, of forensic argument, and impassioned eloquence.

† "During the short time Lord Fitzwilliam continued in the Lieutenancy of Ireland, Dublin Castle exhibited a splendour which had never before been displayed in that kingdom. The magnificence of all his appointments, while they bespoke the dignity of the proprietor, furnished the means of industry and of happiness to thousands."—*Public Characters for* 1799.

manifested more affection than was strictly British towards the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland.

A few days after the above melancholy event, Pratt, Earl Camden, who had just inherited the great title of a greater father, arrived in Dublin. So violent was the feeling of the people against their new ruler, as to be found imperatively necessary to call out the military, horse and foot, before he could venture to proceed to Dublin. Little time was lost in reinstating to office the Beresfords and Tolers, and in expelling contemptuously every Whig and Catholic who had crept into petty power during the Fitzwilliam Administration. This, dear reader, was one way of conciliating an angered people, and of extinguishing the flame of Irish discontent. It is quite invaluable, that Saxon recipe—a recipe in the possession of the Hanoverian, Plantagenet, and Brunswick families from time immemorial, and which they would not relinquish for the re-possession of America.

It is universally admitted, that the treacherous recall of Lord Fitzwilliam had more effect than any of the preceding insults in bringing the Irish struggle to a crisis. "Within three months after his dismissal," observes Barrington, "Lord Clare had got the nation into full training for military execution." The greatest excitement prevailed, and the utmost fury characterized the movements of the mob. The Chancellor in his carriage was assailed. Amongst other missiles, a stone alighted on his lordship's forehead, which, had it been hurled with somewhat more force, would have rid the people, as Sir Jonah Barrington said, of one of its greatest enemies. He escaped in the *melée*, but the mob, foaming with fury, repaired to his house in Ely-place, and threatened to reduce it to a ruin. From thence they proceeded to attack the Custom-house, where that most obnoxious individual, Mr. Commissioner Beresford, resided. Nobody was so blind as not to see, at a glance, what sad disaster the recall produced. "Its natural effect," writes Mr. Moore, "was to reinforce instantly the ranks of the United Irishmen with all that mass of discontent generated by such a defiance of the public will, and we have it on the authority of the

chief leaders themselves, that out of the despair and disgust of this moment, arose an immediate and immense accession of strength to their cause." Up to this period neither M'Nevin, Fitzgerald, Emmet, nor O'Connor had joined the ranks of the United Irishmen.

Mr. Pelham, afterwards Lord Chichester, accompanied Lord Camden, as his Chief Secretary, to Ireland. On the first night of his official appearance in the House, Henry Grattan, though with considerable misgivings, brought forward the Catholic question. The wary sentinel, true to his colours, at once started to his feet, and emphasizing every word, went on to say, that "what the Catholics sought was incompatible with the existence of a Protestant Constitution—that concession must stop somewhere—it had already reached the utmost limit—it could not be allowed to proceed—and here he would plant his foot, and never consent to recede an inch further." "The debate," observes the Castlereagh memoir, "was continued through the night, and until eight in the morning, with most unusual warmth and eloquence, but the question was lost. From that moment the popular feeling, with its desperate decision, and a system of horrors commenced."

As we have elsewhere observed, it was just at the time of Fitzwilliam's recall that the Hon. Valentine Browne Lawless returned to Ireland. Amid such stirring and exciting scenes he did not remain an idle or an unconcerned spectator. His holiest sympathies were enlisted in the cause of Ireland—he saw her people prostrated to the dust, and an arrogant oligarchy riding roughshod over them. He saw the injuries his country had received, and the insufferable insults which followed up those injuries. He heard of the national confederation of Irishmen, and resolved to fling himself heart and soul into its strength.*

* Lord Cloncurry, in after life, frequently declared, that when he gave in his adhesion to the United Irish Society, he had no objects in view beyond Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. We have already mentioned, that during this year the tone of the organization materially and ostensibly changed. It must, therefore, appear strange, that his lordship should have openly lent his countenance to the movement, if not an advo-

Lawless was one of those impulsive characters, who, the moment they resolve, invariably act. Accordingly, we find him in the summer of 1795 regularly enrolled a member of the Society of United Irishmen, and by every means in his power labouring to further its objects. He could find nothing objectionable in the Union Test, and of course had no hesitation in repeating it.

We are assured by Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," that up to 1795 "this liberal opposition," as he mildly defines it, "was altogether untouched by treason." In this opinion his lordship was manifestly mistaken. A very vast deal of treasonable spirit pervaded the confederation at this juncture. Every hour found them more and more disgusted with the policy of their rulers. Every day fresh and gratifying accounts of the wide-spread progress of the French Revolution came to their ears. Its example stimulated their enterprise: they felt themselves renovated for a battle—they thought of the triumphs of Benburb, Clontarf, and Beal Natha Buidhe, and longed with unabating ardour to be free. Even some sixteen months anterior, when Tone saw the hopelessness of achieving the mighty objects of his ambition, by John Keogh's easy-going, and subsequently most unpopular policy, he was heard to declare his republican sentiments openly. What is still more conclusive, he committed them to paper, where they may, to this day, be found recorded:—"Ten thousand French," he sullenly soliloquises, in his Journal of March 27, 1793, "would accomplish a separation." But that nothing in the least approaching unanimity prevailed on this momentous

[illegible] for separation. Yet strange as it may seem, such, nevertheless, we believe to be the fact. Lord Cloncurry, although an United Irishman, was no separatist. Many, however misguided, from some ambiguous sentences to which he subsequently gave expression, that although not a separatist in 1797 he had been one, was in 1810, when he expressed himself as follows:—"It was no principle of vulgar ambition that impelled Lord Edward Fitzgerald and a few associates at first that Ireland could neither be free nor prosperous unless her legislature were partitioned, and her people all made equal in the eye of the law: and afterwards, when the hope of effecting those objects vanished—a belief that no remedy remained but a separation from England, and a committal of her destinies for good or for evil. I shared in the error in its first-formed conviction, though in his more mature conclusion I did not THEN participate!" &c., &c.

question, will be evident from the following passage, extracted from the same day's diary:—"War unpopular here—trade very bad—credit rather better than in England." This, it must be remembered, was written in 1793. Matters had now assumed a much more formidable aspect.

The spirit of faction never raged with greater fury than in 1795, when Camden, scourge in hand, assumed the reins of government.

The burnings, pitch-torturings,* half-hangings, picketings, tarrings, and scourgings to which the unfortunate people were notoriously subjected for long anterior to the rising of '98, must be in the recollection of every well-read Irishman. The goading system was daily in requisition, ripening discontent into rage, and provoking rage to retaliation. The people, driven from their homes, were hunted as wild beasts, slaughtered sometimes, tortured always. Whatever little property they possessed fell into the hands of the despoiler. Fencibles, Hessians, and Ancient Britons (so many monsters in human form), were turned by their officers loose upon the wives and daughters of a virtuous peasantry, incited to the practice of every infamy and outrage, and commanded to pitch-cap, flog, and torture with gunpowder and fire, those husbands, fathers, sons, or brothers, who ventured to raise their feeble voices in opposition to the system. Government afforded the people no protection, and there was not one solitary magistrate—with perhaps a single exception—who would take a deposition† against any of the licensed persecutors.

The UNION was of course the ulterior object of this

* This requires some explanation. A cap, well anointed with hot pitch, was applied to the shorn head of the victim. When cold, the operator dragged it off and (unless he failed *most miserably*) the scalp accompanied it. Another torture consisted in shaving the hair close, in the form of a cross, filling up the furrows with gunpowder and filings of iron, and then applying a lighted match to the margin. This was considered a salutary custom, inasmuch as it expressed a caustic sarcasm for Popery, and occasionally led to confessions of apparently past transgression. Whether true or false seems to have mattered little.

† This fact is stated by Madden, in his "Connexion between Ireland and Great Britain Considered."

policy. Indeed the Duke of Portland himself very plainly said as much, so early as 1795, when he recommended Lord Fitzwilliam to retrace his steps on the Catholic question.

The ministerial scheme, which was wily and deep laid, may be thus epitomised. In secret conference it was arranged to filch from poor Ireland, the very moment she would be found prostrate and exhausted from a series of ineffectual struggles for freedom—when too much stricken down to entertain one atom of hope for future regeneration—when so miserably debilitated from loss of blood as to be unable to offer any resistance to the outrage—it was then, we say, proposed to filch, with characteristic treachery, from the breast of Ireland, her brightest and most valuable gem—the possession of her domestic Parliament.

"Sir," exclaimed Lord Castlereagh, in an unusual burst of candour, during M'Nevin's examination before the Secret Committee, "*means were taken to make the United Irish system explode.*" A truer sentence never emanated from his lips. In order to bring about the Union measure it was necessary that the flame of rebellion should be fed; and that Government were not backward in acting so will, we think, be tolerably evident to any person who takes the trouble of reading those books of Madden and Moore, which treat more particularly of that eventful period of Irish history.*

In asserting that the people were driven into insurrection by a system of persecution encouraged by Government, it is possible we may be accused by some of partiality, and by others with a wanton exaggeration of facts. "Even though you may produce authorities," may possibly exclaim some critic, "it will be found that they are Irish ones, and doubtless partisans." It is with no small satisfaction that we can, in reply, refer such

* The Secret Committee's Report for 1798 contains, amongst others, the following pregnant passage:—"It appears, from a variety of evidence laid before your Committee, that the rebellion would not have *broken out so soon as it did, had it not been for the well-timed measures adopted by Government, &c.*"

parties to the recorded sentiments of some of the most distinguished cabinet ministers of England, amongst whom the late Lord Holland and the present Lord John Russell must not be overlooked. "The fact," writes Lord Holland, "is incontrovertible, that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare, even in an enemy's country."* Lord John Russell, on a late occasion, observed, in reference to the rebellion, that "it was *wickedly provoked*, rashly begun, and cruelly crushed."†

Heavy as these painful considerations weighed upon the sensitive, susceptible, and patriotic mind of Valentine Lawless, when in 1795 he returned to his native and much suffering country, they were soon thrown into comparative insignificance by the occurrence of one of the severest domestic calamities that could possibly assail a young, unmarried, warm-hearted man. A sainted and estimable mother, regarded by Valentine from his earliest youth with a filial affection proportionate in ardour to the maternal love for him, yielded up her spirit with a fortitude and resignation worthy of no one more than the Lady Cloncurry.

* "Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time," by the late Edward Lord Holland, 2 vols., 1853. His lordship goes on so say:—"Trials, if they must so be called, were carried on without number, under martial law. It often happened that three officers composed the court, and that of the three, two were under age, and the third an officer of the yeomanry or militia, who had sworn, in his Orange Lodge, eternal hatred to the people over whom he was thus constituted a judge. Floggings, picketings, death, were the usual sentences; and these were sometimes commuted into banishment, serving in the fleet, or transference to a foreign service. Other less legal, but not more horrible, outrages were daily committed by the different corps. Even in the streets of Dublin a man was *shot* and robbed of £50, on the loose recollection of a soldier's having seen him in the battle of Kilcalley, and no proceeding was instituted to prosecute the murderer. Lord Wycombe, who was himself shot at by a sentinel between Blackrock and Dublin, wrote to me many details of similar outrages which he had ascertained to be true. Dr. Dickson (Bishop of Down) assured me that he had seen families returning peaceably from Mass assailed, without provocation, by drunken troops and yeomanry, *and the wives and daughters exposed to every species of indignity, brutality, and outrage, from which neither his remonstrances, nor those of other* PROTESTANT *gentlemen, could rescue them.*"

† Preface to Memoirs of Thomas Moore, page 18, vol. i.

This was the master-trial of our hero's life. We doubt if any of his subsequent afflictions—some of which were painful enough, Heaven knows—ever equalled it in poignancy and weight.

On the 21st of September that, in Ireland, celebrated collision, known as "the Battle of the Diamond," occurred between the Orangemen and Defenders. The latter were defeated with a loss of forty-five killed and a vast number wounded. Flushed with victory, and burning to realize the enormities of their oath, the Orangemen were not backward in following up the advantage. This they did, literally with a vengeance. Blood-stained Ulster was soon scoured clean of every bleeding Papist, and Orange lodges, and Grand Masters, and Deputy dittos, began to start up in every possible direction. Their homes no longer tenable, the poor Papists took to flight, and selected as asylums the counties of Mayo and Sligo. Here they remained, like stags at bay, Government, in the distance, with savage yells encouraging the pursuing bloodhounds to fall mercilessly on their prey.

Lords Carhampton and Castlereagh exerted themselves notably. The former seized upon every man who it was conjectured entertained feelings of disaffection towards the Government, and sent him off to the fleet* to fight for King George; while the latter, less humane, employed his leisure moments in the more congenial occupation of filling the cells of Irish gaols, not only with patriot denouncers of British misrule, but with many against whom not even the shadow of suspicion could be, in equity, attached.

On the 28th December thirty upright magistrates of the County Armagh, horrified at the Orange outrages which were, under their very eyes, perpetrated with impunity, resolved—"That the county appears to this meeting to be in a state of uncommon disorder; that the Roman Catholic inhabitants are grievously oppressed by

* Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," mentions, what we had heard repeatedly before, that numbers of poor Irishmen, suspected of disaffection, were "sold at so much per head to the Prussians."

lawless persons unknown, who attack and plunder their homes by night, and threaten them with immediate destruction unless they abandon immediately their lands and habitations." In the face of this earnest appeal to Government—for as such it may be considered—the Attorney-General had the consummate coolness to bring in a bill on January 28, 1796, for "the more effectual prevention of insurrections, tumults, and riots, by persons calling themselves Defenders, &c." After having drawn a rather laboured picture of the appalling state of districts frequented by Defenders, he wound up by moving a long string of resolutions. Grattan rose in reply. The statement, he said, of the Right Hon. gentleman was partial. He did, indeed, expatiate very fully and justly on the offences of the Defenders; but with respect to another description of insurgents, whose barbarities had excited general abhorrence, he was silent. He had omitted Armagh. Their object was the extermination of all the Catholics in the country. It was a persecution conceived in the bitterness of bigotry. Mr. Grattan moved the addition of some words that would include the Orangemen; but he might have spared himself the trouble, for his amendment was rejected.

In a work of this kind it would, of course, be impossible to go through, in detail, the various movements, defensive and otherwise, made by the popular party, and the numberless aggressions on the part of the Government. The atrocities committed under the ministerial eye towards the latter end of the eighteenth century, and allowed to proceed, unreprobated and unchecked, would fill an encyclopædia to enumerate. The reader, if he be of a sensitive temperament, may congratulate himself upon being spared the harrowing recital. If painful to read, it would be a hundred times more painful to investigate and chronicle. We leave the doings of the lordly Camden to his imagination, and trust that he may neither exaggerate nor diminish them! Should he require a more accurate picture than the outlines of his own imagination, we would beg to refer him to Plowden, Hay, Barrington, or Teeling.

We are, perhaps, wrong to identify the cruelties practised so much with Lord Camden personally, for his many supporters, to a man, allege that he neither was ambitious, wicked, nor unprincipled. An empty-headed puppet—an ingeniously devised automaton in the hands of Mr. Pitt, that simply acted as that great Dictator willed, and danced away, so long as its machinery continued wound, conveys, according to some writers, a tolerably fair idea of his artificial lordship. But oh, he was a dangerous tool. "From the day of his arrival," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "the spirit of insurrection increased, and in a short period during his lordship's Government more blood was shed, as much of outrage and cruelty was perpetrated on both sides, and as many military executions took place as in ten times the same period during the sanguinary reign of Elizabeth or the usurpation of Cromwell or King William."

CHAPTER IV.

The Hon. Valentine Lawless commences House-keeping with his Grandfather—Browne's *penchant* for an animated Political Discussion—His Panacea for Ireland's Ills—His Enrapturement at the Young Patriot's Denunciations of Saxon Misrule—Lawless becomes successively a Yeoman and a Special Constable—The Camp at Loughlinstown—Lawless's Visits thereto—Hospitality of Colonel the Duke of Leinster—Lawless his Guest beneath the Canvass—Sampson—Daring Attempt to enkindle the Flame of Nationality within the Heart of the Camp—William Aylmer—The Evening Visiters at Valentine Browne's, Thomas Braughall, John Burne, and Mat. Dowling—Mr. Lawless studies for the Bar, and enters himself a Student of the Middle Temple—John Macnamara—Lawless dines in Company with William Pitt—Startling Announcement—The Legislative Union Project exposed by Valentine Lawless—Mr. Cooke's Retaliation—Extracts from "Thoughts on the Projected Union"—Flattering Encouragement to young Pamphleteers.

We cannot rightly understand how when Lawless returned home from Switzerland, in 1795, he should have selected his grandfather to reside with in preference to the "governor," who kept a comfortable house and table within a hundred yards of Mr. Browne's. This appears the more extraordinary when we call to mind that the family of Lord Cloncurry was not, by any means, a large one. Certain it is, that immediately on his return he commenced house-keeping in one of the small houses of Merrion-row, with his old and venerable grandfather, Valentine Browne, who had long since retired from business, and now verging on his eightieth year, thought of nothing but politics and prayers. Unlike the generality of octogenarians, he entertained a strong *penchant* for sitting up late at night in debating a controversial point, or talking over the various political events of the day. As a proud, indomitable Roman Catholic, the untitled descendant of nobility, but by nature ennobled, he naturally smarted under the iniquitous oppression of the penal

hoof, which, in his case, only increased that spirit it sought to crush out. Many were the interchanges of kindred sentiment on Irish wrongs and grievances, that sympathetically flowed from the patriotic kinsmen, as *tete-a-tete* they sat of a winter's evening, brooding over the dark and troublous past, and sanguinely hoping for future sunshine. The veteran politician dearly loved an argument, and the moment grace was over, and the cloth removed, he was ready for the fray. Browne saw through the base but clumsily devised policy of England, and in what it must, sooner or later, eventuate. This and other considerations filled the good man with sorrow; but the contemplation of that discord and division which ever characterized the Irish as a people, inspired him with perhaps the gloomiest feeling. For the removal of this and other grievances he had many pseudo-nostrums, some tolerably sound in theory, others vague and visionary. Among the latter may be classified his constant saying, "curtail the clergy." The reduction of that body he regarded almost in the light of a Catholicon for some of the many ills that weakened his country. In this way numberless evenings went over. Whenever the old Helot clanked his chains, by the enunciation of a long drawn sigh, or a guttural murmur of impatience, it would be the immediate signal for Lawless to hurl anathemas on Poyning's Statutes, Dermod M'Murrough, De Ginkle, *et hoc genus omne;* or to launch forth in an impassioned diatribe on Saxon misrule, treachery, and domination. The Camden Administration was not forgotten. With a Demosthenic eloquence and force, that at once delighted and astonished the old gentleman, he would denounce that mercenary Government which was doing all that in its power lay to foment an insurrection, and submerge our unhappy country in a whirlpool of blood.

It may, perhaps, appear somewhat inconsistent, and excite a certain amount of astonishment, to hear that Valentine Lawless, although a sterling son of Erin, and an United Irishman to boot, entered as an officer in one of the many corps of yeoman cavalry which started into

life about this period. As soon, however, as the Government began to employ them in ransacking the houses of liberal persons, he indignantly threw up his commission, and joined a respectable corps of special constables, known as the Rathdown Association, whose general conduct and demeanour were more consonant with his tastes. Noblemen and gentlemen formed its ranks indiscriminately. The preservation of the peace throughout the populous district between Dublin and Bray was their avowed duty and invariable occupation.

On Loughlinstown Hill, contiguous to Bray, a military camp had just been established, in order to prevent the intercourse of the army with the disaffected of the metropolis. This Mr. Lawless was in the frequent habit of visiting, chiefly with a view to enjoy the society of his friends, William Duke of Leinster (then colonel of the Kildare Militia), and General Crosbie, Commander-in-Chief. His Grace, who had very little of the recluse or ascetic in his composition, often sent our hero an invitation to dine with him beneath the canvas. Nowhere, we venture to say, were gayer messes than at Loughlinstown, and in few places more agreeable reviews, balls, or *soirées*. Long after the final dissolution of the County Kildare Militia, and the departure of Lord Carhampton's forces from Loughlinstown Hill, the neighbouring gentry—of the fair sex especially—availed themselves of many opportunities to express their pleasurable reminiscences in connexion with the camp.

Lawless, upon one of his periodical pilgrimages thither, was accompanied by Counsellor William Sampson, a friend of his, and one of the most ardent revolutionists of the period. Sampson, who appears to have had two motives in escorting Lawless to the field, watched his opportunity, as he carelessly indulged in an after-dinner saunter through the mazes of the camp, to distribute a quantity of ultra-national ballads, tracts, and essays amongst the soldiery. This was a daring act, and, had he been detected, he would, most assuredly, have paid a heavy penalty for his temerity. The first meeting between Sampson and William Aylmer took place on this

occasion. Aylmer was, at the time of which we write, a lieutenant in the militia, but inclining somewhat more towards his country than his king. Two years afterwards he headed, in the capacity of rebel general, one of the sections of the United Irish army, which he furiously hurled at the British column from the summit of the Hill of Ovidstown one fine day in June, 1798. What passed between him and Sampson on the occasion of their introduction we know not—but it would seem as if the persuasive arguments of the lawyer were attended with all the success which a revolutionist of his stamp could possibly desire.

Amongst the guests whom Valentine Browne was in the habit of entertaining in Merrion-row, may be mentioned Thomas Braughall, a respectable silk merchant of Dublin, well known in his day, and Matthew Dowling, who, it will be recollected, assisted in the respective escapes of Rowan and Tandy. Dowling, a liberal Protestant, was Lord Cloncurry's solicitor, and Braughall, a Roman Catholic, his land agent. Both one and the other, without being guilty of sedition, were sterling nationalists, and ever foremost in any popular movement. The Catholic Committee, when under the auspices of John Keogh, claimed Braughall as one of its most gifted members. He drew up their petitions, and acted as secretary, until death, in 1803, deprived the Board of his services. The high opinion entertained by Theobald Wolfe Tone of Braughall's abilities and worth may be gathered from numerous passages in his diary.

In constant communication with Matthew Dowling and Thomas Braughall, Mr. Lawless's democratical opinions became every day more decided in their tone and character. Braughall and Dowling, although not actual rebels, approximated to it; and, on the bursting forth of the insurrection in May, 1798, were seized as dangerous characters, under the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Act. Upon examining a file of the *Dublin Evening Post* lately, we were amused to observe two short successive paragraphs, having immediate reference to the gentlemen in question. These appear in the number,

bearing date May 26, 1798, and speak volumes for the light in which Government viewed their political acts and sentiments.

"Mr. Thomas Braughall, late a merchant of this city, is taken into custody. Papers of a very seditious and inflammatory nature were, it is said, found in his house."*

"Mr. Matthew Dowling, an attorney, was arrested on Thursday night. He was afterwards liberated."†

Another individual, who formed a constant link of the family after dinner circle (if such it may be called) at Valentine Browne's, was John Burne, barrister-at-law, and subsequently one of His Majesty's Counsel of Ireland. In early life he lived in Bride-street (not far from Robin Lawless'); but in 1791, probably to be near his patron, Lord Cloncurry, removed to the more aristocratic, though less legal region of Merrion Row, where he established himself in the next house but one to that inhabited by

* A most egregious falsehood, as we are assured by the representatives of Mr. Braughall. The papers were of a most innocuous character. That which Government appears to have considered the most alarming was a letter from the Hon. Valentine Lawless, full particulars concerning which will be given anon. Had the emissaries of the Castle confined themselves to taking Mr. Braughall's correspondence, he would not, vexatious as was the act, have allowed it to annoy him; but they abstracted other and more valuable matters, even to money, which we have authority for stating were never returned. Braughall died in 1803 from the effects of cold caught on the top of a French diligence. For many years he carried on the silk trade in No. 9, Bridge-street, Dublin, the house now occupied by Messrs. Vance and Beers. In 1787 he removed to No. 7, Eccles-street, where he continued to reside until his death. An old water spout, still attached to the Bridge-street house, bears the inscription—"Thomas Braughall, 1755." Braughall was a man of sufficient note in his day, to be thought worthy by *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* (a Conservative journal) of a niche in their portrait gallery. The picture is well executed, and represents a handsome, gentlemanly man, in a bob-wig, poring over some sheets of manuscript. Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," spoke of Braughall as "a faithful servant and a good friend of his father's." The former expression gave offence to Braughall's family; the latter failed to qualify it.

† Dowling, while in Newgate, addressed a letter to Lord Henry Fitzgerald, touching the situation of his unfortunate brother. "I am a prisoner for a few days," said the postscript, "on what charge I know not." The letter appears in Mr. Moore's Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Poor Dowling's ruling weakness was a partiality for the bottle. Having drank an immoderate quantity of French brandy, he died of its effects in Paris, August, 1804. A near relative of the author's was one of the few Irishmen who followed him to the tomb.

Brown and his grandson. This circumstance rendered their intercourse, if possible, more frequent, and their intimacy still closer. Mr. Burne was, moreover, the confidential friend and lawyer of Nicholas Lord Cloncurry, an office which he continued to hold under the subject of these pages until 1829, when death snatched him away from his deeds and conveyances. A Protestant, like Dowling, he entertained nought but liberal views towards his Catholic fellow-countrymen. In 1820 he acted a rather intrepid part with Valentine Lord Cloncurry in resisting some unconstitutional attempts made by the High Sheriff of Dublin to dissolve a legal meeting. Full particulars of this exciting scene will be found recorded in their proper place.

Before the expiration of the year 1795 Lawless repaired to London, and entered himself a student of the Middle Temple. From that date until 1797 he periodically divided his attentions between the great metropolis and Dublin. Amongst the numerous parties with whom he became acquainted at Neufchatel, in 1792, was Mr. John Macnamara, the bitter personal opponent of Fox. From that period until his visit to London, in 1795, Lawless had completely lost sight of him. They met by chance, and Macnamara, delighted to see his old acquaintance, would not let him go until he promised to join a dinner party in Baker-street, Portman-square, which it was his intention to give on the day following. The party went off as pleasantly as the generality of gentlemen's dinner parties. Toasts and wine were freely drank, jokes and filberts cracked, and politics and grapes discussed. The lion of the evening appeared to be a little, cocknosed, gouty man, exceedingly loquacious, and rather remarkable in his attentions to the claret and champagne. What was Lawless's surprise upon discovering that this little, cocknosed, gouty toper was no less a personage than the Right Hon. William Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister of England, who, conjointly with some half dozen colleagues of inferior capacity, had been long devoting his energies in labouring to mature that calamitous conspiracy which has

branded with eternal infamy the Irish names of Clare and Castlereagh. Mr. Pitt, in the course of the evening, became communicative, and divulged, probably when under the influence of wine, the grand ministerial scheme now so soon to be realized. Lawless was thunderstruck. In one short second his mind stretched far into the future, and beheld the progress, achievement, and consequences of the Union. He saw the grave yawning to receive his bleeding country, and England, in the distance, making preparations for the burial. What was he to do? Assail William Pitt with a storm of wrath, and dare him, at his peril, to persist in the fell intention? No! he would quietly return home, and write a book against the project; expose the atrocious nature of the measure, and call upon his countrymen, of every creed and class, to rally round him and repel, by every constitutional means, so intolerable an aggression on their dearest liberties. Lawless went to work in right good earnest. In the course of a few weeks he had his pamphlet ready, and having entrusted its publication to John Moore, of College-green, Dublin, withdrew from the busy throng of men, and, with palpitating heart, watched what effect it should produce. A manifest sensation was the immediate result. Copy after copy disappeared from off the bookseller's counter with pantomimic rapidity. "Thoughts on the Projected Union" being admittedly the first blow at the ministerial scheme, it was taken the most flattering notice of by Mr. Under-Secretary Cooke, who, in a pamphlet of some fifty pages, laboured hard to demolish his adversary's points. Cooke's Essay was, of course, written by command, and like the generality of commanded performances, histrionic or otherwise, not particularly clever, lively, or interesting.

Believing that to see some extracts from the Essay will afford the Irish reader as much interest as we ourselves derived from their perusal, we make no apology for introducing in this chapter some of the most creditable portions. These will be read with increasing interest when remembered that Lawless was little more than emerging from his 'teens at the period of their composition.

"The author of the following pages," he preambles, "animated by an anxious desire of saving his country from an attempt he has long foreseen and dreaded, is yet conscious of his inability to place the picture in its strongest light. He hopes, however, to succeed so far as to put the matter in a way of being discussed by persons more equal to the important task."

Having made his bow, and conjured the parliamentary corruptionists not to prove unfaithful to their country in the coming crisis, he plunges into that work which a sense of duty imperatively calls on him, at all hazards, to execute:—

"There are certain periods in political, as well as in moral opinion, when the man who is born free, as well as the philosopher who has spent his life in the investigation of truth, feels himself equally called upon, by *principle*, to make his thoughts public.

"The period is now arrived when every native of this island should fix his attention on one of the most important subjects that has ever employed the mind of an Irishman—to wit, an Union between this country and the kingdom of Great Britain. I know there are many who, even yet, look on such an event as merely ideal, and contrary to the wishes of the British Government; while others, perhaps, overvaluing our parliamentary virtue, and the great danger that must attend such a measure, fancy it utterly impossible. But those who build their security on the political self-denial of an English minister, or the virtue of an aristocracy, but too much subject to British influence, know but little of the power of wealth and rank on the minds of men educated to regard the mere sound of title as the feeling of genuine honour, and to look on the pre-eminence of equipage as the true distinction of superior virtue."

Gradually the tone of the pamphlet becomes bolder:—

"But what," he says, "can the most illustrious courage effect, darkened by the obscurest ignorance of science? And what will not disunion itself accomplish without an auxiliary? Within the last century this country has become too populous and too much enlightened to be bullied by the comparison of numbers, or its inhabitants unresistingly slaughtered through their ignorance of military tactics. * * *

"Such, until the auspicious year of 1782, was the brief political history of this ill-fated country—a country, from its insular, far-detached situation, formed by the Sovereign Architect for the most unconnected independence—a country blessed by the Donor of good with the abundance of all the necessaries and comforts of life; fortified by the ocean, garrisoned with Irishmen, and stored by the united hands of Mars and Ceres."

In the following paragraph he grapples with his subject, and advances with seven-leagued strides to the point:—

"To get rid at once, then, of the Parliament of Ireland, which is found too untractable, even in its present imperfect state, the British minister is at

this instant engaged not (as in former Parliaments) in learning the sum that may be necessary to influence the next delegation of the people in favour of British interests, nor in procuring votes for or against a particular question, but in finding the fee-simple of your liberty and property by a permanent purchase of the Parliament of Ireland."

Was there nothing of prognostication in all this?—

"I know there is no cause so bad to which private interest will not procure public advocates. I have no doubt, then, that an *Union*, fatal as it must be to the welfare of this country, will find its supporters and defenders, even among *Irishmen*."

Having argued, retrospected, speculated, and anticipated at considerable length, he next applies himself to the task of exposing, piece by piece, the shallow and delusive terms on which it was natural to suppose Government would treat with us for our national independence. He laughs them to derision, and then exclaims:—

"As for the other ingredients that may compose this pleasing cement of a Union, I take it for granted that they will be made up of such suppurative materials, as will not only draw out the present symptoms of partial inflammation, but extract the very blood and life from the entire kingdom."

Here Lawless stares into the future. He sees the comparatively few representative peers and commoners that it will be in the power of Ireland to send to the Imperial Parliament, and what trifling influence their votes must have on any question affecting Irish interests. He sees regiments of absentees pouring into England, and the mania for London life daily strengthening in its grasp round the fashion-led victims.

From the few extracts we have quoted, it will, we apprehend, be tolerably evident that Lawless gave the subject he was handling the most mature deliberation, and left no stone unturned to find out the intentions and machinations of the minister. With untiring industry he investigated every crevice of the future, thought carefully over the alleged advantages of a Union, weighed them in the balance, and found them—need we say it—wanting. So far from increased prosperity resulting, he saw nothing before us but prostration and inertia. Dublin, the second city in the empire, and which had promised, in a few years, to vie,

even in wealth, with the first in Europe, he beheld sinking into ruin, the fine arts drooping, its manufactories idle, its Exchange deserted, the current of wealth and fashion stemmed, and the residences of its nobility converted into public offices, iron stores, and mendicities.

We doubt if Cloncurry, in any of his subsequent writings, ever produced a more ingenious figure than the following. Who would have thought that so unpicturesque an object as a boat canal, only second in hideousness to a railroad, would ever lend its aid to a graceful metaphor?"—

"Our canals, formed at such an immense expense, and not yet finished, would be rendered useless, for our capital being the heart from whence these nourishing veins spread through the body of the nation, the breaking of that heart must bring inevitable destruction on the commercial circulation of the whole island. I wish I could here finish the sad and tedious catalogue of our impending dangers; but the brief plan of these few pages, and what is a still greater impediment, alas! the state of my own feelings, will not suffer me to dwell minutely on the ruin of my country."

In the following we have an Irish Marius mourning over the ruins of his country:—

"What a grievous sight will then present itself to your man of science when he looks on the map of the world, and fixing his eye on the delightful spot that gave him birth, observing its happy situation for trade to every part of *the world*, and its peculiar commercial advantages with respect to all the western hemisphere; its numerous harbours, superior to any in Europe, its many and deep rivers—in short, its singular and entire requisites for the most sovereign independence—I repeat it, what will be his sorrow when he reflects that this island, the most delightful in the universe, had, within his own memory, enjoyed the blessing of its own Government, was fertile for its own inhabitants, traded for its own profit, and grew rich for its own magnificence!—but now, alas! its harbours useless, its fields uncultivated, its towns depopulated, and its capital in decay! Will my independent countrymen resign for ever the power of taxing themselves, the final adjustment of their litigations, the framing and enacting of their own laws, the majesty of the nation? * * * * *

"All our great men (it matters not whether that greatness is applied to title or fortune, or to the uncommon power of genius)—I say all the great men would settle in England, either to seek for honours, to challenge rewards, or even to look for the humble comforts of society. * * * But let me not calculate; your destruction is too plain to require demonstration, for the most dimsighted can perceive the ruin of your country through such an alliance.

"To prevent, as far as lies in my power, this Union, which I cannot think on without feeling the destruction of my country, I have taken the liberty of publishing the foregoing pages, that the genuine lovers of Ireland may not

be wholly ignorant of a measure that will certainly and shortly be brought forward. My object is to make my countrymen unanimous, and unanimous in time, in an unanimous opposition to so fatal a proposal, come in what shape it may."

In the sequel we find him anticipating the bubble promises of Pitt:—

"I am well aware that allurements of a very attractive nature will be held out to my brethren, the Roman Catholics—motives of seduction, which I entertain no doubt they will resist—nay, abhor, when they know they will be offered as the price of the sovereign independence of their country."

Poor Lawless! you were young and inexperienced when these hopes were breathed. A year sufficed to show how miserably you were deceived.

He continues his exhortations to the deluded Catholics. He conjures of them not to be so foolish in regard to their interests, and so treasonable to their country as to sell the fee-simple of Irish independence for the anticipation of their approaching civic franchise. His advice was disregarded. Fools! that would not deign to hearken to it—we had almost said you deserved to suffer.

"I would, therefore, earnestly recommend every Irishman to put aside religious distinctions; but I would particularly conjure all those who at present in city, county, or borough, enjoy the shadow of elective franchise, to instruct* their representatives to oppose, with all their might, so degrading and disastrous a measure as an Union. This will be the only effectual way to save the country, and to counteract the designs of the British minister; for every freeman should know that the Parliament is only a delegation of the people. The people, speaking thus to their representatives, cannot fail to be obeyed; for no Parliament that sought its election from the people can cease to obey the voice, the undoubted voice, of its electors."

Miserably deceived again! Representatives of the people!—what a mockery of name!

"I shall no longer," observes Lawless, in conclusion, "intrude with my anxieties and my fears, but conclude with reminding my readers of the motto with which I set out, '*nous perdons la patrie, si nous nous divisons.*' Faithful and steady to a connexion with England, which we prize, still let us not sacrifice our country for her aggrandizement. Whatever disadvantages we at present labour under spring from an English Administra-

* County meetings could not at that time be held, as the military had orders to disperse them, with powder and ball if necessary.

tion: let us not, then, ask an English Parliament. In spite of oppression, in spite of martial law, let the people of Ireland be united as one man to oppose the fatal attempt: and let the people of England be assured, that if they suffer themselves to be made the instruments of enslaving us, they will in turn be themselves enslaved. * * *

"The trying moment approaches. I beseech the great Ruler of the Universe to give us constancy, and to inspire every Irishman with this great truth—that his individual welfare is inseparably connected with, and dependent on, that of his country."

The foregoing extracts will possibly be objected to by some readers, as unnecessarily numerous. To this we have only to say, that our principal reason for making such liberal use of the composition was in consideration of its being Mr. Lawless's first essay in pamphleteering, and not only to show how respectably he acquitted himself of the task, but that all may appreciate the extraordinarily perfect foresight that characterizes it throughout. As already observed, this pamphlet of Cloncurry's, if we may be permitted to style him so, created on its appearance a most marked sensation, and was promptly honoured by a shower of special counter-arguments from the pen of Mr. Cooke. Lord Cloncurry was repeatedly heard declare, in after life, that Government never forgave him for this singular display of daring. From that hour the eagle eye of the Castle detective clung to him unceasingly.* In secret council it was at length decided that, to get out of the way so troublesome an enemy during the coming "Union struggle" of might against right, would be most judicious and essentially desirable. To accomplish this desideratum ministers were not indolent in putting their common shoulder to the wheel.

So you see, dear reader, his essay in pamphleteering cost him something more than the expenses of publishing and printing.

* Mr. Lawless was perfectly well aware of this fact. We have heard that, when spending the evening at a friend's house, he would sometimes apologise, promptly for an early departure, on the grounds of the inhumanity of longer keeping his poor spy shivering outside in the cold night air.

CHAPTER V.

The Horizon of Ireland still clouded—Fiendish Policy of England—Lord Moira's intrepid Speech in the British House of Peers—Unparalleled Coercion—The Organization of United Irishmen assumes a more formidable Aspect—Lord Edward Fitzgerald nominated Commander-in-chief—The French Expedition to Bantry Bay—Tone's Diary—Critical Situation of Ireland—Its imminent Peril of being lost irrevocably to England—Inglorious Issue of The Child Wolfe Tone—Obstacles to the Advance of the British Troops—Panic in Dublin—Application by Government to Lord Clonmorry for a Loan of £45,000—His Lordship purchases Lyons from Michael Aylmer—Another John Macnamara—Mr. Lawless rescues Lord and Lady Russell from the Hands of Banditti—John Horne Tooke—Lawless his frequent Guest—John Reeves—Mr. Lawless supports *The Press* by his Pen and his Purse—Constantly associates with the Leaders of the popular Movement—Indignation of Nicholas Lord Clonmorry—England spurns contemptuously some peaceable Overtures made by the United Irishmen—Thomas Addis Emmet—Reverend Cowan—Free Quarters—Grattan and Catholic Emancipation—Dr. Patrick Duigenan—Lord Moira—Charles J. Fox—Mr. Pelham—Lake's Proclamation—Manifesto from the Men of Ulster—Tragic Story of William Orr—Lawless elected an Executive Director—A mischief-maker in the Family—The Munster Petition of May, '97—Exchange Meeting—Secession from Parliament of the National Members—Lord Edward Fitzgerald's Address to his Constituents—Murder of Dixon—Alarm of Lord Cloncurry for the Fate of Lawless—His Departure for England by Command of Lord Clonmorry—Philipps's Portrait of Lord Clonmel—Olympic Pig Hunt.

MEANWHILE affairs were anything but "looking up" in Ireland; goading, insult, and persecution continued to be the order of the day. The people hunted down, tortured capriciously, their habitations burnt, where were they to run for shelter save into the phalanx of the confederation? Once within its magic circle, they considered themselves secure, although then it was that danger more than ever imperilled them.

The fiendish system of "picketing"—making men stand barefooted upon a pointed stake, until syncope ensued—was one of the most favourite stratagems resorted to for extorting a confession. This inhuman torture was, in many instances, pursued towards the same party, gene-

rally on the ground of mere suspicion, for two, three, and four consecutive times, producing invariably the worst physical results to the unfortunate sufferer.

Lord Moira stated this, and many other awful facts, in the British House of Lords, on November 22, 1797. He could vouch for their veracity from personal knowledge, and added, that they were not particular acts of cruelty exercised by men abusing authority, but formed part of a wide-spread system. Nor was picketing the only species of torture. "Men have been taken and hung up," exclaimed his lordship, "till they were half hanged, and then threatened with a repetition of this cruel torture unless they made a confession of the *imputed guilt!**" Lord Moira dwelt particularly, and at considerable length, upon the invariable absence of proof, even a well-founded suspicion of delinquency. Every man was at the mercy of a soldier's caprice. To this remarkable speech we will again have occasion to refer.

There were many harrowing sights to be witnessed in those days, but few, we venture to say, more terrific than to glance around of an autumn night, from the summit of some commanding eminence, and observe the countless house conflagrations† which would burst upon your vision. The probability of some unfortunate inmates becoming calcined, whilst they yelled for mercy, did not render the contemplation less harrowing and awful. No matter in what direction the spectator chose to look, a dwelling, crowned by a diadem of golden flame, was sure to rise, in grim magnificence, before him. Had Rosse's

* It too often happened that men, to put an end to the torture, and dreading approaching death or syncope, absolutely invented conspiracies, and made disclosures, which, when too late, received a contradiction upon oath.

† "If it was thought that any district had not given up all the arms it contained, a party was sent out to collect the number at which it was stated; and in the execution of this order thirty houses were sometimes burnt down in a single night. Thus an officer took upon him to decide the quantity of arms which were contained in a particular district, and upon the judgment thus formed, the consequences he had described followed. These facts he could bring evidence to their lordships to prove. Many cases of a similar nature he might enumerate. He wished for nothing more sincerely than to be examined upon oath as to the state of Ireland, and to the facts which he had brought forward. He had stated them before God and his country."—*Lord Moira's Speech in the British House of Lords, Nov.* 22, 1797.

night telescope existed in those days, and the spectator been fortunate enough to hold one, it would no doubt have led to the discernment of a ring of Orange rioters, dancing with demoniacal exultation round the blazing ruins of the Papist's dwelling.

We have said that a night view from the summit of an eminence would send a chill of horror through the hardest heart. Upon consideration, we apprehend that a survey of the kind would, to other than a "true blue," be utterly impracticable, insomuch as martial law was in full operation at the time, and any person not specially licensed, who dared to venture out after nine o'clock at night, ran very imminent risk of being either hung or embowelled. With respect to the curfew, it was enforced in many districts with such cruel rigour, that a father was known to plead in vain for permission to light a candle, in order that the mother might be enabled to attend her little daughter who lay struggling in the agonies of death adjacent.

Well done, Jeffreys Earl Camden! You quake within the folds of your viceregal robes if a farthing rushlight is ignited to minister relief to a dying girl; but, oh! singular inconsistency, we find you basking before that sheet of flame, which cries to Heaven for vengeance from the summit of the peasant's cottage.

Before the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam gave to the national movement that additional impetus which dragged along thousands who would have otherwise remained inactive, the *modus operandi* was essentially different from what it afterwards became. Anterior to 1795, it merely consisted of imperfectly organized individual societies, very much scattered, and communicating with each other by delegates. The vast augmentation of adherents in '95 and '96, and the increasing power of the Union generally, demanded the establishment of a more solid and systematic plan of action. Accordingly, district, city, county, baronial, and provincial committees were set on foot, all admirably disciplined in their way, and dovetailed into each other with a neat mechanical precision that extorted even the admiration of its enemies. Crowning this organization sat

the Irish Executive Directory, a select body of men remarkable for their patriotism, judgment, discretion, and humanity. From this council an order could be transmitted through the entire range of the Union with a telegraphic celerity and accuracy little inferior to the more scientific system of electric communication. The committees possessed the right of nominating all officers save the commander-in-chief. The privilege of this nomination appears to have been reserved by the Directory to themselves. In 1796, the commander-in-chief was declared to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a brother of the Duke of Leinster, and one of the most popular men of the day.

The organization, when once under the auspices of this noble officer (who had already served with distinction in the American war), progressed with Herculean vigour. Its aspect, moreover, grew daily more fascinating, the tone of the leaders loftier and prouder, and at last it became almost unfashionable not to join its ranks. "The spirit of the Union," says Rowan's 'Autobiography,' "passed through every class of society, lighting on the bench and the pulpit, on the desk and the anvil, shooting like an electric shock through whole ranks of the militia, animating the breasts of women with heroic daring, and infusing courage into the hearts, and vigour into the arms, even of boys and children."

It was not until February, 1796, that any regularly authorized communication was opened between the Irish Executive and the French Directory. Few men appeared better fitted for the office of negotiator than Theobald Wolfe Tone, both in point of natural daring and diplomatic adroitness. Fraught with the importance of his mission, he repaired to France one fine spring morning, and at once put himself in communication with the Minister of War. To this *dernier resort* Ireland was driven by the increasing persecutions which pursued her people. Two most oppressive enactments, plausibly designated the Indemnity and Insurrection Acts,* came

* When George Ponsonby heard that this Act was occupying the minds of ministers, he exclaimed—"Sir, that bill, if persevered in, will be the grave of the constitution."

into force about this period. When one of the most distinguished members* of the Irish Directory found himself, two years afterwards, in the grasp of an angry Government, and rigidly cross-questioned by the Secret Committee, he informed that body, upon oath, that not until the passing of these iniquitous enactments were the Directory disposed to open any communication with France.

There have been two most interesting volumes published at Washington, and pirated in London, entitled "The Diary and Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone." It throws out into bold relief the salient points of that period of Irish history which lies between March, '96, and November, '98; and in all sooth we would strongly recommend the reader to see it. In a work of this nature we durst not even epitomize the mass of interesting matter which Tone's Diary embodies.

Most Irishmen are cognizant of the thousand vexatious *contre-temps* which seemed, as it were, to form into conspiracy in order to annihilate the French expedition to Ireland in 1796. Concerning them we will not now enter into further particulars than to quote a passage from Tone's Diary of December 25th. He wrote it while the remnant of the French fleet lay tossing about in Bantry Bay:—

"Certainly we have been persecuted by a strange fatality, from the very night of our departure to this hour. We have lost the Commander-in-Chief (Hoche); of four admirals, not one remains; we have lost one ship of the line that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing. We have now been six days in Bantry Bay, within 500 yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and at this moment, out of forty-three sail, we can muster, of all sizes, but fourteen. There only wants our falling in with the English to complete our destruction."†

* Thomas Addis Emmet.

† At the very moment that Tone was scribbling the above paragraph, Dr. Moylan, R. C. Bishop of Cork, was penning a pastoral letter to the faithful of his diocese, wherein he implored of them, as Christians, on no account to fraternize with the Gallic invaders:—"At a moment," observed his lordship, "of such general alarm and consternation, it is a duty I owe to you, my beloved flock, to recall to your minds the sacred principles of loyalty, allegiance, and good order, that must direct your conduct on such an awful

Had those unsubsidized allies of England, the winds, permitted Grouchy to effect a landing, Cork must infallibly have fallen, with little more than the mere semblance of resistance. It is a striking fact, that at that very juncture, as Mr. Whitebread declared, stores existed in the city to the amount of a million and a half—the great supply for the British navy during the ensuing year. While Tone and Grouchy were tossing in the bay, 3,000 regular troops could with difficulty be mustered to oppose a hostile landing.

The unaccountable desertion of the Irish shore by Sir John Borlase Warren and his Agamemnons, at the very period that their presence was most urgently needed, has oftentimes elicited bursts of loyal indignation and astonishment. The fact of an English admiral leaving Ireland so long exposed to the mercy of this formidable enemy must appear little short of madness. The secret is shortly this. England, though long cognizant of the preparation of an armament at the port of Brest, remained quite in the dark as to whether Ireland or Portugal was its intended destination. Several thousand copies of a proclamation, addressed to the Irish people, were, by command of General Hoche, printed at Brest for general distribution in Ireland, whenever a landing should be effected. One of the British spies heard of this proceeding, and called at the printer's for a copy. Tone, with his wonted tact and sagacity, at once directed the compositor to have the words "*Portugal*" and "*Portuguese*" introduced wherever "*Ireland*" and "*Irish*" chanced to occur. The idea was inimitable, and the ingenious substitution read most plausibly. Supplied with a copy of the fictitious proclamation, the spy posted off to the admiral of the British fleet, who no sooner perused it than he declared no time was to be lost, and forthwith started with all hands for Portugal, where he calculated—to use a most

occasion. Charged, as I am, by that blessed Saviour (whose birth with grateful hearts we this day solemnize) with the care of your souls, interested beyond expression in your temporal and eternal welfare, it is incumbent on me to exhort you to that peaceable demeanour which must ever mark his true and faithful disciples."

unnautical metaphor—upon receiving the French advance on the point of his bayonet.

From the quantity of snow which strewed the public thoroughfares, it was a matter of no trifling difficulty to establish rapid communication between Cork and Dublin. Owing to this circumstance, a very considerable period elapsed ere the news reached the metropolis. The reader may probably inquire why communication was not opened by water. The turbulence of the wind, as it dashed the vast Atlantic billows with deafening roar upon the beach, will, we think, be sufficient answer for that inquiry.

The earthquake felt throughout Ireland on the night of the 10th November, 1852, was not more unexpected and unwelcome than the arrival of the French squadron in Bantry Bay. Every Protestant in Ireland at once grasped his musket, put his trust in God, and kept his powder dry. The Roman Catholic priesthood denounced the expedition as a powerful temptation of the devil. They conjured of their respective flocks not to allow themselves to be seduced from their allegiance, and threatened them with sacerdotal displeasure should they violate it. The people obeyed, and not only refrained from co-operating with Tone and Grouchy, but absolutely aided the advance of the British troops, by clearing away those vast impediments of snow which rendered transit along the roads almost impossible. When the news reached Dublin, the greatest possible delight and the greatest possible consternation ran electrically through the various phases of society. The loyalists were, of course, awe-stricken—the disaffected elated. Not all the soporifics in the Apothecaries' Hall could bring one twenty minutes' sleep to poor Lord Camden that night, or any of his voluminous staff of officials. Never before did they eat their Christmas pudding with a mind so ill at ease. Bells rang, drums beat to arms, and the distant din of many voices rose and fell like the surging of a mighty ocean. Men that never ailed before suddenly found themselves afflicted with palpitation of the heart, and a singular disposition to feverish restlessness. Never dreaming of the insurmountable impediments which cast themselves gratuitously in

the way of Tone's expedition, they only thought of the tantalizing obstacles which threatened to oppose their own hostile movement towards the South. Four feet of snow lay in flakes upon the ground, and so potent was the cold that the knees of several Highland soldiers became lacerated from the friction of their own kilts, which, owing to the great frost that prevailed, were stiffened into a state of unusual rigidity.

We have already adverted to the encampment on Loughlinstown Hill. Its object was to provide against any hostile descent on Dublin from the County Wicklow, and at the same time to prevent communication between the disaffected citizens and the wavering militia. The encampment was extensive, and of course no easy matter to remove, all circumstances considered, to the seat of danger in Munster. So ludicrously unprepared were the Castle authorities for a foreign hostile visit, that actually not one solitary tenpenny could be found at this critical moment within the four oaken walls of the military chest. A pleasing dilemma truly!

All this time poor Theobald Wolfe Tone was cursing his stars, one hundred and twenty miles away, and earnestly protesting in the face of heaven and earth that never before did a conspiracy of *contre-temps* assail an even temper with greater malignity and determination. Reader, is it not a picture of human life? Little he thought of the numerous impediments which flung themselves with formidable stubbornness before the advance of his Anglican enemy.

The greatest alarm prevailed. Dublin was in a ferment. A council of war precipitately assembled. Hoary-headed privy councillors, with an energy that appeared incompatible with their years, might be seen rushing frantically to the Castle, and there putting their sapient heads together, in order to decide on the best course to be pursued at the present conjuncture. All agreed unanimously, after a short but clamorous consultation, that the dilemma was anything but agreeable, and that Ireland stood in most imminent peril. "As the army must march in an hour," said they, "it is indispensable that we

obtain the wherewithal forthwith. Not a solitary camac* remains in the military chest." Names were mentioned as parties likely to advance sufficient money for the purpose, but none appeared so eligible as Nicholas Lord Cloncurry. A deputation accordingly waited upon that nobleman, to request that he would oblige His Majesty's Government with a loan of £45,000—the sum required to break up the camp, and draft the army down to Bantry Bay. His lordship received the deputation graciously, and unhesitatingly drew a cheque for the amount. By the time the principal was refunded to Lord Cloncurry, an amount of interest had adhered to it almost equal to one-eighth of the original sum advanced.

It was immediately after making the above pecuniary advance to Government, that Nicholas Lord Cloncurry entered into and concluded arrangements with Michael Aylmer, Esq., for the purchase of the castle and extensive demesne of Lyons, County Kildare, so justly and widely celebrated for its picturesque and natural magnificence. The sale took place in the last week of December, 1796, as appears from the original deed, now in the possession of Michael Valentine Aylmer, Esq., of Baggot-street, Dublin, the representative of the Aylmer family, formerly seated at Lyons. The antiquity of this sept is remarkable. Lodge speaks of Radulph and William Aylmer, as resident at Lyons so far back as the year 1300. "The Aylmer family," says the Abbè M'Geoghegan, in his History of Ireland, "were seated at Lyons, in the County Kildare, about the end of the thirteenth century, and deduce their origin from *Ailmer*, Earl of Cornwall, in the reign of King Ethelred." The parent trunk, established at Lyons, gave out, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the collateral branches of the Aylmers of Donadea, now represented by Sir Gerald Aylmer, and the Aylmers of Balrath, represented by Lord Aylmer.

Mr. Lawless, meanwhile, divided his attentions equally between Dublin and London, to which the pursuit of his

* A species of Irish halfpenny, well known to our fathers and grandfathers.

forensic studies now rendered frequent visits necessary. His heart, however, was always in Ireland, and with the organizers of the national movement. He corresponded regularly with them, and daily devoured those newspapers that dared, in spite of intimidation, to publish Government atrocities, and speak the retributive resolve of Ireland. Generous pecuniary aid proved, in a substantial manner, his ardent sympathy with the progress of the organization.

We have already mentioned Mr. John Macnamara as one of Lawless's associates in London. This gentleman must not be confounded with another of the same name, by profession a conveyancer, and one of his most intimate friends. Although an Irishman and a Papist, he was, singular to say, habitually patronized by several members of the Government,* both in his professional capacity, and in that of "gossip-agent," or news correspondent. It is amusing to think that, from Lord Cloncurry's nephew, Chief Justice Clonmel, he enjoyed no less a salary than £400 per annum, for merely communicating to his lordship regularly and in detail, the progressive march of political events. By Lord Cloncurry he was paid for services of a similar nature, though not so voluminous, the sum of £100 a-year. Another branch of his profession was that of land agent, which he filled with much credit and emolument under Francis Duke of Bedford. Valentine Lawless, as the son of one of his respected patrons, received some attention from Mr. Macnamara. His residence, situated near Croydon, was a *bonâ fide* liberty-hall, where some of the best London society might daily be seen seated round an ample

* Macnamara is frequently alluded to in the recently published Buckingham and Grenville correspondence. In a "most secret" communication from the latter, dated Whitehall, Oct. 22, 1780, he says:—"You will have seen by my last the delay which has arisen in examining Lord Nugent's papers, on account of the absence of Macnamara." Occasionally further on, we find him spoken of playfully as *M'Na*. "He is the very person," writes Lord Grenville, on May 15, 1789, "who has most strongly urged Thurlow on the propriety of an English appointment, and who has suggested this curious notion of Fitzgibbon's unpopularity. But I mention this, relying upon your honour that you will not repeat it to any one, but particularly not to Fitzgibbon (Clare)."

dinner-table, regaling on the good things which no one could provide in better style or in more luxurious plenty than this salaried newsmonger.

> "Hospitality,
> No formality,
> All reality,
> There you would ever see."

We are assured by Lord Cloncurry in his "Personal Recollections," that it was no unusual event for the Prince of Wales to drop in uninvited to these re-unions, as well as men of the highest position in both Houses of Parliament. To think of an Irish Roman Catholic, with the chains of slavery still clanking to his heels, entertaining, in those penal days, not only the Royal Heir Apparent, but the Lords and Commoners of Parliament, is a phenomenon that will not fail to amaze some readers.

One Sunday night, on his return home from Croydon, an incident occurred to which it may be well to give a passing reference. Lord and Lady William Russell were amongst Macnamara's guests, on the day we speak of, but took their departure some twenty minutes sooner than the rest of the company. Ere the metropolis could be reached, it was necessary to brave Blackheath, with its formidable band of foot-pad captains. Lawless arrived on the Common most opportunely. He came up in time to rescue from peril the noble lord and his lady, who, after a feeble resistance, were about to submit themselves meekly to a digital examination at the hands of the Turpins. Hearing the noise of approaching footsteps, which their guilty consciences at once converted into the tramp of a patrol, the robbers took precipitately to their heels, leaving Lord and Lady Russell, with the concomitant booty, in undisputed possession of the field. We believe it was this nobleman, who, many years after, died by the hands of Courvoisier, his favourite valet.

One of the most noted acquaintances whom Mr. Lawless formed, during the period of his residence in London, was John Horne Tooke. Their subsequent intimacy, strange to say, sprung from a quarrel. Mr.

Lawless having consented to act as president at one of the political dinners of the day, Tooke, in a sudden burst of characteristic petulance—possibly through jealousy at not having been himself invited to preside—proceeded to discharge at him a series of caustic observations, which soon provoked from the honourable president a retaliative shower of the bitterest sarcasm. Words grew high, and unpleasant consequences had begun to be apprehended, when all of a sudden the disputants hoisted the white flag, and proceeded right cordially to shake each other's hand. Ever afterwards the veteran and youthful politician remained linked together by the strongest ties of good-fellowship and affection.

Mr. Tooke, like Sheridan, possessed a most amiable *penchant* for giving pleasant little dinner parties in his villa on Wimbleton Common. Here Valentine Lawless was a frequent and a welcome guest. The vivid flashes of Curran's wit, the sparkling anecdotes and *mots* of Perry,* and the eloquent bursts of republican sentiment from Sir Francis Burdett, contributed in no small degree to enliven these reunions.†

John Reeves! no, we must not forget you, honest John. Though always mistaken, occasionally unreasonable, and as stubborn as a mule, yet your heart was in the right place ethically and anatomically, and that we know of a certainty, John. Years ago you died; years ago your flesh amalgamated with the churchyard clay, and, like every other bit of mortal flesh, was soon forgotten amid the daily growth of new—but not the less incorruptible on that account—human substance. But while ultra-Toryism exists, surely your name deserves to live. Without the aid of you and Arthur Young, it would most probably have tumbled into fragments in 1795. By the labours of your mind, and the unceasing activity of your pens, you succeeded in propping the tottering party. *It* lived, and *you* died.

The political opinions of John Reeves were, to say the

* Editor of the *Morning Chronicle.*

† See "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry."

least of them, peculiar. In his celebrated pamphlet on the Government of England, he advanced the rather startling doctrine that it (the Government) was purely monarchical, and could continue in all its functions, to the end of time, without the existence of either Lords or Commons. Both, he declared, derived their authority from the King. He compared the Government to "a goodly tree," whose stem was the Sovereign, and its branches the Parliament. The latter might, he said, be lopped off without injury to the tree.

For his sentiments on this subject the Whigs had him prosecuted, but not to conviction. Acquittal stimulated the Tory to additional exertion.

We will soon be approaching a period of Lawless's career, with which Mr. Reeves is inextricably interwoven. Most welcome is his name to a corner of this work, if for no other reason than that he was the friend of Cloncurry.

Mr. Lawless, as has been already seen, was a writer of no ordinary vigour and ability. It is therefore not surprising that his pen should have contributed as extensively to the columns of the *Press* newspaper (the accredited organ of Irish independence) as did his purse to its funds, and that by so doing he drew upon himself the suspicions of a watchful Government. His name having been eagerly seized upon by the subsidized spies of the Castle as an important element in the manufacture of one of those remunerative conspiracies which their fertile minds were so *au fait* at concocting, it soon became a familiar word throughout the Secret Committee, and to no small extent stimulated the dreams of ambition which excited and enraptured the "Battalion of Testimony."

Valentine, when in Ireland, passed his time almost exclusively in the society of the popular leaders—a circumstance that occasioned Lord Cloncurry much umbrage and uneasiness. Many a time the old gentleman warned him to desist, and many a time his advice was disregarded. By degrees Lord Nicholas waxed more and more wrathful, and at length vowed, in a paroxysm of rage, that in the event of his son's persisting in the line of conduct objected to, he would disinherit him as sure as his name was Valentine.

These menaces, however, alarming though they were, appear to have been attended with but partial effect. If his connexion with the Union for a moment relaxed, it was only again to grasp it with a strong reaction of love and determination. Never was he more thoroughly happy than when conferring on the state of Ireland with O'Connor, Sampson, Fitzgerald, Addis Emmet, Bond, or M'Nevin. With each of these single-minded men he remained on terms of the closest intimacy, until "circumstances, over which he had no controul," as apologists love to say, put it completely beyond his power to continue it. Lawless also knew poor Robert Emmet intimately, and little thought, as he gazed upon the enthusiastic countenance of the schoolboy, that six years more would find him organizing an insurrection, and as a penalty, pillowing his head on the block of the executioner. With the somewhat more cautious patriots of the day—Grattan, Ponsonby, Curran, and Plunket—Mr. Lawless was also familiarly acquainted.

Can a more mercenary Government be conceived, reader, than that which, towards the close of the last century, sat legislating for Ireland in Dublin Castle? After the failure of Hoche's expedition to Bantry Bay, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and some other influential leaders of the organization, resolving to give their rulers one more chance of cicatrizing the wounds they had so deliberately opened, made formal proposal to his Majesty's ministers that if, in the event of their conceding even a modified reform, no exertions would be spared, on the part of the leaders, in endeavouring to reclaim the allegiance of the people. As a deep-laid scheme, however, was already concerted for the forcible effectuation of the Legislative Union, this proposal met with nothing but insolent contempt. Can aught be conceived, we say, more atrociously deliberate than calmly looking forward, through the mists of years, to the extirpation, by fire and sword, of fifty thousand* people, and all to accomplish a disreputable purpose?

* The number of people slaughtered, according to the official calculation, in 1798. That the rebellion was the prelude to the Union, and intended as such by the British minister, few, now-a-days, venture to deny.

Thomas Addis Emmet, a member of the Executive Directory, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish bar, was interrogated rigidly by the Secret Committee, in 1798. There were few voices more influential in the national councils than that of Thomas Addis Emmet. Humane, disinterested, warm-hearted, zealous, he glided through the meetings of the Irish Union, remonstrating with some, suggesting to others, and advising all. In the course of his examination, he observed, parenthetically, in reference to some question from Lord Clare, "Will you permit me to add, upon my oath, that it was my intention to have proposed to the Executive, and I am sure it would have been carried, had there existed any reasonable hope of reform, to send a messenger to France, who would apprise the Council of the difference between the people and the Government having been adjusted, and not to attempt a second invasion." England, however, had a deeper game to play than the bloodless suppression of Irish disaffection. It "knew a trick worth two of that," and therefore resumed the work of torture with redoubled vigour.

The *Habeas Corpus* Act was suddenly declared suspended, and martial law became more general in its operation. As a necessary result of the former measure, thousands of men, wholly innocent of all treasonable intents and practices, suddenly found themselves loaded with fetters, and thrust into prison in common with the guilty. Those whom it was found impossible to "convict by the ordinary course of law,"* were transported, without even the mockery of a drum-head trial, and consigned, with ruthless barbarity, to the hulks.

"The work of repression," observes an English writer,† "was now carried on by the military with great violence. The soldiers exceeded their duty to a shameful extent, plundering and demolishing the homes of respectable and loyal people, ill-treating women and children, and sometimes putting them to death in a spirit of wanton and savage cruelty. Persons unarraigned were arrested and sent on board tenders, others were flogged and tortured to extort

* In the "Castlereagh Correspondence" appear various clever expedients for punishing "*offenders who cannot be convicted by the ordinary course of law.*" See vol. i. p. 163, &c., &c.

† Cassell's History of Ireland, vol. iii. p. 35.

confessions; men were mutilated, women violated, and whole villages and populous districts were desolated with impunity. A regiment of cavalry, called the Ancient Britons, under the command of Sir Watkins William Wynne,* particularly distinguished themselves in the work of destruction, in which they rioted like incarnate fiends."

"Mr. Pitt," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "counted on the expertness of the Irish Government to effect a premature explosion. Free quarters were now ordered, to irritate the Irish population. * * * It rendered officers and soldiers despotic masters of the peasantry, their houses, food, property, and occasionally their *families*."

On Feb. 17, 1797, the question of Catholic Emancipation was, for the last time, brought before the Irish Parliament by Grattan, who, in a speech of more than ordinary power, moved that the admissibility of Catholics to seats in Parliament was consistent with the safety of the Crown, and the connexion of Great Britain with Ireland. Ponsonby, Langrishe, Knox, and others, seconded his exertions; but Dr. Duigenan, as Plowden has it, "launched into a diffuse and infuriated philippic against Popery, and abused all his Catholic countrymen collectively." A division took place, when Grattan's motion was found to be negatived by a large majority.

A speech of Lord Moira's in the British House of Peers, on the 21st March, occupied much attention: "It became the more interesting," observes Plowden,† "as that noble lord was known recently to have come from Ireland; so that his judgment could not be misled, from seeing the real state of that kingdom, nor his candour and loyalty be suspected of misrepresenting it." He drew a vivid picture of the coercion and cruelty practised by the Anglo-Irish Government on the people

* Mr. Wright, an Englishman, in his "History of Ireland," p. 632, relates the following interesting trait in the Ancient Briton character:— "Information having been lodged that a house near Newry contained concealed arms, a party of the Ancient Britons was sent to it, and found the information to be false: yet they set fire to the house. It was the first military conflagration in that part of the country, and the peasantry, supposing that the fire was accidental, assembled from all sides for the purpose of extinguishing the flames. As they came up in different directions, they were attacked and cut down by the soldiers, and thirty of them were killed, including a woman and two children. An old man of seventy fled from the slaughter; but he was pursued, and when overtaken, at a distance from the scene of outrage, his head was deliberately cut off with a blow of a sabre, while he was on his knees imploring mercy."

† Page 632.

of Ireland, and concluded a most affecting oration with a motion based upon the grounds that no possible good could arise from the prosecution of the present system. It was by temper, equity, and good faith, that the distractions of Ireland were to be appeased, and their affections conciliated. The motion was negatived by a majority of seventy-two.

Charles J. Fox,* a few days later, headed the forlorn hope in the Commons. "About nine years ago," he proceeded, "a regular system was devised for enslaving Ireland. A person of high consideration was known to say that £500,000 had been expended to quell an opposition, and that as much more must be expended in order to bring the Legislature to a proper temper. This systematic plan of corruption was followed up by a suitable system of coercion." Mr. Fox concluded a long speech with an enumeration of Ireland's grievances, and a denunciation of England's favourite policy.† In the course of this debate, it was alleged by Colonel Fullerton that General Hoche would surely find, in Ulster alone, 50,000 United Irishmen, armed to the teeth, and busily employed in secret discipline, in order to qualify themselves for reinforcing the French army of invasion.

On the 3rd March, Mr. Secretary Pelham addressed a long-winded document to General Lake—the notorious butcher of '98—declaring that some stringent measures, in addition to those already employed for preserving the public peace, were become imperative. A long series of coercive mandates followed, by order of his Excellency. All meetings from that date were strictly prohibited;

* Fox moved on this occasion that the King be petitioned to take into his royal consideration the disturbed state of Ireland, and to adopt such healing measures as might appear to his wisdom best calculated to restore tranquillity. One of Lawless's most valued friends, Sir Francis Burdett, seconded the motion, but the result was as unsatisfactory as in that in the Lords. Mr. Pitt, and his strong party, hurled 220 against 84.

† As soon as the London morning papers, which contained a report of these proceedings, fell under the observation of that violent champion of the English interest, Dr. Duigenan, he repaired to College-green, and, with characteristic ruffianism, pronounced Mr. Fox's allegations to be "lying and malicious."

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armed or unarmed assemblages, both were equally treasonable in the estimation of Lord Camden. Thenceforth General Lake became empowered to take the administration of the law into his own guileless hands.

A proclamation forthwith appeared, from the pen of that generalissimo, stigmatising the national Union as an organized system of murder and robbery, and placing every district over which he exercised the slightest authority under the operation of martial law. All arms, in the possession of parties not serving in a military capacity, he commanded should be surrendered up; and in conclusion, declared that, for the encouragement of such as chanced to be cognizant of the concealment of arms, and were willing to approve, he would engage to remunerate handsomely, and observe inviolable secrecy.

Lake's proclamation was promptly answered by a popular manifesto, addressed by the men of Ulster to their united brethren throughout Ireland:—

"Irishmen," it began, "our best citizens are entombed in bastiles, or hurried on board tenders—our wives and our children are become the daily victims of a licentious foreign soldiery! Ulster—one of your fairest provinces, containing one-third of the population of the land—Ulster, hitherto the pride and strength of Ireland, is proclaimed and put under the ban of martial law! The Government of the country has sentenced us to military execution without trial, and the Legislature has sanctioned this illegal act without inquiry.

"We are united in an organized system—not to promote murder, but peace—not to destroy persons and property, but to save both from destruction. Lastly, beloved countrymen, we are most solemnly pledged to co-operate with you in every temperate and rational measure for obtaining the freedom of our country, by a full and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland, without regard to religious distinctions. These are the crimes of Ulster—they are the common crimes of Ireland. * * * Our intentions have been, and still are, to obtain the great objects of our pursuit, through the means of calm discussion and their own unquestionable justice. The common enemy knows that these are the most powerful and irresistible weapons. It is therefore that they have practised on us a system of reiterated aggression, unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, for the purpose of goading us into insurrection, or driving us to despair."

On the 10th May, Lord Castlereagh, while recommending further severe enactments for the complete suppression of disaffection, proposed to an overflowing House that an address be presented to the Throne, thanking his

gracious Majesty for the measures which had been already taken for restoring the due observance of the laws. In a speech of Demosthenic vigour, it was clearly proved by Henry Grattan that their system of coercion only stimulated the growth of treason throughout Ireland.

Military government, in all its fearful rigour, was now long established in the northern districts. Outrages of the most barbarous nature—outrages which we hesitate to name—were inflicted with brutal deliberation on the people. Every shade of hope for future amelioration expired within their breasts. Murder—real, cold-blooded murder—was perpetrated before them, around them. Women young, women old—wives, sisters, mothers—babes who scarcely knew what passed, were not exempted from the torture, and in some, alas! in many instances, glided into death beneath the reeking knife of the licensed assassin.

The only newspaper, previous to the *Press*, which ventured to give a detailed account of the governmental atrocities committed, was the *Northern Star*. An enemy of this kind was extremely troublesome, and the Camden Administration came to the conclusion of crushing it accordingly. The proprietors having been, under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, consigned to dungeons, a detachment of military proceeded to the printing-office, and utterly demolished every portion of it. As the commanding officer "looked again, and looked exulting at the ruin he had made," he is reported by Mr. Plowden to have said:—"We may now do as we please, for as the *Star* has ceased to twinkle, no other paper dares to publish any act we do." This act of barbarity is believed to have been provoked by the editor refusing to insert an article at the request of the Government.*

The judicial assassination of William Orr, at the Car-

* The outrages committed upon property in Belfast baffle all description. Amongst the most flagrant was the attack upon the house of Cunningham Gregg, Esq., which Plowden and other impartial historians aver, was without the slightest pretext or provocation. Every article within its walls fell a victim to the rapacity of the King's troops. To deny, however, that the populace, in some instances, retaliated by the perpetration of outrage and wanton cruelty, would be most preposterous and unfair.

rickfergus Assizes, in August, 1797, has, by establishing a dangerous precedent, dropped a blot of indelible blackness on the annals of British and Irish adjudication. Amongst the many new laws that came into force about the period of this event, was one which rendered it felonious to administer the United Irish oath. The first victim that suffered beneath the operation of this Statute was Mr. William Orr, an industrious farmer of worth and respectability. The only witness against him was a soldier named Whately, who solemnly swore in the presence of his Maker, that an illegal oath had been deliberately administered to him by Orr, a short time previous to the pending investigation.

The trial excited an unusual amount of interest. A vast deal hung upon the decision of the jury, and many an anxious countenance appeared in court that day. A general impression seemed to get abroad that the prosecution of Orr was an experiment of strength on the part of the Government against the people. Some of the best counsel were accordingly retained for Orr, and great hopes were entertained that the State prosecution would fall, innocuous, to the ground. These hopes, however, were doomed to be disappointed, and men beheld the well-packed jury retire from the scene, with something of an ominous expression in their countenances. The doors of the jury-room having been locked, its inmates were left to consider their verdict. Whately's evidence, notwithstanding the solemnity of his asseverations, appeared to many as extremely questionable, but few had the courage to give expression to their misgivings. Committal for contempt of Court was of much more common occurrence in those days than in the present.

The Court was up betimes next morning. At six o'clock, at the magic touch of the tipstaff, the bolts of the jury-room receded from their sockets, and twelve legal murderers swaggered into the box. "How say ye, gentlemen—guilty, or not guilty?" The answer was in the affirmative, accompanied by a recommendation to mercy.

On the subsequent morning, Orr was brought up to

receive the sentence of the Court. As this was about to be pronounced, one of his counsel (Mr. Sampson, of Loughlinstown memory,) started up, and declared that a matter had just come to his knowledge in connexion with the verdict that could not fail to place his client in a very favourable position. Sampson then produced a pair of affidavits, signed by two of the most upright of the jurors, protesting that during the night of their captivity in the jury-room, spirituous liquors had been supplied to them, and that at the period of "the finding," several of the twelve were intoxicated to a most scandalous extent. A few other jurors who disliked the formality of an affidavit, made admissions to the same effect. One, even went further, and declared that a prosecution for treason was threatened to be commenced against him, if he did not concur in a verdict of guilty. "At length," said his advocate, "worn out by fatigue, overcome by drink, and subdued by menaces, he did, contrary to his judgment, concur in that verdict. This, for the time, proved a terrible shock to the Crown, but, with characteristic fortitude, they contrived to bear up against it. Judge Chamberlain, true to his post, interrupted the counsel in his impassioned appeal, declared that such a statement ought not to be permitted—that it was evidently calculated to throw discredit on the verdict, and therefore could not be the foundation of any motion to the Court. The defence thus overruled, fell to the ground, and Orr was remanded.

A painful duty devolved on Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore, on the 30th August, 1797. It was to pronounce sentence of death and execution on William Orr, whom the British Government, for reasons of their own, were resolved to immolate. During the enunciation, his lordship's voice was heard to falter, and finally to become barely audible. It did not require any great physiognomical discernment to perceive that a mighty tumult was raging within his breast. His lordship was pronouncing an iniquitous judgment, and he knew it in his heart. With an effort, however, he contrived to finish it, but had no sooner done so, than the smouldering

volcano burst with a thunder of sympathy, and the frame of the old justice vibrated beneath the shock. The workings of his internal system triumphantly achieved the mastery. As genuine tears as ever sprang from anguish rushed hurriedly adown his cheeks; and with mute astonishment men beheld Lord Yelverton sob upon the bench.

The firm demeanour of the prisoner, and the unwonted sensibility of the judge, produced a singular sensation in court. A cold thrill of horror ran through every heart. Some of the least stoical of the jurymen undertook to plead their victim's cause, and others, less honourable and humane, slunk criminally from the scene.

The *denouement* of the tragedy has yet to come. The man who, for some paltry promotion, and still more petty lucre, undertook to swear away the life of William Orr, became suddenly oppressed beneath the weight of his crime, and, flinging himself on his knees before a magistrate, acknowledged with shame and humiliation that the entire amount of his testimony against Orr was FALSE. Thunderstruck, the magistrate listened to his tale. He put Whately upon his oath, and in the presence of God made him confirm the truth of this startling announcement.

Petitions from every quarter of the land poured into the viceregal chamber. Facts were put in their strongest light, and language the most supplicatory was employed to back them. The admissions of the witness—the evidence of the jury—what power on earth could refuse the prisoner mercy? All to no effect, however. The law, irregular as was the route, should take its course. A respite—a wretched, miserable respite—was grudgingly conceded, and on its expiration another; but nothing further. The hopes of his family, which had just begun to blossom, withered, and drooped, never again to rise. Quick beat the pulse of an ardent people as the arrow of despair rushed madly through their hearts.

A week or two of torturing suspense rolled over the patient head of the hapless legal victim. While his friends were praying the British Viceroy that the holiest prerogative of the Crown might be extended to him, Orr was employed in making his peace with Heaven. He

did not deign to supplicate with "lying lip" for mercy, but silently communing with the great Omnipotent, prepared his spirit for a plunge into mortality, and a resurrection to eternal life.

The uplifted arm of the executioner, now stayed in its downward course for several days, gradually began to tire, and at length an early day was fixed upon for the judicial assassination. Hearts beat quick as the day approached, and the good old town of Carrickfergus mourned for her son.

Lord Camden having been earnestly memorialized that his clemency should be extended towards William Orr, he directed Secretary Cooke to communicate to the anxious friends and relatives, that patent but consolatory forensic phrase—that threadbare cant in British courts of judicature—"the law must take its course." It accordingly *did* take its course, and on the 14th of October, 1797, this hapless victim to governmental caprice was launched into eternity.*

Oh, England, England, where be your vaunted equity! You tell us it exists, but, alas! we see it not. Whenever you hear allusion made to the memory of Orr, reflect with shame and humiliation on that celebrated axiom, so long the boast of your immaculate lawgivers, that it were better nine hundred and ninety-nine guilty persons escaped than that one innocent man should suffer. "Never," exclaimed Orr, after reading his dying declaration, "was I a traitor to my King. I DIE INNOCENT—a persecuted

* The *Press* newspaper (No. 9) says:—"The inhabitants of Carrickfergus, man, woman, and child, quit the town this day, rather than be present at the execution of their hapless countryman, Mr. Orr. Some removed to the distance of many miles; scarce a sentence was interchanged during the day, and every face presented a picture of the deepest melancholy, horror, and indignation. The military who attended the execution consisted of several thousands, horse and foot, with cannon, and a company of artillery, the whole forming a hollow square." What a contrast does this account present to Charles Dickens's description of the English people at the execution of the Mannings. "I believe," he writes, "that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at that execution on this morning could be imagined by no man, and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun. * * * Fightings, faintings, whistlings, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes, and tumultuous demonstrations of indecent delight when swooning women were dragged out of the crowd by the police, with their dresses disordered, gave a new zest to the general entertainment."—*Dickens's Letter to the* Times, *Nov.* 13*th*, 1849.

man for a persecuted country."* And so every man in Ireland, with a few insignificant exceptions, firmly believed him in their hearts to be.†

Ulster was the first place where the germ of the Union organization took substantial root. Its progress in that mighty district was rapid—electrical. Having considerably the start over the other provinces in the race for nationality, it, of course, reached the goal or zenith of its excitement long before the baronial and County Committees of Leinster, Connaught, and the south. Had the growth of the Union been strictly in unison—had their every act and movement towards progression been simultaneous—what a different upshot would have resulted. At the very moment that the confidence of Leinster was beginning to blossom, and their determination to display itself, Ulster was losing heart. When the French expedition arrived in Bantry Bay, nothing could be more apathetic in their regard than the peasantry of the south. Not content with manifesting the greatest lukewarmness towards their Gallic visiters, they made it a point to show the British army the most marked hospitality as they proceeded on their march; and, what is still more remarkable, exerted themselves, notably, in clearing away the snow, so that the roads might afford as few obstacles as possible to the advance of the troops. Had the armament of '96 effected a landing in Belfast, Ireland would, in all probability, now be an independent republic.

The spirit of the Northerns, though at first awakened, drooped by degrees beneath this load of oppression. Their irritation at accumulated wrong, from a tone of indignant remonstrance, subsided into "the composure of settled despair." A well-timed proclamation offering amnesty, with some exceptions, to the disaffected, suddenly

* Plowden, vol. ii. p. 399.

† The London *Courier* of December 25th, 1797, contains the following paragraph:—"MURDER MOST FOUL!—The Irish papers which arrived this morning contain the affidavits of the Rev. George Macartney, D.L., Magistrate of the county Antrim; the Rev. James Elder, Dissenting Minister; and of Alexander Montgomery, Esq., stating that Hugh Whately, one of the witnesses brought forward by the Crown against Mr. Orr, lately executed in Ireland, had confessed that he had been guilty of *perjury* and *murder!!*"

found an extensive circulation. Its appearance was opportune, for the greater body of the people, harassed by persecution, were beginning to look forward to death as a happy release from the evil power that pursued them. Provided they gave security for future good behaviour, and surrendered up to Lake their arms and ammunition, a pardon was guaranteed. Thousands of broken spirits, hurried by previous persecution to the precipice's brink, clutched convulsively at the straw. Ten thousand stand of arms rattled in amain, and protestations of allegiance dinned the royal ear. From the moment that Hoche's expedition failed, the ardour of the northern United men declined. Their hopes, from being tuned to the highest pitch of tension, suddenly became unstrung. An utter prostration of the system took place, and General Lake, wreathed with bloody laurels, stood dignified, and inflated, on the ruins of the Union. Meanwhile the organization, though dead, or nearly so in the North, extended throughout Leinster, Munster, and the West.

We have already adverted to the Irish Executive Directory. None but men of the most sterling patriotism, expanded intellect, and unimpeachable integrity, were elected members of this body. Deliberating on every step, and forming every project in connexion with its progress, the Directory was, in more than one sense, the head of the vast popular organization. To modify our anatomical simile, it was the cardiacal seat of life—the heart of the Union, which, when stabbed, deprived it of vitality and strength—the life-blood which, so long as circumstances permitted to circulate unruffled and unmolested, purified the organization, and kept it free from every particle of irregularity or disease. Whilst the United Irishmen remained under the control of the original Directory, their progress was sure and steady; but from the moment that its members were snatched from their position, and either crushed into death or consigned to dungeons, the contrary result, as might naturally be expected, ensued. Hot-tempered, inexperienced, headstrong men jumped eagerly into their place, and, as Emmet observed before the Secret Committee,

consented to that partial insurrection which unfortunately followed.

In the autumn of 1797 the Hon. Valentine Lawless was, by the unanimous consent and desire of his country, elected a member of the original Executive Directory. The election took place, it appears, without his own knowledge or even desire. Be this as it may, he attended, in the month of October, for the first and only time, in the capacity of Director, a meeting of the Executive, holden at Henry Jackson's iron and brass foundry, No. 159, Old Church-street, Dublin. He freely expressed his views on this occasion, but there is, unfortunately, no existing record of their substance. How the wisdom of Thomas Addis Emmet could ever have sanctioned such an irregular election as the above, we cannot, for the life of us, conceive.

Mr. Lawless, so far from making any disguise of his innate nationality, gloried, it would appear, in displaying it. Many, at the time we speak of, were rebels in their hearts, and shrank from suspicion, but the subject of these pages was not of the number. He never once thought of appearing in public, either in London or Dublin, without a complete outfit of "the colour of the true;" even, as we were assured by one who knew him well, to his very neck handkerchief and stockings. In the present enlightened days of black dress coats and Nichol paletots, this fashion must appear somewhat ridiculous, but towards the close of the last century there was nothing more usual among the ultra-nationalists than publicly appearing in the obnoxious colour—green. That the custom, whenever indulged in, gave great umbrage to all loyal subjects, is exemplified in the well known anecdote related of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the military gentlemen of the Curragh. Such incautious proceedings on the part of Mr. Lawless produced the result that might naturally have been expected. His "overt act of treason" became public talk, and furnished the topic for calumny at many an old countess's teapot *conversazione*. It was some consolation, however, that in proportion as one party abused, the other panegyrized him. Benedictions and maledic-

tions alternately descended on his head. Repeated intimation was conveyed to his father that the evil eye of Government was fixed upon him. Lord Nicholas expressed himself outrageous at the intelligence. He summoned Valentine to his presence, and warmly rebuked him. The old threat of disinheritance fell gloomily upon his ears, and the propriety of immediate expatriation to England was delicately hinted at by the infuriated old gentleman.

One or two of the stories *retailed* to his father having chanced to come *second-hand* to the ears of the young nationalist, his blood flew up, and he declared that they should not with impunity continue. He had his own suspicions as to the identity of the tattlers. One was, doubtless, Mr. Secretary Cooke, the gentleman who had laboured to crush the strength of his anti-Union essay, and to him he addressed a rather tart communication on the rascality of "attempting to sow disunion in a private family." "My conduct and my thoughts," said Lawless, "have at least the merit of being open and above-board; I never concealed them from my father or any other person, and I shall always be forthcoming if Government thinks proper to make further inquiry into them."

By the following post a bland and cringing answer arrived from Mr. Cooke, who, though frigidly addressed by Lawless as "Sir," now returned good for evil, by commencing with a "Dear." He bitterly deplored not being fortunate enough to see Mr. Lawless, when he called at the Castle. Anything he had said arose from personal regard and friendship for Mr. L. He begged leave to assure him, very sincerely and very unaffectedly, that he (Cooke) would be the last person to injure him in the opinion of his father or any one else, and that it would afford him much happiness to be of any service to him in his power. In conclusion, he begged his Dear Sir would ever believe him to be his most faithful servant, Edward Cooke.

This extremely plausible letter was the elaborated effusion of an extremely plausible hypocrite. We have good reason to believe that Mr. Secretary Cooke, although

professedly a friend, was one of the most dangerous enemies that Lawless, during the earlier part of his career, had to contend with. As there is no antagonist so deadly in his aim as he that deliberately fires from behind an ambuscade, so, in social life, the most dangerous enemy is the man who, under the mask of friendship, endeavours, in your absence, to subvert you in the estimation of your dearest relatives and friends.

An interesting letter from Miss C. Lawless to Lord Moira, and which we shall make use of at the fitting time, expresses pretty freely her suspicions in respect to the existence of some very gross duplicity on the part of Mr. Cooke.

The first personal collision between the Hon. V. Lawless and his Majesty's Government took place in the month of May, 1797. The Legislative Union conspiracy had been divulged, and the policy of torture seen through by the people. Although much and deeply irritated, the wise heads announced that they would *not* fight. "We will prove a more formidable enemy," said they, "by presenting an unshaken and dignified front, than in resorting to the alternative of ineffectual retaliation. It is only in our power to wound, while Government possesses the license and the capability of slaying. We will throw no stones or fire no shots, but, by the organized agitation of influential opinion, harass them in their stronghold." This view of matters appears to have been taken by a large proportion of the County Kildare gentry in the summer of 1797. They endeavoured to organize a series of meetings, petitions, and remonstrances. The Hon. Valentine Lawless having been appointed secretary, unflinchingly and ably discharged its duties. In the month of May he took an active part in inciting the inhabitants of Kildare to the preparation of such an aggregate petition against the dreaded Union as was never before, for length or influence, produced in Ireland. It began, however, on an humble scale, and in the following manner. A memorial, signed by sixty-three names, addressed to Robert Latouche, in his capacity of High Sheriff of Kildare, was presented to that worthy (?) in May, '97. Its signatures,

as we perceive by the papers of the day, embraced those of "Leinster," "Cloncurry," "Val. Lawless," "G. and H. Ponsonby," "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," &c., &c., and requested Mr. Latouche to convene a meeting of his bailiwick in order to pray the King to "dismiss his present ministers from his councils for ever, and to adopt such measures as may once more secure to these countries the blessings of interior peace." The High Sheriff replied that such a meeting as they proposed to hold would tend to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the country, and that he could not, consistently with his duty, comply with the requisition.

Lawless felt this insult, in common with his brother requisitionists, but quailed not beneath the humiliating retort. He conferred with Lord Edward, General Cockburne, and others, and the upshot was, their decision not to be defeated by Latouche. In his capacity of secretary, Lawless exerted himself with zeal and energy. He travelled through the country organizing a monster petition, calculated not only to crush the arrogance of Latouche (who essayed to strengthen his position by publishing a counter-petition, signed by some five-and-twenty parties long since dead and forgotten), but to act effectively on his Majesty's Government. The result of his labours was, that on the 27th of May, 1797, a new and spirited requisition appeared, signed by SIXTEEN HUNDRED of the magistrates and inhabitants of Kildare, and headed by no less a personage than the County Governor, William Duke of Leinster. In this capacity his Grace announced that meeting which Mr. Latouche slavishly declined to do.

The Anglo-Irish Government became alarmed. They dreaded the organized agitation of opinion, and issued a proclamation wherein they "forewarned all persons from meeting in any unusual numbers, under any pretence whatsoever." What was Lawless and his confreres to do? They published a Remonstrance:—

"The liberty of complaining," said they, "is not only a natural right, but the exercise of it ought to be allowed from motives of policy. In countries where the rigour of a severe despotism bridles the mouths of the people to

that degree that a sigh is imprisonment and a murmur death, one dreadful explosion has generally formed the beginning and the end of revolutions! whereas where the popular voice is allowed to express itself, much of the public resentment evaporates in words. * * * On this ground, therefore, the people of England, in their constitutional and legal capacity, have always been allowed to petition their Sovereign. The Constitution has never been safer than when the people have been clamorous; and the people have never long persevered in any opinion which the event did not prove to be right."

Notwithstanding the prohibition, the day for meeting was, we believe, fixed; but as it drew nearer and nearer, a report, believed at first to have been without foundation, gradually assumed a more alarming aspect and complexion. Government, resolving to stifle this expression of public opinion, despatched a large military force, under the command of Major John O'Connor, to the seat of danger in Kildare. O'Connor, like the Emperor Aurelian, of canine notoriety, vowed direful vengeance on the rebellious town, and declared that the simple fact of two County Kildare puppy dogs engaging in personal conflict, on the day of the projected meeting, would be the signal for him to make an instantaneous hash of the populace and conspirators.

Having heard those reports, Lawless, unaccompanied by a single friend, waited personally on Mr. Pelham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in order to ascertain from the fountain-head whether it were really the intention of Government to pursue so arbitrary a course as to disperse, with powder and ball, a meeting peacefully assembled for a legal purpose. "Horse, foot, and artillery," said Lord Cloncurry, in one of his speeches at the Irish Council, in 1847, "were poured into Naas! I asked Mr. Pelham what all those preparations were for; and he said the preparations were made to prevent the meeting taking place."

It appearing evident to Mr. Lawless and his distinguished colleagues that nothing but bloodshed and misfortune could result from holding this meeting in defiance of Lord Camden's prohibitory proclamation, it was adjourned to Dublin, where the parliamentary Reformers and Anti-Unionists fell into position, some weeks later,

beneath the ample cupola of the Royal Exchange. At this meeting, as appears from the newspapers of the day, the Hon. Valentine B. Lawless presided. Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, and the Legislative Union, were the subjects that elicited the eloquence of the meeting. Half a century afterwards, Lord Cloncurry made his conduct on this occasion the subject of reference at the Irish Council:—

"I believe," said his lordship, "it is really within but a very few days of fifty years since I presided at the first meeting of a political nature ever attended by me in Ireland. There was at that time a meeting called in the Royal Exchange, of the citizens of Dublin, and great excitement, great anxiety, and a great disposition to despotism in the Government of the day prevailed. We were surrounded by bayonets and muskets in the Royal Exchange, when we met to petition against the proceedings that were expected to take place for the purpose of carrying the Union."

Surrounded by muskets, we find the Hon. Mr. Lawless taking the chair and opening the proceedings. The papers of the day inform us that his conduct as chairman was "spirited and determined." Mr. Wills was the first speaker, and addressed Lawless in the following words:—

"Sir, in these fearful times, when the electors of this city can only assemble by the sufferance of the minister, by which you, Mr. LAWLESS, well know they are now assembled—and, Sir, when it is doubtful whether this meeting may not be dispersed by military force, I think it would be ill-judged in me to trespass long upon your indulgence. I shall, therefore, without further preface, propose to the consideration of my fellow-citizens certain resolutions, which, I trust, are fully expressive of the sentiments of a manifest majority of the electors of the metropolis." These he read.

The papers of the day tell us that Grattan was present at this meeting, but did not speak. If he did not, Mr. Joseph Leeson, M.P., *did*, and with much spirit too, as will be evident upon a perusal of the following extract:—

"He had heard it stated that the virtuous minority of Parliament had asserted with apathy the cause of their country. He had also heard that vile and flagitious advantage would be taken of that apathy, and an attempt made to effect AN UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN*—in aid of which purpose so many hordes of foreign troops had, for a considerable time past, been poured into this country. * * * If he could not defeat so base, so insidious, and so ruinous a measure in Parliament, he would resist it out of

* Capitals in the original report of the proceedings.

doors; and so long as he had blood in his veins, or a fellow-citizen to join him, that blood should freely flow in the cause of his country. * * * He was fully aware that, for what he was now saying, he might be walked into the next court-yard,* but nothing should deter him from declaring his sentiments, or the severities of a Court prison shake his firmness therein."

It is tolerably certain that, had Ireland many such men as Mr. Leeson,† ministers would not have succeeded in effecting a Union.

On the 10th of May, 1797, took place that celebrated withdrawal or secession from the Commons of all the uncorrupted representatives of the people. Disgusted with the fœtid venality of Parliament, and jaded to exhaustion from the effects of a long series of energetic but ineffectual struggles against corruption and state influence, Henry Grattan, Philpot Curran, George Ponsonby, and others, at length consented to the discontinuance of their attendance at the Irish Senate. This they were mainly induced to do at the instance of a deputation, consisting of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Hon. Valentine Lawless, and Arthur O'Connor, who gave it as their opinion, that any further visit to the House was nothing but a mischievous mockery, a waste of precious time, and a source of derision to their enemies. A few evenings after, Grattan availed himself of a fitting opportunity to inform the House of Commons generally, of the determination that he and his colleagues had unanimously come to. "We have offered you our measure," said he —"you will reject it; we deprecate yours—you will persevere. Having no hopes left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we will trouble you no more, and, after this day, shall not attend the House of Commons" (17 *Parl. Deb.* p. 570). Such was the peroration of Grattan's memorable speech on Mr. W. Ponsonby's motion for parliamentary reform—a measure which that gentleman and his colleagues considered the only effec-

* The Castle-yard.

† This Mr. Joseph Leeson was, if we are informed rightly, the father of the present Joseph Leeson, Earl of Miltown, who, in 1807, succeeded to the family peerage on the death of his lordship's grandfather, Brice, third Earl. Less than a year from the date of the Exchange meeting, Mr. Leeson married Emily, daughter of Archibald Douglas, Esq., who became, in 1811, the second wife of Valentine Lord Cloncurry.

tual means of ensuring the restoration of peace and confidence among the people.

This was the last effort of the popular members to bring forward the golden measure of Reform. An overwhelming and clamorous majority defeated them, and that great question, which whilom received the cordial support of Blackstone, the eloquent approval of Chatham, the helping hand of Flood, and the countenance of Saville, found itself rejected by the House of Commons with a degree of contempt that nothing but a popular motion could succeed in evoking. Upon the dissolution of Parliament, a short time subsequent to this event, we find the somewhat questionable policy referred to above still animating the minds of the national party. Amongst those who declined offering themselves as candidates at the new election were Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Henry, of Straffan. Singular to say, the addresses of both, on bowing their retirement from the representation of Kildare, were written by Mr. Lawless, who, since the publication of his Anti-Union pamphlet, enjoyed the reputation, amongst his friends, of possessing much fluency in literary composition. Fitzgerald, although a man of vast depth of comprehension, had but an indifferent command of his pen.

Subjoined is the noble Geraldine's address. It does not appear in any published memoir of his lordship; and our efforts to discover it (so many years having elapsed since the period of its composition) were attended with some delay and difficulty. The principal interest, probably, which the reader of this work will derive from its perusal, is based on the knowledge of the fact that Valentine Lawless wrote it:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF KILDARE.

"I take this opportunity of thanking my fellow-citizens for the favour they conferred on me at the last general election. I hope the conduct I have pursued since met with their approbation; it was dictated by the purest motives and most fervent wish for the welfare and happiness of Ireland. I shall not offer myself at present a candidate, feeling that under the present circumstances there can be no free election in Ireland; any return made will be only by *suffrance* of the nearest military commanding officer. What is to be expected from a Parliament returned under *martial law*? Looking to the

true spirit of the English Constitution, I doubt if a body elected under such circumstances can be called a Parliament, or its acts reckoned binding. I hope my fellow-citizens of the County Kildare will not look on my declining to stand a candidate now as abandoning their interests. I trust to see the day when I shall offer myself to represent them in a Parliament that will be freely and fairly elected, and *can* be venerated by all honest men.

"Though not your representative, believe me always your faithful servant, "ED. FITZGERALD.

"*Kildare, July* 14, 1797."

This singular step* on the part of Fitzgerald and his colleagues was not an original idea. During the previous year Mr. Fox and his party seceded from the British Parliament, on similar grounds. Lord Holland, one of themselves, and the nephew of Fox, pronounces this proceeding to have been "ill advised."† "That measure," says his lordship, "in which Fox acquiesced more from indolence than from judgment, originated chiefly with Mr. Grey, Lord Lauderdale, and the Duke of Bedford."

It was not our intention to have pained the reader's feelings by any further description of the heartless cruelties practised during the years '96 and '97 on the peasantry of Ireland. We find, however, on reflection, that we would be scarcely justified in silently passing over one flagitious instance of military tyranny which some time about this period fell under the notice of Valentine Lawless, in his capacity of magistrate for the County Kildare.

The Insurrection Act, with all its maddening tendencies, had long domineered despotically over the inhabitants of Carberry, Cappagh, and Clonard. Temporarily established in the centre of the proscribed circle was a "flying encampment," swarming with Fencibles and other dangerous vermin of the military tribe. Perpetually stinging the hapless peasantry of the district with unprovoked and wanton tortures, this camp might be figuratively likened to a vast hive of hornet wasps, making

* The patriotic Charlemont was one of the few influential Irish politicians who ventured to go against the popular feeling by disapproving of the secession.—See Hardy's "Life of Charlemont," page 386, vol. ii.

† Lord Lansdowne was outrageous. "Pray," said he, addressing Lord Holland, "is your uncle aware of what he is doing. Secession means rebellion, or it is nonsense."—*Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party*, vol. i. London, 1853.

constant and uncalled for onslaughts on the inoffensive passers by. Captain Simon Frazer, on his return to the "Hive," on the evening of July 9th, 1797, from Kilcock, where he had been indulging his appetite in the pleasures of a hospitable table, found it necessary to pass through the village of Cloncurry, which, as the reader has no doubt already surmised, was part of Mr. Lawless's father's property. Cloncurry and the neighbouring districts being proverbially peaceable, were not declared under the operation of either martial law or Insurrection Act, and the inhabitants had therefore full license to do as they pleased, in respect to whatever hour they chose to rise or retire to bed.

The summer sun, jaded after fifteen hours' active duty, was just upon the point of sinking into the rosy arms of the west, when Captain Simon Frazer, attended by John Ross, his faithful orderly, might be seen trotting their palfreys into the quiet village of Cloncurry. With gesture and expression not unlike Don Quixotte previous to his valorous charge of the windmill, the gallant captain, followed by his squire, proceeded to where an aged carpenter, named Christopher Dixon, was engaged in repairing an ass's cart. Amid much interruption, from maudlin hiccough, the captain requested to be informed how he (Dixon) dared, after sunset, to be out of doors. The old man remonstrated with his interlocutor on the unreasonable nature of the attack, and assured him that the district, so far from being proclaimed, was proverbially peaceable. To this the gallant officer replied that he (Dixon) was a liar, and his prisoner, and calling for the assistance of Ross, succeeded in strapping him to the crupper of his horse. The trio then proceeded along to the distance of some twenty perches, when the interposition of Cloncurry turnpike gate necessitated a halt. Michael Finn, the gatekeeper, not being at his post, but on the contrary in bed, Captain Frazer thundered at the door, and swore that if he did not open it instanter he would convey him to Clonard, for being "a Defendering dog." The threat had no need to be repeated, and the door was thrown open. Dixon at once appealed to Finn for a confirmation

of his statement. The gatekeeper was thunderstruck at Frazer's display of tyranny, and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him that Cloncurry and its neighbourhood were altogether unoppressed by any such incubus as the ruthless Insurrection Act. Availing himself, in the meantime, of the darkness and the confusion, Dixon contrived to descend, unobserved, from the horse, and proceeded to make his way homewards with as much celerity of gait as an octogenarian is usually capable of employing. Ross soon missed him, gave chase, and captured the fugitive. Not content with capriciously torturing him, Ross, aided and abetted by his captain, inflicted upon the venerable frame of Dixon no less than sixteen dirk and sabre wounds, of which eight were mortal, and then rode off to the camp, in the proud consciousness of having achieved a high moral duty, which could not but redound to the credit alike of master and man.

The body having been found by Finn and another man, they conveyed it to the house of a farmer named Gahagan. Here a coroner's inquest assembled on the morrow, and after a careful investigation the verdict of "WILFUL MURDER" was unhesitatingly returned. Mr. Thomas Ryan, a respectable magistrate, and for many years land agent to Valentine Lord Cloncurry, prepared a warrant for the apprehension of Frazer, and proceeded to the camp in order to see it executed. The soldiery, however, dearly loved their captain, and drove off the obtrusive magistrate at the point of the bayonet. Foiled in his endeavour to arrest him, Mr. Ryan applied to Nicholas Lord Cloncurry to know what course it would be advisable, in his judgment, to pursue. His lordship, thus appealed to, suggested the propriety of applying to Lord Carhampton, the Commander-in-chief of the Irish Forces, and offered to send his son Valentine with him, should he (Ryan) so desire it. He cheerfully accepted the proposal, and both set off together for Lord Carhampton's residence. On the way thither they were joined by Colonel, afterwards General, Sir George Cockburne, who felt much interested in the matter.

Having succeeded in obtaining an interview with Lord

Carhampton, Mr. Lawless at once produced the warrant, while Colonel Cockburne and Mr. Ryan endeavoured to place in the most striking points of view the provisions of the Insurrection Act, and the monstrous behaviour of Captain Frazer, in first arresting an inoffensive labourer, and then depriving him, in the most wanton manner, of his life. Carhampton, who, there is little doubt, rather relished the perpetration of an occasional cruelty upon the Irish peasantry, positively refused, point blank, to surrender up the bodies of either captain or orderly. "In the presence of my friends, Colonel Cockburne and Mr. Ryan," said Lawless, "I demand the person of Captain Frazer, in pursuance of the provisions of the Mutiny Act." Lord Carhampton bowed, and regretted his inability to interfere. "You may refuse to give him up," said Lawless, as he left the room, "but I tell you Captain Frazer is, *ipso facto*, cashiered."

Several days elapsed. The Fencibles* formed a hollow square around their captain, and still resisted at the bayonet's point everything that had the semblance of a magisterial advance. Determining, however, not to display "the white feather," in addition to his military one, or, what is still more probable, anxious that the world should see and appreciate the fearless intrepidity of conscious rectitude, the Fencible announced his intention of delivering himself up to justice at the ensuing assizes. These having been held at Athy, he marched straight for that town at the head of his army, the band, the while, belabouring on their kettle-drums, and roaring through their trombones, as only a Fencible band *could* roar and belabour. As the air they selected was "Croppies, lie down," it would appear that Captain Frazer intended his entry should have more the appearance of an ovation than a subjugation. In this absurd manner he strutted

* Amongst the many popular ballads that came into vogue about the period of the rebellion was one exclusively devoted to satirizing the Inverness Fencibles. It chorused thus:—

"Oh, did you see the Fencibles,
Commanded by insensibles,
Devoid of all good principles?
Detestable they are."

into Athy, determined, at all events, to overawe, as the inability to obtain a prepossession in his favour began to assail his guilty conscience with some potency.

The trial came off. Many witnesses were examined as to the good and peaceable character of Dixon—his general habits of morality and industry, and complete exemption from all treasonable intents or practices. There were also witnesses upon the other side, who gave a character for all the virtues under heaven, especially the military virtues, to Captain Frazer and his orderly. Amongst them the Rev. Thomas Knipe, a parson magistrate, occupied a prominent position. He knew Captain Frazer long and intimately, and "solemnly declared him to be a man of very great humanity." Counsellor Antisell asked him if he believed Frazer to have been in liquor? "I never saw him so," replied the parson, "but I certainly heard he was what is generally called hearty."

Mr. John Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, happened to be the presiding Judge of Assize. The facts of the case were soon dealt with, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody; but Toler's charge to the jury shot a red-hot arrow of indignation through the heart of every friend of poor Dixon or of Ireland. A more extraordinary charge was, probably, never uttered in that or any other court of law. Toler charged home for an acquittal. "Gentlemen," said he, "Captain Frazer is a gallant officer and a stranger, who in his recent ebullition of zeal has merely committed a mistake. If Dixon was as good a man as those witnesses have represented him to be, why it *is deuced fortunate for him to be out of this wicked world;* but if, on the contrary, his political bias was as bad as many others in the neighbourhood (and here he looked very significantly at Lawless, who, in his magisterial capacity, sat beside the judge), it is undoubtedly well for the country to be rid of him." Juries, generally speaking, find a verdict in accordance with the judge's charge. The captain's ovation was complete: the jury ACQUITTED him.

John Ross, the orderly, was then placed in the dock. Reader, who think you was the first witness sworn to give evidence on his behalf? No less a person than

Captain Simon Frazer. Ross had been in his service for a considerable time; he knew him to be a man of unexceptionable character.

Toler having summed up, and once more charged home for an acquittal, the jury brought in their verdict—NOT GUILTY.

The number of the *Press* newspaper, which recorded this singular trial, wound up its report* of the proceedings with—"We could not obtain the judge's charge from our brachographer, who said he was afraid to bring *the vengeance of power on him*."

Meanwhile Valentine continued to identify himself thoroughly with every movement tending, as he thought, to the amelioration of his country, and on no occasion shrank, either in public or in private, from expressing his liberal and philanthropic sentiments. Chief Justice Scott, Earl of Clonmel, a sort of ancient nephew† of Valentine's father, regarded with a nervous and observant eye those highly objectionable proceedings. Treason, with a degree of *aplomb*, altogether unprecedented in Ireland, stalked undisguisedly through the land. It forced its way through prison barriers, fired the turnkeys, dived into the loathsome hovels of the poor, strode through the gilded corridors of the great, visited the church, the senate, and the bar, and penetrated into nooks and corners where nothing but the plague was ever known to reach. Eleven cases of high treason "to be worked off" during the ensuing term, remained in "mems" upon his Lordship's tablets.‡ Clonmel trembled for the fate of Valen-

* From the report referred to, and from a letter addressed by Lord Cloncurry, in 1844, to W. J. O'Neil Daunt, Esq., M.P., containing a statement of the facts, we have been enabled mainly to compile the above account. The substance of his Lordship's letter is introduced by Mr. Daunt into "Ireland and her Agitators," page 18.

† Lord Clonmel married the only daughter of Pat Lawless, and niece of Lord Cloncurry. In the event of the death of Lady Clonmel's children, Philip Lawless, of Warrenmount, brewer, was, under the will of Lord Clonmel, bequeathed a considerable sum of money.

‡ "Lord Clonmel continues to invigorate in the cool sea breezes. The approaching labours of the ensuing term call for renovation. The trials of eleven persons for high treason will require strength of body and extension of lungs." See the *Press* newspaper of December 21, 1797.

tine. A red revolutionary tide rolled turgidly on, receiving in its progress, day by day, and hour by hour, the aids of numberless tributaries, which at first only approached slowly and doubtingly, but suddenly, as they neared the tide, rushed, with singular fascination, into its embrace. Clonmel, perceiving intuitively through the telescope of his foresight, the bloody vortex to which the red revolutionary tide was gradually tending—but which he, fortunately, never lived to see*—expostulated, begged, and conjured Lord Nicholas† to lose no time in forcing away Valentine from his treasonable associates. His father, alarmed by the ominous expression of old Clonmel's countenance, insisted on Valentine's immediate departure for London, in order, as he said, to keep his term at the Temple, and devote himself, heart and soul, to the study of the law. Disgusted, as Lawless was, at the system of misgovernment pursued by the Anglo-Irish administration, and at the reign of terror attendant on it, it did not require any very great exertion of parental authority, on the part of his lordship, to induce him to leave Ireland for the present. Accordingly, early in November, 1797, we find all arrangements complete for the instantaneous departure of Mr. Lawless. Before setting off, however, Lord Cloncurry impressed upon him the necessity of paying his *devoirs* to Lord Clonmel.

The mansions of Lords Clonmel and Cloncurry were situated in close proximity to each other. To all travellers by the Kingstown road, the villa of Maretimo is well known, and Temple Hill House, now the princely residence of Mr. Robert Gray, hardly less so. Here old Lord Clonmel in the evening of his life resided. Surrounded by the stately elms of Seapoint and Temple Hill, crowned by the clear blue sky above, and cherished by an amiable and fascinating wife, his lordship, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, would not call the British King his cousin. Clonmel had put over him a busy and

* He died on the 22nd May, 1798, a few hours previous to the commencement of the insurrection.

† Nicholas Lawless, Lord Cloncurry. Many of his friends recognised him by no other name.

an eventful life—a life not "full of kindness and bliss," but of legal drudgery, intrigue, wordy conflicts, and abject subserviency to the powers that were. To say that, far away as he was now removed from the busy hum of men, and the unsalutary vapours of a crowded city, he should have nestled, with a keen perception of enjoyment, into the bosom of the country, would be to assert a platitude as palpable as that he lived. The south side of Dublin was, in those days, essentially different from what it has since become. No house with any pretensions to respectability dotted the landscape, from Temple Hill to Dunleary. The dingy village of Black Rock, with its old stone cross, was certainly in existence, but save "Frescati," the charming residence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his beautiful Pamela, there was no really handsome country seat for miles around. A chaste, soothing quietude, broken only by the occasional cawing of a rook, the surging of the dark blue ocean, or the buzzing of a bee in quest of honey, reigned glorious and supreme throughout the rustic portion of the district. No roaring locomotives, polluting the fresh atmosphere with steam and smuts, rushed frantically to and fro at the expiration of each quarter hour. No dense white clouds of stale old dust, that alternately assumed the shape of mud and powder every week for the last five-and-twenty years, disported along the thoroughfare in fiendish glee, blinding the unwary, and enveloping in one vast sheet of mist the countless vehicles, cocks and hens, furniture vans, asses' carts, dogs, horsemen, and pedestrians, that seem to have, every day of their existence, some business of importance to transact upon the Kingstown road. To sum up all, the honest denizens of the district were, in those days, rarely scared by the awful apparitions of county cess, poor rate, income, and metropolitan police tax collectors, tugging energetically at their door-bells, and intimating, in discordant accents, that, if payment be not made within eight days, proceedings would be unrelentingly commenced.

On the morning of his departure for London, Valentine repaired to Temple Hill House—or, as it was designated

in those days—"Neptune," for the purpose of taking an affectionate farewell of the watchful guardian of his worldly interests. We are inclined to think, however, that a neighbourly feeling, and the consideration of Clonmel being a near relative of his family, had more weight in inducing Valentine to pay him this visit than the lively interest taken by the old lawyer in keeping him out of harm's way.

While Valentine is walking up the hilly road from Maretimo to Temple Hill, we cannot employ the interval better than by laying before the reader an amusing sketch of Lord Clonmel, which appears in Mr. Phillips's interesting work, "Curran and his Cotemporaries:"—

"Amongst those who were most distinguished when Mr. Curran came to the bar, and with whom, afterwards, as Chief Justice, he not unfrequently came in collision, was Mr. John Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel. This person sprang from a very humble rank of life,* and raised himself to his subsequent elevation, partly by his talents, partly by his courage, and, though last, not least, by his very superior knowledge of the world. During the stormy administration of Lord Townsend, he, on the recommendation of the then Chancellor, was elected to a seat in the House, and from that period advanced gradually through the subordinate offices to his station on the bench. In the year 1770, and during the succeeding sessions, he had to encounter, almost alone, an opposition headed by Mr Flood, and composed of as much effective hostility as ever faced a treasury bench. His powers were rather versatile than argumentative; but when he failed to convince, he generally succeeded in diverting: and if he did not, by the gravity of his reasoning, dignify the majority to which he sedulously attached himself, he, at all events, covered their retreat with an exhaustless quiver of alternate sarcasm and ridicule. Added to this, he had a perseverance not to be fatigued, and a personal intrepidity altogether invincible. When he could not overcome, he swaggered; and when he could not bully, he fought. Successful as Lord Clonmel was in his political career, he by no means looked back on it with satisfaction. It is recorded of him that he said, on his death-bed, 'As to myself, if I were to begin life again, I would rather be a chimney-sweeper than connected with the Irish Government.'"

Here we take the liberty of interrupting Mr. Phillips in his interesting reminiscences of Lord Clonmel, for the purpose of introducing—rather obtrusively, we fear—an observation of our own. The anecdote of his lordship's

* Mr. Phillips does less than justice to the pedigree of Lord Clonmel. His lordship's father was the Rev. Michael Scott, and his grandfather a military captain under William the Third, who fell in the act of leading on his troops to victory.—W. J. F.

penchant for the chimney-sweeping trade, in preference to a connexion with the Irish Government, is indissolubly connected with the subject of this memoir. That very extraordinary observation was not made upon his lordship's death-bed, as Mr. Phillips supposes, but addressed to Valentine on the identical morning that he waited upon his cousin at Temple Hill, preparatory to his departure for England.* We make this allegation upon the authority of Lord Cloncurry himself.

The correct version of the anecdote is as follows. In the course of the last conversation that ever took place between Clonmel and Valentine Lawless *i.e.*, on November 17th, 1797, his lordship suddenly exclaimed, in a burst of not very characteristic candour—"My dear Val., I have been a fortunate man in life. I am a chief justice and an earl; but, believe me, I would rather be beginning the world as a young sweep."

Apologising to Mr. Phillips and the reader for this interruption, we will now beg leave to resume the broken thread of his narrative:—

"The asperities of his public conduct were, however, invisible in private. He was stored with anecdote—seldom, certainly, very delicate in the selection; but his companionable qualities were well seconded by the fidelity of

* There is an interesting anecdote related in "Grattan's Memoirs" (vol. ii. p. 146) of some curious revelations made by Lord Clonmel at this period. Finding ill health oppress him, he sent for his nephew, Dean Scott, to examine his political correspondence, and destroy any portion of it that it would be indiscreet to preserve. There was one letter, in particular, which Lord Clonmel felt extremely anxious should be discovered by Dean Scott, and as soon as possible committed to the flames. It completely revealed the base policy of England in encouraging the growth of United Irishmen, in order that the ministerial Union bark might, on a vast rushing sea of Irish blood, be carried triumphantly along. The document was soon found, and by an easy process reduced to ashes. Dean Scott, years after, communicated this fact to Mr. Grattan, in order that it might be used for the purposes of history, but he refused to give the writer's name or more of the contents, than that "*they allowed the United Men to go on, in order to carry the Union, and that such was their design.*" Lord Clonmel, some eighteen months previous to his death, called on the Viceroy, and told him that as Government were well acquainted with the extent of the united organization, it behoved them at once to crush it, and thus avert the sanguinary horrors of an insurrection. His Excellency received him coldly, and from that day Lord Clonmel was never summoned to the Privy Council. His lordship detailed this circumstance to Dean Scott, early in 1798.—W. J. F.

his friendships; and it is told of him, that he never made an insincere profession, or forgot a favour. * * *

"The death of Lord Clonmel is said to have originated in a very curious incident. In 1792, Mr. John Magee, the spirited proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, had a fiat issued against him in a case of libel, for a sum which the defendant thought excessive. The bench and the press were directly committed; and in such a case, had a judge ten-fold the power he has, he would be comparatively harmless. The subject made a noise—was brought before Parliament—and was at last, at least politically, set at rest by the defeat of the Chief Justice, and the restriction of the judges in future, in such cases, to an inferior and a definite sum. Discomfited and mortified, Lord Clonmel retreated from the contest; but he retreated like a harpooned leviathan—the barb was in his back, and Magee held the cordage. He made the life of his enemy a burden to him. He exposed his errors, denied his merits, magnified his mistakes, ridiculed his pretensions, and continually edging, without overstepping the boundary of libel, poured upon the Chief Justice, from the battery of the press, a perpetual broadside of sarcasm and invective. 'The man,' says Dr. Johnson, challenging Junius, 'who vilifies established authority is sure to find an audience.' Lord Clonmel too fatally verified the apothegm. Wherever he went, he was lampooned by a ballad-singer, or laughed at by the populace. Nor was Magee's arsenal composed exclusively of paper ammunition. He rented a field bordering his lordship's highly-improved and decorated demesne: he advertised, month after month, that on such a day he would exhibit in this field a *grand Olympic pig hunt:* that the people, out of gratitude for their patronage of his newspaper, should be gratuitous spectators of this revived *classical* amusement; and that he was determined to make so amazing a provision of whiskey and porter, that if any man went home thirsty it should be his own fault. The plan completely succeeded. Hundreds and thousands assembled; every man did justice to his entertainer's hospitality; and his lordship's magnificent demesne, uprooted and desolate, next day exhibited nothing but the ruins of *the Olympic pig hunt.** The rebellion approached—the popular exasperation was at its height; and the end of it was, that Magee went mad with his victory, and Lord Clonmel died, literally broken-hearted with his defeat and his apprehensions. The Chief Justice, towards the close of his life, was delicate in health, and frequent reports of his death were circulated. On one of these occasions, when he was really very ill, a friend said to Curran, 'Well, they say Clonmel is going to die at last. Do you believe it?' 'I believe,' said Curran, 'he is scoundrel enough to live or die, *just as it suits his own convenience!!*"

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* The pigs were declared to be the property of those who were sufficiently fortunate as to catch them. The tails of the most agile having been carefully soaped, the chase began. Judge of the ecstasy of Magee to find the usually perverse quadrupeds doing exactly as he wished, by steering direct for Lord Clonmel's parterres and shrubberies. The mob that followed in their wake, the yelling and screaming, may be easily imagined, but with difficulty described.—W. J. F.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Clonmel flings his Cousin on Charybdis while endeavouring to keep him clear of Scylla—Lawless, Curran, and Bonham establish a Society of United Irishmen in London—Generosity of Mr. Lawless towards the Irish Refugees—Chairman of the Meeting to compliment Lord Moira—His Lordship's Letter to Mr. Lawless—Editorial Article from the *Press* in Praise of Mr. Lawless—Mortification of Lords Clonmel and Cloncurry at his democratic Bias—Benevolent Society of St. Patrick—Awkward Incident—Father O'Coigly—He waits upon Mr. Lawless in London, and obtains Money from him—Arrested with O'Connor at Margate—Exertions made by Mr. Lawless to obtain Money for his Defence—John Joseph Henry's munificent Remittance—O'Coigly hung at Pennenden Heath—Lord Holland on the Execution of O'Coigly—Arthur O'Connor's Conduct open to Censure—Mr. Lawless acquires a Feeling of Distrust in him—Duel with Mr. Hubaud—Extract from Letter of W. J. O'Neil Daunt, Esq., M.P., to the Author—Furnival's Inn—English Spies in France—Bonham—Colonel Despard—Arrest of the Leinster Delegates at Bond's—Reynolds, the Informer—Arrest and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—Lady Fitzgerald concealed by the Sisters of Mr. Lawless—The New Directory—John and Henry Sheares—Their Labours in endeavouring to hurry the Insurrection to a head—Betrayed by Captain Armstrong—Their Execution—Arrest of Neilson—Commencement of the Rebellion—Detailed Narrative of its Progress—Lawless arrested and entrusted to the Care of a King's Messenger—Repeatedly examined by the Privy Council—Letter to the Duke of Portland in reference to Lawless—Liberated from Confinement—Forms a Matrimonial Alliance—Letter from Colonel Cockburne.

To the infinite horror of the wary lawyer—Lord Clonmel, and the infinite chagrin of the fidgety father—Lord Cloncurry, they soon found that Master Valentine, on his arrival in London, had, to use a vulgar but significant Irish form of expression, "dropped out of the frying-pan into the fire." In short, he at once connected himself with several ardent young patriots, not only of the "United Irish," but of the "London Corresponding Society," and was, in the conception of many sapient loyalists, rapidly earning the axe of attainder. How far his treason extended, the reader will see anon.

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It would appear that the proverbially generous and patriotic disposition of Mr. Lawless was not less known in London than in Dublin. From the day of his arrival he found himself hourly importuned for pecuniary aid—sometimes to further the ends of nationality—sometimes to relieve the necessities of certain compatriots of his that during this period, and long anterior to it, thronged into London before the reeking sabres of the Ancient Briton cavalry, or the goading prods of the yeomanry bayonets. The sword of extermination was at work in Ireland, and thousands of unfortunates ran, panic-stricken, from before it.

With a generous and patriotic object in view, a body of young Templars, headed by Mr. Lawless, formed themselves into a club or society, which, having been duly inaugurated, they agreed to designate by the somewhat alarming term—"United Irish." This done, a fund was at once established in connexion with it, for the relief of those unfortunate Irish refugees, who, there was reason to apprehend, were in a state of great destitution. Prominent amongst the associates stood Mr. Stewart, of Acton—an Irish gentleman of large landed property, Mr. Agar, nephew to the Archbishop of Dublin, Richard Curran, eldest son of Philpot Curran, John Bonham, afterwards Master of the Ordnance, and Mr. Tranor, the intimate friend and private secretary of Lawless. This club was not united by any bonds of connexion with the Irish Executive Directory, or the vast organization over which it presided. *Poro curante* and *vive la compagnie* appear to have been its motto, and not *Mourir pour le Patrie*, or *Ca Ira*.

It would, of course, be, at this distance of time, impossible to ascertain the amount of money, or anything like it, distributed by Lawless amongst his destitute fellow-countrymen when resident in London during the winter of '97. We have reason to know, that he never gave except munificently, and that his acts of benevolence were of as frequent occurrence as a pious old lady's disbursement of halfpence to the objects of charity casually encountered. One of his first acts of generosity, on

arriving in London, was to make up a subscription for Peter Finnerty, the publisher of the *Press*, who, by an adverse verdict, shortly before, had been reduced to a state of misery little short of utter ruin.

Lawless, as already observed, arrived in London during the month of November, 1797. In a public journal, now rarely met with, we find honourable mention of him as one of several barristers who assembled at the Temple Inn on the 29th November, for the purpose of complimenting the good Lord Moira. We allude to the *Press* newspaper, which, had it not remained in the author's family since the year of its suppression, would be no easy matter to procure just now. In its impression for December 12, 1797—bless us! what imperfect telegraphic communication they had in those days—we find the resolutions passed at the meeting of the 29th ult., together with an editorial article in reference to Lawless, written, most probably, by Arthur O'Connor.

The Earl of Moira, on the 22nd November, made, as has been already stated, a powerful speech before the British House of Lords, wherein he called the attention of his hearers to the terrific system of oppression and extermination which, like a desolating plague, swept through Ireland. Several Irish gentlemen (principally Templars), anxious to thank the noble lord for his manly and patriotic speech, convened a meeting at the Temple Inn, London, and at the conclusion of their proceedings passed a series of resolutions. The Hon. Valentine Browne Lawless presided as chairman. We extract Lord Moira's letter, and the editorial article succeeding it, from No. 33 of the *Press* newspaper, a journal whilom honoured with the personal attentions of the common hangman.*

LORD MOIRA TO THE HON. VALENTINE LAWLESS.

No. 2.] "*Donnington, Dec.* 2, 1797.

"Sir,—I have been honoured with the letter in which you transmit to me the resolutions of the Irish gentlemen, students at the Temple. It gives

* Like Molyneux's "Case of Ireland Stated," it was sentenced to be burnt by that personage. Peter Finnerty passed some time in the pillory for pub-

me peculiar gratification to find myself supported by such an opinion as to the expediency of the statement which I made in the House of Lords. Conversant as you respectively are with the situation of Ireland, your testimony will sufficiently answer, that no time was to be lost in making public the condition of that kingdom. You have truly observed, that in my recital I suppressed many of the grossest instances of outrage, with the details of which I could not but be acquainted. My object was not to move indignation, but to force Ministers to a due consideration of an interest the most important to the British empire of any ever yet hazarded. That they should attempt a vindication of the oppressions exercised, when they could not venture to deny the facts, did not surprise me; because, I could not expect a ready confession of an error so serious in its nature. My hope rested, and rested here, that their reflection will tell them how impossible it is for the people of England to regard with an indifferent eye a perseverance in that frantic system.

"The generous spirit of this country will not wait to calculate the fatal effects which those violences may produce upon every relation that subsists between the two kingdoms. It will decide from another statement; it will spurn a concurrence in this oppression, from a consciousness that the nation which could with apathy see a capricious despotism established over a neighbouring country must become near the point of inviting such a dominion over itself. Now that the sufferings of Ireland have been made known to the public, Ministers will foresee the consequence, and they will thence, I trust, be induced to adopt a tone of conciliation, which, I doubt not, will still be effectual. * * * *

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"MOIRA.

"*Hon. V. B. Lawless.*"

"We are happy to find from the above article of intelligence, that the exertions of Mr. Lawless in the cause of his country have not ceased on his passing into another. This distinguished young patriot, though the son of a nobleman, is an honest, independent citizen, capable of judging for himself, and seeking distinction where it is only desirable, in the field of generous emulation. We congratulate our country on the prospect of so great an accession of spirit and good sense to the profession of the law." * * *

From the foregoing it will be seen that Valentine, upon his arrival in London, lost hardly a day in plunging into the work expected at his hands by O'Connor and Fitzgerald. In proportion as they felt gratified at his display of patriotism, his family were mortified. We can well imagine old Lord Clonmel, upon hearing of his cousin's proceedings across the water, sending frantically for the newspaper which contained the report, and, with

lishing it. The paper itself, one of the most talented that had, previous to 1797, appeared, shared the same fate as the *Nation*, *Tribune*, and *United Irishman*, in '48.

fingers trembling with nervous apprehension, adjusting athwart his nose his gold-mounted spectacles preparatory to an investigation for treason, in the recorded conduct of his "giddy friend."

It was and is usual with "the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick," annually to give, on the feast day of the Irish apostle, a grand banquet in the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street, London. On its eighteenth anniversary (March 17th, 1798), an incident occurred, with which our hero is identified, that gave rise at the time to much censorious gossip at his expense. The Earl of Moira and some other members of the Whig aristocracy promised to attend the entertainment on this occasion. Lawless was invited also, but as he happened to be labouring under an attack of influenza, endeavoured to persuade the stewards to accept his apology. This they refused to do, and the valetudinarian was obliged to promise that he would make an exertion and go. When the day arrived, he found himself, as the story has it, if anything, worse, and wavering as to whether he would go or stay. Matters were precisely in this position, when Lord Moira, on his way to the dinner, called on Lawless, at his lodgings in St. Albans-street, and bore him off in triumph.

After dinner, several healths were proposed, and, amongst the number, the Queen's. Lawless sat at the foot of the table, and was observed to rise from his seat with an effort the very reverse of alacrity. His dress, which was, as usual, green, and, in consequence, more or less obnoxious to a certain party, stimulated the slumbering suspicions of some very loyal gentlemen present, who immediately raised the war-whoop of "Put him out"—"Chair"—"Order," &c., &c., to the no small discomfiture of Mr. Lawless,* who, according to his own account—and we should be sorry to disbelieve it—was totally inno-

* An influential paper, the *Freeman's Journal*, shortly after the death of Lord Cloncurry, in 1853, published a biographical sketch of the patriot peer. It appeared to throw some doubts on the verity of Lord Cloncurry's own version of the incident. "Making some mistake," says the *Freeman*, "when the Queen's health was proposed, not satisfactorily cleared up by his lordship some fifty years after—we suspect, because he could not—the Government grew more intense in its suspicions, and he was soon after arrested."

cent of any intentional disrespect towards her Majesty. As soon as the storm of indignation had in some degree abated, he rose from his seat, and, addressing the Earl of Moira, assured him that there was nothing further from his thoughts than to manifest contempt to the Queen of England—that his tardiness in rising was to be attributed to indisposition, and not to disrespect; and that even supposing he were disposed to show it, he would not select an opportunity for such a display when his valued friend, Lord Moira, as the proposer of the toast, could not but feel very naturally hurt.

What Irishman is there who has not heard of Father James O'Coigly, who, in 1798, paid the usual penalty of patriotism? As the history of his latter days is indissolubly connected with the Hon. Mr. Lawless, we may, perhaps, be permitted to introduce here a few observations in reference to them.

Descended from an ancient and distinguished sept, O'Coigly was born in the hot-bed of Orangeism—the County Armagh—in 1762. Here he continued to reside until 1785, when his inclinations led him to enter, as a divinity student, the Irish College in Paris. In 1796 his family were reduced, in common with many another, to the hard necessity of flying from their homes by the sword of the exterminator, which, under the vaunted sanction of Government, was daily at its work, fleshing unto death, and torturing to madness. The active and naturally intrepid spirit of Father O'Coigly led him to head the forlorn hope of Ireland, in endeavouring to bring to justice the "Peep-o'-day" and "Immortal Memory" banditti, whose atrocities we have already more than once referred to. This line of conduct, no doubt, accelerated the descent of their vengeance on his house. In 1796, as we are informed by his own narrative,* a body of Orange wreckers marched to his father's dwelling, and signified their intention of reducing it to ruin. O'Coigly's aged and helpless parents, observing their approach, immediately threw open both windows and doors, in order to avoid the slightest semblance of

* The Life of the Rev. James Coigly, written by himself. London: 1798.

resistance. Their visitors, however, were more chagrined than pleased at this proceeding, and gave rein to their indignation by discharging one hundred rounds of ball-cartridge into the house. This done, they proceeded to drag from his chamber the prostrate body of old O'Coigly, and with blunderbusses aimed at his head and breast, threatenened him with instantaneous death, if he did not consent, then and there, to renounce the fatal delusions of Popery, and conform to that religion which they themselves professed. Seeing little of the meekness of the Gospel, or of true brotherly love in the general demeanour of those watchful guardians of his spiritual interests, it may readily be supposed that the staunch old Papist rejected with indignation their proposal, and in the face of death declared that never would he consent to be aught but a Catholic. The saints shook their heads, declared it to be a bad case, and transferred their godly labours to the house.

They sacked it mercilessly. Plate, cash, clothes, and every portable article of value they removed. Furniture, pictures, books, and manuscripts, formed the elements of a mighty bonfire. Among the latter, were some valuable autograph writings of James II., Tyrconnell, Sarsfield, and others, which young O'Coigly had, with much expense and labour, collected for materials to form a history of the rebellion of 1741. After completely gutting the place, the wreckers defiled off to the residence of another member of the family, and there commenced a series of similar outrages. Father O'Coigly rushed like a maniac in quest of some upright magistrate who would take his depositions, but, alas! such men were rare, and all his labours to bring the Orange perpetrators to punishment proved unavailing. Maddened by the unrelenting sting of persecution, and driven to desperation, O'Coigly connected himself, in a moment of impulse, with the Northern Society of United Irishmen. In his capacity of delegate, he visited France in 1797. How far his treasonable views extended, we are not in a position to say; but that he was more incautious than anything else, is, we believe, highly probable. Early in '98, business

demanded a second visit on his part to Paris. He set out thither, but, as time will show, never reached it.

We beg particularly to call the reader's attention to the following paragraphs, which we take the liberty of extracting from Dr. Madden's "United Irishmen," Vol. II., Third Series:—

"Coigly, on his way to France, passed through London. He brought a letter of introduction to an Irish gentleman then residing in London, in which he was described as a priest who had rendered himself conspicuous in the North, in resisting the persecutors of the Catholic peasantry, and was then flying to France to escape the fate of all those who interfered with their outrageous proceedings. The account I am now giving was related to me by the gentleman in question, a person whose veracity is not better known to his countrymen, than his unfailing services to his country, whether in the senate, on the magisterial bench, or in his capacity of a landlord, and promoter of every measure useful to his country.

"Coigly was in great distress; he was assisted by this gentleman, and invited to his house on two or three occasions. Arthur O'Connor, who had recently arrived in London, dined with this gentleman, when Coigly and O'Connor met at his house, at dinner, for the first time. * * *

"At this period, the gentleman referred to, and every Irishman who frequented his house, were vigilantly watched by agents of a higher department than the police. That gentleman was well aware that he never went abroad that he was not followed, at a convenient distance, by a special spy appointed to watch his movements, as well as those of every person who visited him. This circumstance throws some light on the nature of the clue which caused the Bow-street runners to be in the footsteps of O'Connor and his party, when they were arrested at Margate."

The anonymous gentleman alluded to by Dr. Madden, in the foregoing paragraphs, was—need we say it—the Hon. Valentine Browne Lawless. And, reader, who, think you, was the writer of O'Coigly's letter of introduction? No other than honest Mathew Dowling, who aided Rowan in his escape from prison, and two years after gave the wink to Napper Tandy, at Carrickfergus, to be off.

Lawless was forcibly struck with the imposing appearance of O'Coigly. He never remembered to have seen a finer-looking man, and every word of the harrowing narrative of his afflictions poured deep and scalding into his reeling heart. The eyes of Lawless suffused with tears. The priest saw the impression he had produced, and improved on it. He told him how his hoary-headed parents had been hunted, by the lash of persecution, from

Armagh; how he took shelter in Dundalk, but was soon reduced to the necessity of abandoning it, in consequence of the implacable hostility with which the Orange yeomanry pursued him, that now he was desirous of reaching Douay, where erst he had been a professor in the University, and would require some pecuniary assistance to defray the expenses of the journey. The letter from Mat. Dowling corroborated these statements, and informed Lawless, in conclusion, that a case of more genuine distress could not possibly be met with.

Lawless not only placed ample assistance in O'Coigly's hands, but hospitably invited him to partake of his bachelor's dinner on the day following. He thankfully accepted it, and gained, by so doing, a very reputable, although a somewhat dangerous, acquaintance.* Arthur O'Connor, editor of the *Press*, was one of the guests. He and the priest took to each other warmly in the course of the evening, and, two or three days after, left London together for Margate, *en route* for France, accompanied by Benjamin and John Binns. Mr. Lawless, it would appear, was wholly ignorant of the arrangements entered into between the clergyman and O'Connor. He laboured under the impression that O'Coigly merely accompanied him to France in the capacity of private secretary. That they had some deeper project in perspective than what appeared to our young templar will, we think, be evident from the sequel.

* "Before that period, I never saw O'Connor in my whole life. *This can be proved by the very person, now in London, who introduced him to me.*"—*Life of the Rev. J. Coigly.* London, 1798.

Appended to the first volume of the third series of Madden's "United Irishmen," is a narrative drawn up by Mr. Binns, one of the party arrested at Margate. At page 416, he writes:—"Coigly was acquainted with most of the leaders of the United Irishmen. He was no stranger to L——; he made him a United Irishman in his father's house, in Merrion-street, Dublin." That Lawless is the party alluded to by Mr. Binns, there can be, we believe, little doubt. His father's house, now the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was situated in Merrion-street. The suppression of the name is also a proof, Lord Cloncurry having been living at the time of publication. But Mr. Binns is under error; if we are to credit the word of Lord Cloncurry, he saw O'Coigly, for the first time, on his presenting the note of introduction from Mat. Dowling.

Messrs. Fugion and Rivett, two notorious Bow-street officers, having dogged, with unerring scent, O'Connor and the priest to Margate, came to the conclusion that decisive preparations for their immediate capture ought then and there to be entered into. No time was to be lost, as less than three hours would probably land them on the shores of France.

O'Coigly was partaking of some breakfast at the King's Head Inn, when the Bow-street runners rushed into the apartment. Having been seized and searched, a dirk was found upon his person. He manifested great coolness, and requested that the constables would permit him to finish his meal ere they subjected him to any further examination. Rivett turned the pockets of a great coat belonging to O'Coigly inside out, but nothing of importance came to light beyond a memorandum book, which contained, amongst some Latin certificates apper taining to his studies, a very extraordinary paper, headed, "An Address of the London Corresponding Society to the Executive Directory of France." The tenor of this document was, according to the laws of England, undoubtedly seditious. In O'Connor's portmanteau, a sum of money, amounting to £900,* a military uniform, and some papers relating to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, were discovered. Suffice it to say, that enough transpired to make Government suspect the loyalty of the travellers.

Binns, O'Connor, and the priest, having been escorted to London by a strong guard, they were examined by the magistrates, who considered the evidence of a sufficiently conclusive character to warrant their committal.†

* See "Madden's Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," Third Series, vol. ii., page 18.

† In connexion with the imprisonment of Arthur O'Connor, at Maidstone, in 1798, we beg to refer the reader to our Appendix, wherein an interesting and well authenticated story, *never before published to the world*, appears. The writer (Major Scott, of the 91st Regt.) is perhaps the only person now living who could tell it. His father, William Scott, was the barrister who defended O'Connor and Binns at Maidstone. Scott's eldest sister married Lord Oxford, and was mother of Lady Charlotte Harley, the "Ianthe" of Childe Harold. Scott himself was a political disciple of Horne Tooke.

Major Scott has written the story precisely as he used to hear his father

The heavy tramp of the turnkey, after locking up his prisoner, had hardly ceased to echo through the vaulted passages of Maidstone jail, than the unfortunate O'Coigly proceeded to indite a most affecting letter to the same benevolent gentleman who had so generously aided him on the recommendation of Mat. Dowling. The application was now for funds to enable him to retain efficient counsel for his defence. Reader, was the appeal unsuccessful, think you? Listen to what B. P. Binns, one of the men of '98, says, in the course of a letter on the death of his venerated friend, O'Coigly, published forty-two years after that event. The blanks may safely be filled up with the name of Lawless.

"I well recollect at the time antecedent to the trial of O'Coigly and others, being present myself during the short period of ten days, between my liberation by the Privy Council, and second arrest, that —— gave 300 guineas to defend him, by a check on his banker, in the Chamber of Councillors, in the Temple. Well, sir, Billy Pitt had —— arrested by his *lettres de cachet*, and sent to prison, where he remained for three long years. In fact, the personal liberty of every man was then at the caprice of Billy Pitt."

The sum of 300 guineas is, doubtless, an exaggeration, as Lawless was living at the time upon a very moderate allowance from Lord Cloncurry. He gave, however, generously, by a cheque on his banker, and engaged the professional assistance of a skilful attorney named Foulkes, to whom he promised to be accountable for all incidental expenses in the matter. The sympathies of Lawless were awakened with a vengeance. Not satisfied with giving the clergyman promises, and *ipso facto* gifts of personal assistance, he addressed a touching letter to our old acquaintance, Thomas Braughall, wherein he called upon him, as an Irishman, and a Catholic, to subscribe for the relief of a patriotic and distressed member of his priesthood, who lay ironed in the dungeons of Maidstone jail. Lawless did not confine his applications to Roman Catholics. He wrote to his esteemed friend, John Joseph Henry, of Straffan, Esq. (brother-in-law of Lord Edward

tell it. O'Connor compromised the safety of a friend by detaining a sword cane. The story does not redound very much to his credit, but is merely a proof of thoughtlessness, not of treachery.

Fitzgerand), expressing a hope that he (Mr. Henry) would kindly send him something, however small, in aid of the unfortunate clergyman. Mr. Henry's reply contained something more substantial than words or sympathy. That generous and patriotic Irishman placed at his friend's disposal the munificent remittance of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS. This exceeded, by a very considerable amount, the most sanguine expectations of Mr. Lawless, and not considering it necessary to retain a larger sum than £50, enclosed him the overplus by return of post.

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Braughall, Lawless more than alluded to the generous act; and in a half playful, half affectionate manner, spoke of the donor as "little Henry." Braughall was an old associate of Wolfe Tone's, and incurred, in common with many other patriotic gentlemen, the suspicions of Government. His house in Eccles-street was, in May '98, searched, and his papers seized, amongst which turned up Lawless's letter to him on the subject of Father O'Coigly. The phrase, "little Henry," after due analysis by the *quid nunes* of the Castle, was considered to allude to Henry Grattan, to whom the epithet was, in some degree, applicable. The result was, that Grattan, one fine morning, found himself placed under arrest. But of this anon.

Of all the prisoners arrested at Margate, none appeared to the English Government so scarlet with crime as the Catholic clergyman, and they resolved to crush him signally and effectively, come what would. Arthur O'Connor, although a much more dangerous character, they appear to have been comparatively easy about. Both John and Benjamin Binns had a good deal of treason in their composition too, but Mr. William Pitt rushed frantically past them in his hungry anxiety to seize upon the priest. Ere O'Coigly could be prosecuted to conviction, however, it was necessary that some person should be produced who would undertake to swear positively to his handwriting. The means employed to procure this desideratum were, we much fear, not particularly scrupulous. O'Coigly, in his own autobiographical narrative, written

in the interval between his conviction and execution, expressed himself as follows:—

"Fugion and Rivett swore that the paper in question was found by the latter in a pocket-book, in the pocket of that great coat, which I declare most solemnly, in the face of my country and my God, was false, unless one of them, or some other person, put it there. * * The last of these witnesses was the notorious informer, Dutton, of Newry, who swore to my handwriting, and had the audacity to say that he had frequently seen me write, which I declare to God is false."

These solemn protestations must be regarded as the dying declaration of a dying man. To suppose that any one, much less a minister of the Gospel, would, at such an awful moment, dye his immortal soul in the crimson guilt of perjury, is altogether so improbable, that readers of every creed and party will, no doubt, unhesitatingly credit O'Coigly's statement.

The anxiety on the part of Government to ensure his conviction is evident from the following private letter addressed by Secretary Wickham to Lord Castlereagh, and which we take the liberty of culling from that valuable collection of State papers recently published under the auspices of Lord Londonderry:—

"*Whitehall, April* 11, 1798.

"My Lord,—* * * * * * It is most exceedingly to be lamented that no person can be sent over from Ireland to prove O'Coigly s handwriting. Proof of that kind would be so extremely material, that I have no doubt that the law officers would think it right to put off the trial, if they could have any hope of any person being found in a short time who could speak distinctly to his handwriting."

The source of bitter lamentation to his Majesty's law officers was effectually removed by the appearance of Dutton, one of the mercenary informers of the north. This man swore in the most positive manner that some very ambiguous, and, to all intents and purposes, extremely innocent letters were in the handwriting of O'Coigly; and that he was enabled to do so from having, while resident in Dundalk, seen him (O'Coigly) affix his signature to some cards in connexion with a raffle which had been set on foot for the relief of a distressed family.

Mr. Plumer professed to be the leading counsel for O'Connor and O'Coigly, and made a speech of nearly five hours' duration; but the defence of the wretched priest occupied scarcely as many minutes. The little that Mr. Plumer did say in his favour (?) operated more to his prejudice than anything else.

At the conclusion of the Attorney-General's speech, O'Coigly addressed the Court, and solemnly protested that the paper to which so much importance was attached never belonged to him. It certainly did not belong to O'Coigly, but he was, to a certain extent, culpable in having it in his possession at all. At the request of his friend, Dr. Crossfield, as Mr. Binns assures us, he consented to oblige him by carrying the address of the Corresponding Society to France. Of the sentiments contained in it O'Coigly was as innocent as the child in the womb. The indictment charged him with being an emissary from the English Corresponding Society, detected in the act of going to France, in order to open treasonable communication with the Executive Directory. For this act of treason O'Coigly was found guilty on weak and inconclusive evidence. Whatever his connexion might have been with the Irish, he certainly had nothing to do with the English Union Club.

But to return to the trial. "Mr. Justice Buller," says Dr. Madden, "leaned heavily on O'Coigly, throwing out many doubts of a favourable kind to the other prisoners." The consequence was, that the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the priest, and not guilty against his five fellow-prisoners—O'Connor, B. and J. Binns, Leary, and Allen.

Previously to undergoing execution, O'Coigly was visited by the Catholic chaplain of the gaol, who, according to the narrative published in 1798, was commissioned by Government to make certain overtures to the prisoner, which he (O'C.) could not without dishonour meet. A Catholic clergyman putting himself in confidential communication with the King's ministers, before yielding spiritual assistance to prisoners under sentence of death, commits an outrage on decency and honour that could not be too

strongly reprobated. O'Coigly, in his narrative, speaks of the chaplain's conduct in most unmeasured terms, but with hardly less severity than it deserved. The great object which the rev. gentleman had in view was to prevail on his penitent to criminate O'Connor and the other prisoners, by private information to Government of their acts and intentions. He told him that, in case he did as proposed, his (O'Coigly's) life would not only be spared, but himself, his parents, brothers, and family, handsomely remunerated by a grateful Government; while, on the other hand, if he refused, the vengeance of that same Government would never cease to pursue them. The chaplain dwelt at much length on the duty he owed to his parents, but all to no avail; the political fidelity of O'Coigly could not be shaken. The rev. comforter (whose name we purposely refrain from mentioning) visited the prisoner on four successive occasions. It was, we believe, on the last but one, that he conjured of him to tell what would place his friends upon the scaffold.

"On my declaring," writes O'Coigly, "that I could not give him the wished-for information, he said, in a very significant manner, that he *was very sorry it was not in his power to promise me a reprieve, or even a respite.* I answered, that the first I did not expect, and the latter I did not wish for."

On the 7th June, 1798, this singularly heroic man was removed on a hurdle to Pennenden Heath, with the halter of death thrown across his shoulders, and an iron chain encircling his waist. O'Coigly's behaviour was most edifying. He looked neither to the right nor left, but, with eyes rivetted on the sacred book of consolation, thought only of preparing to meet his God. With his last breath he protested his innocence of the crime for which he was convicted, and declared, by the hopes he confidently felt of salvation, that his life was "falsely and maliciously taken away by perjury and subornation of perjury." He forgave his enemies, and felt that justice would be hereafter done to his memory. The gaol chaplain attended him. O'Coigly begged his pardon for anything he might have said to his prejudice, and calling upon Providence to have mercy on his soul, delivered

himself up into the hands of the executioner. The drop fell—O'Coigly swung into death—the liberated spirit, no longer bound by English shackles, rushed through oceans of space, and at length stood, paralysed and dazzled, in the presence of that GREAT JUDGE, the omnipotent Maker of Heaven, Hell, and Earth.

The head was cut off, and held aloft in triumph. The body was interred on the place of execution. *Requiescat in pace.*

We cannot more appropriately conclude the foregoing melancholy episode than by laying before O'Coigly's sympathisers the following reflections on his trial and execution. They come from the pen of that eminent statesman and minister, the late Lord Vassall Holland, one of Lord Cloncurry's best and oldest friends. His lordship wrote a work in 1806, and revised it in 1824, entitled, "Memoirs of the Whig Party during My Time." For obvious reasons, he felt, during his lifetime, a delicacy in giving it publicity. Eleven years subsequent to the noble author's death, after reposing for nearly half a century in the family escrutoir of Holland House, we at length find his "Whig Party" emanate from its obscurity, endorsed by the respectable firm of Longman, Browne, Greene, and Longman:—

"As to the specific charge," says Lord Holland, "there was certainly not sufficient proof against O'Connor. O'Coigly, with whom he had fallen in by accident, furnished the only evidence, in a paper which he imprudently carried about him, and which was, to the full, as remarkable for its uselessness and nonsense as for its treason. The poor man, feeling that he had thus endangered the companions of his journey, generously entreated them to sacrifice him without scruple, if in any way it could contribute to their defence. O'Coigly was condemned on false and contradictory evidence. I do not mean to aver, as Lord Chancellor Thurlow assured me he did to Judge Buller, who tried him, that '*if ever a poor man was murdered it was O'Coigly*,' but simply to allude to a circumstance, which, in the case of a common felon, would probably have saved his life. The Bow-street officer who swore to finding the fatal paper in his pocket-book, and remarked in court the folding of the paper as fitting that pocket-book, had sworn before the Privy Council that the same paper *was found loose in O'Coigly's great coat, and, I think, had added that he himself had put it into the pocket-book.* An attorney of the name of Foulkes gave me this information, and I went with it to Mr. Wickham, then, I think, Under-Secretary, who assured me

that the circumstance should be carefully and anxiously investigated before the execution. But the order had gone down, and while we were conversing, the sentence was probably executed."

In the foregoing observations on Father O'Coigly's arrest, trial, and execution, we have been induced to outstrip somewhat our usual limits, in consideration of the Hon. Mr. Lawless having taken such an active and remarkable part in collecting money for his defence, ministering to his wants, and sympathizing with his afflictions. His assistance to the priest gave considerable umbrage to the Government. In a short time after, he was arrested, and the first question put to him by Mr. Pitt, at the Privy Council, was, why he should have given pecuniary relief to O'Coigly.

The only affair of honour in which Valentine Lawless ever engaged himself took place at this period. In one of the newspapers of the day, an article on the festive and general proceedings of the United Irish Society of England appeared. Whatever the tone of the article was we know not, but from the fact of Lawless expressing himself in strong terms against the publication in consequence, we are decidedly inclined to think that it could not have been very complimentary. Mr. Huband, an Irish barrister, and a frequenter also of Furnival's Inn, chancing to overhear these expressions, waxed wrathful, and resented them, it appears, as a personal insult. His actual motive for doing so has not, as far as we know, transpired. A challenge ensued, which, it may readily be supposed, was promptly accepted. The belligerents met at Norwood, exchanged four innocuous shots, and declared themselves satisfied.

The above is, in its salient points, identical with the version given by Lord Cloncurry, a few years previous to his death, of the transaction. After the lapse of half a century, it is often difficult to recollect the precise circumstances of a personal adventure. We are inclined to think that his lordship's memory failed him, to a certain extent, in this retrospect. The duel took place about the same period as the Maidstone trials. O'Connor's conduct thereat was animadverted on by many. We have seen,

from the paragraph written by Lord Holland, that when O'Coigly begged of his associates to sacrifice him without scruple, if doing so would in any way relieve them or further their cause, Arthur O'Connor unhesitatingly—or, as Lord Holland has it—"religiously complied." We do not go quite so far as his lordship, but we are certainly of opinion that Mr. O'Connor's conduct was, more or less, open to animadversion.

The following is the paragraph that, during the first week of May, 1798, went the rounds of the newspapers. It is descriptive of the duel; and we need not point out to the reader how much more plausibly it sounds than the version given fifty years after the transaction, by Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections:"—

"On Sunday morning, the Hon. Mr. Lawless and Mr. Huband, accompanied by Mr. Agar, of the Temple, and Mr. Smith, met at a field near Norwood, to settle an affair of honour, which had arisen between them in consequence of a dispute respecting the political conduct of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, when, after each party had discharged a brace of pistols without effect, the business was happily accommodated through the intervention of the seconds."

On the 3rd May, 1854, the author of this work received a letter from W. J. O'Neil Daunt, Esq., of Kilcascan (formerly M.P. for Mallow), which tends to throw some light upon the causes which led to the hostile meeting between Lawless and Mr. Huband. The following is an extract from Mr. Daunt's letter:—

"It was, I think, in May, 1845, that I had a kind note from Lord C., asking me to dine at Maretimo, and 'talk over the past affairs of Ireland.' Our conversation turned on the period of the rebellion. I told him the preparations made by Roger O'Connor at Connorville pretty much as you have them in 'Ireland and her Agitators.' I also told him (what does not appear in that book) that the gentleman from whom I had the detail was my father, then a youth of seventeen or eighteen, who was Roger's cousin, and a constant guest at Connorville. Speaking of Roger's brother, Arthur, I said I always looked on him as a perfectly honest politician; and that his deliberate forfeiture of Lord Longueville's title and inheritance demonstrated his honesty. Lord Cloncurry's words in reply, as nearly as I can recollect them, were these:—'Arthur O'Connor and I had been then very intimate; but I afterwards acquired a feeling of great distrust in him.' 'On what grounds?' asked I. 'Really, at this distance of time,' replied Lord C., 'I cannot recollect the exact details, but I thought he unfairly sacrificed O'Coigly; and without being able to give you the precise grounds of that impression, I must say that the impression still remains.' It would appear, however, from his work, that he afterwards thought otherwise."

There was an apartment in Furnival's Inn, London, much frequented about this period, by the patriotic sons of Erin, and the English sympathisers with their movement. "It was the customary place of resort," says a writer, "for those who were most deeply engaged in the conspiracy: and secret consultations were here carried on, with a view to projects deemed too dangerous and desperate to be brought forward in any of the larger societies." This description is somewhat exaggerated, and so is the Secret Committee's; but it is, at all events, certain that sufficient treason characterized their proceedings to afford "the detectives" a pretext for espionage, and the Government of laying their interdict upon them. Lord Castlereagh, in his "Report of the Committee of Secrecy," thus adverts to the rendezvous in question. "The leading members of the disaffected societies were in the habit of frequenting an occasional meeting, which was held at a cellar in Furnival's Inn, and was first formed for the purpose of reading the libellous and treasonable publication called the *Press*."

There was a vast deal more than reading the *Press*, and talking politics, done at Furnival's Inn. Singing and carousing, joking and merry-making, were, on many occasions the order of the evening, and not conspiracies for the subversion of the empire, or the assassination of the king. Lawless repeatedly assured his friends that when he dropped into Furnival's Inn, at the closing of the theatres, or the dissolution of a dinner party, he had no more treasonable object in view than to hear a good song, or a "merrie conceit;" and that if treason were broached, it certainly was not with his knowledge, consent, or approval. It is curious to think how Lawless could have been unconscious both of the character of the place, and of the very imminent danger he ran in frequenting it. Yet, such, nevertheless, we believe to be the fact. There cannot be a doubt but that treason did occasionally pervade the conferences of Furnival's Inn, and that to no inconsiderable extent.

The frequenters of this club-room soon became marked men, and were individually honoured by a special police

spy, who daily reported to Government their movements and proceedings. Of all the party thus dogged and scrutinized Lawless received perhaps the most unremitting attention. Nor can it be wondered at, when he openly and deliberately took such an active part in ministering to the wants of the United Irish refugees. His ostentatious display of green apparel, too, had considerable effect in stimulating the suspicions of Government.

Pitt had his foreign spies as well as his domestic ones. France was literally alive with them, and secret despatches were daily forwarded to Whitehall and Downing-street. A few of these mysterious documents have recently seen the light of day in "the Castlereagh Memoirs and Correspondence;" but the names of the dishonourable writers have been, in accordance with the dictates of editorial judgment, suppressed. Mr. Pitt's detectives, with a view to worm themselves into the confidence of the suspected, feigned, with inimitable tact and dexterity, to be emissaries from the Union. From a paper written about this period, we cull a few extracts, in order to show with what astonishing success the spies contrived to elucidate every little fact, important and unimportant, connected with the refugees. In the last paragraph will be found an allusion to the subject of these pages. The patronymic Lawless is written at full length, although in most of the other references to him (with which the first volume of Castlereagh is sprinkled), he is never spoken of otherwise than as the Hon. Mr. L——

"Teeling had a letter from ——, whom he met in London. * * * O'Finn's wife is coming over, and will bring some papers. * * Muir got 10,000 livres, almost gone: expects to be sent over in three weeks on mission by the French Government. * * Lewins has no money. * * J. Orr has received a remittance of £500. M'Skicky, an officer of some merit, was under Tone, but they fell out. He is gone to Toulon with Lewis. Tone is at Rouen, where there's 4,000 men, and ten gunboats building. Tennent received £2,500 of remittance: and when the French heard of this, both Buonaparte and Barras sent for him. Part of the money belongs to the Simses of Belfast, part to his brother, and £700 to himself. * * O'Mely went with Lewins to the Hague. * * Colonel Despard, a Mr. Bonham, YOUNG LAWLESS, and Robert Simms, are the only persons in whom the Irish at Paris said I ought to place any confidence, in case I either wrote or came to England or Ireland."

Mr. Bonham, it will be remembered, was one of the frequenters of Furnival's Inn. In consequence, he rarely went abroad without the attendance of a special spy. Ample line was given him for a while, but suddenly the "wind-up" commenced, and, much to his astonishment, Bonham found himself one morning lodged in Cold Bath Fields jail. With respect to Colonel Despard, his history is somewhat better known. Few, however, seem to be aware that he was actually driven, nay, whipped, into disaffection by perhaps the most insulting treatment ever received from a Government.

Colonel Edward Marcus Despard was a native of the Queen's County, in Ireland. Having received an excellent education, he entered the army, and served with distinction in the American war. For his services in that campaign, he was created, without purchase, lieutenant-colonel, and, in 1784, elevated to the dignity of superintendent of the English affairs at Honduras. Despard also attained just celebrity as an engineer. He fortified Jamaica with a degree of skill that elicited universal approval. He may be said to have been popular with everybody save the Spaniards, many of whose establishments he captured triumphantly along the Musquito coast.

Whilst co-operating with Nelson at the storming of Honduras, he advanced, from his own private purse, large sums of money, in order to further England's efforts to reduce it. Parliament returned him a vote of thanks for his generosity, but withheld, for reasons best known to themselves, the reimbursements to which he was, in law and equity, entitled. Some alleged, in extenuation, that his public conduct, while at Honduras, was disapproved of; but how this may have been, we cannot say.

Despard hurried over to England and pressed his application on the notice of the House. His claims were spurned with indignation and contempt. Stung with rage, and maddened by disappointment, he expressed himself in terms of unmeasured harshness against the Legislature. Meanwhile his pecuniary affairs became immeshed amid a complication of embarrassments, and

Despard well nigh lost his reason with vexation. Believing that allegiance to a Government which had so cruelly maltreated him could not longer, in reason or equity, be expected, he flung himself cordially into the ranks of the United Irishmen, and hurled the defiance of his military experience at the State. Little time was lost in preparing a warrant under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and in consigning him, ironed, to Cold Bath Fields' prison. Here it was that Valentine Lawless first beheld Colonel Despard. He visited him in the company of his fast friend, John Reeves. The time was mid-winter, and the day one of the coldest that ever blew. Judge of his surprise to find this accomplished gentleman and eminent military commander lying in a miserable stone cell, with barely sufficient space to turn in, devoid of all furniture or accommodation, save a wretched truckle bed, and destitute of even the advantages of a furnished fireplace or glazed window. Poor Despard! How he, who had passed the greater portion of his existence beneath the scorching rays of a tropical sun, must have smarted beneath this cruel treatment.

During the debates, some months afterwards, on the propriety of continuing the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, Mr. Courtney read a letter aloud from Mrs. Catherine Despard.

"I think it necessary to state," she writes, "that he was confined near seven months in a dark cell, without fire or candle, chair, table, knife, fork, a glazed window, or even a book. I made several applications in person to Mr. Wickham, and by letter to the Duke of Portland, all to no purpose. The 20th of last month he was removed into a room with fire, but not until his feet were ulcerated by the frost. For the truth of this statement I appeal to the Hon. Mr. Lawless and John Reeves, Esq., who visited him in prison, and at whose intercession he was removed. The jailer will bear witness that he never made any complaint of his treatment, however severe."

The sympathies of Valentine were, as usual, awakened. He expressed the greatest commiseration for Despard's sufferings, and resolved to provide for his wife and family at Lyons, whenever circumstances suggested the propriety of doing so, and certain other circumstances permitted it. We trust it is not unpardonably anticipating, to

observe, that Lawless subsequently *did* afford Mrs. Despard a comfortable asylum within the bosom of his own family at Lyons. Less than five years after his visit to poor Despard's dungeon, the wretched inmate was no more. On the 21st February, 1803, a London mob were edified by the executioner elevating vauntingly the bleeding head of an ungrateful traitor to his country. Thus inauspiciously terminated the career of Edward Marcus Despard, which, at the outset, appeared so radiant with promise.

We have been a complete absentee for some time. As an Irishman, born and bred, we must not lose sight altogether of our native country.

The ruthless minister, with merciless determination, continued whipping the people from a trot into a canter, and from a canter to a gallop. Matters were rapidly hurrying to a crisis in Ireland, and Government watched the growth of treason, not with affright, but with a smile of placid self-complacency. Should the Earls of Moira or Dunsany denounce that fatal policy, as it rolled headlong forward, they were immediately put down by an overwhelming avalanche of Treasury opposition. In proportion as the friends of Ireland denounced, the friends of England eulogized. Chancellor Clare declared that such speeches as Lord Moira's were encouragements to treason. He spoke exultingly of the success attendant on the coercive policy, and declared it to have been *extorted* from the Lord Lieutenant by the ministry.

The success attendant on the coercive policy was, certainly, very remarkable. Plans for immediate revolt, with or without French assistance, grew into embryo, and from embryo to maturity. The people were drilled, disciplined, and organized. The leaders, calm and collected, sat in council, brooding over the thunder-cloud which was soon, amid a hurricane, to burst asunder. Tone, Lewins, Tennant, and Lowry, as delegates from the Union, were actively engaged in hurrying to completion the French expedition; and the London Corresponding Society, assuming every day a more formidable aspect, communicated sympathetically with their brethren in the

West. Whenever the Irish people should rise *en masse*, they promised to create a diversion in their favour, by a simultaneous attack on the King, Lords, and Commons.

The outburst of the rebellion received a serious check by the arrest of the Leinster delegates at Bond's, in Bridge-street, March 12, 1798. As fourteen men sat in council, talking over the mighty work which lay before them, Major Swan, attended by a strong *posse* of constables, rushed into the apartment, and succeeded in effecting an easy capture, not only of their persons, but of several important documents, that furnished Government afterwards with a key to the *eclaircissement* of as many deep-laid plans. Having obtained the pass-word by means of private information, Swan had little difficulty in effecting an entrance. That night, Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. M'Nevin, and the brothers Jackson, drooped beneath the weight of their chains and their reflections.

A warrant was issued for the arrest of Lord Edward, and another for Sampson, but both contrived, for a time, at least, to baffle pursuit. A proclamation appeared. Ministers offered ONE THOUSAND POUNDS as a premium for treachery.

The reader probably requires not to be reminded that the capture at Bond's was the result of, perhaps, one of the most diabolical strokes of treachery that ever fell to the lot of an historian to chronicle. THOMAS REYNOLDS! Oh, would that we could write his name in letters of blood! Were every disgusting epithet of opprobrium collected from the refuse of our vocabulary, and hurled in one fœtid mass at the reputation of this Judas, 'twould be only a speck to the dung-hill of obloquy under which his character ought to be, for all eternity, buried.

A more deliberate and cold-blooded piece of treachery (with the exception, perhaps, of Sheares' betrayal) is not upon record in the Irish memory. By this act alone, Reynolds consigned to the gibbet thirteen men, wholly innocent of any moral crime, not to take into account at least a dozen others, whose opinions were revealed by the discovery at Bond's of their papers and memoranda.

Reynolds was originally a silk-mercer in Dublin, but having acquired, by the death of some relatives, a landed property in the County Kildare, he took up his abode in Kilkea Castle, near the Town of Mageney.* "He so completely wormed himself," says Plowden, "into the confidence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Bond, that in 1797 he was appointed a colonel, then treasurer and representative of Kildare, and, at last, delegate for the province of Leinster." A day rarely elapsed that he was not ingratiating himself with Fitzgerald, partaking of his hospitality, eagerly drinking down those secrets too confidingly imparted, strengthening them in his recollection by careful note-taking when the momentary absence of his entertainer from the room afforded an opportunity, and, in the privacy of his own closet afterwards, stringing them together into the form of a connected narrative, in order, when the fitting time arrived, to lay it before Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues.

It was fully expected that Fitzgerald would have been present at the great Delegate Meeting of the 12th March, but, owing to some circumstance—fortuitous or unfortunate, it is impossible to say which—he was prevented from attending. Mr. Thomas Reynolds, for the purpose it would appear, of continuing to wear the mask of friendship, and thus still further ingratiate himself into the confidence of those whose bright red blood he had already sold for brighter gold, entered into an express stipulation with his employers, that the channel through which the information came should remain, for the present, at least, an inviolable secret. A few days subsequent to the Bridge-street arrests, we find the wretched Judas, calling in a friendly manner on the lady of him whom he had already marked out for the axe of the executioner. In the course of this interview, he contrived to glean many new facts, not previously in his note-book, and having cordially bade adieu to Mrs. Bond, retraced his stealthy steps to Dublin Castle, where that same hand which but a few moments before had

* "£6,000 and a consulship rewarded his virtues, but could not increase his dignity."—*Thomas Davis.*

been extended in the semblance of friendship towards the rebel's wife, might now be seen claiming the stipulated price for her husband's betrayal. Bond, however, did not die a traitor's death. One morning, soon after his arrest, he was found lifeless in his cell. Well-founded suspicions attach to the jailer.

The seizure of the Delegates, and of so many important members of the Executive Directory, proved a mortal blow to the national organization. It was like aiming a herculean stroke at a lion's head. The people who, a short time previously, were all but ready for revolt, now remained prostrate, paralyzed, and dismayed. Their fingers relaxing, muskets and pikestaffs fell, with panic-stricken clash, to the ground. However, as the vacant berths in the Executive were filled by Henry and John Sheares, and other ardent, impulsive young nationalists, the courage of the people returned—they grasped once more the pikestaff and the musket, vowed vengeance on their oppressors, and yearned for the fray. Meanwhile, Lord Edward's *locale* remained, save to half a dozen favoured followers, a profound mystery.

Whilst Fitzgerald lived to guide the rebellion he had organized, great hopes were entertained of its ultimate success. His military experience was considerable, and he possessed a degree of intrepidity, disinterestedness, foresight, prudence, and determination, rarely found combined in any one individual. For years anterior to the insurrection he was regarded by the people literally as their idol. They venerated his name, adored his sentiments, drank down his words, and bowed before his mandates. Such a person could not fail to be eminently qualified to lead the massive columns of a popular army. The Government, well knowing his engineering skill, his cool determination, his dauntless intrepidity, and the mighty power exercised by him over the minds of the people, left no means unemployed, whilst the fever of disaffection hastened to a crisis, in endeavouring to have his lordship placed under arrest. From the 12th of March to the 19th of May, by a series of romantic adventures and hairbreadth escapes, he contrived success-

fully to elude pursuit. The house wherein he slept the night before, would be searched by Major Sirr and his myrmidons the day after. Detachments of military, and posses of police, with warrants for his apprehension, would march in grim array under the very windows of his bedroom. On the 17th May he slept at Mr. Moore's, in Thomas-street. On the night following, disguised as an old countryman, he repaired to Murphy's,* in the same street, from whence he observed, next day, a sergeant-major and a party of soldiers halt before Moore's door, previous to instituting a search within. This circumstance occasioned his lordship great uneasiness, for it showed him, alas! that treachery, its source still unknown, was toiling for his overthrow.

The general rising was now arranged to take place on the night of the 23rd. Government were perfectly cognizant of this fact, and, as the day approached, their anxiety for the capture of Lord Edward increased. At length the tempting lure of one thousand sovereigns did its work. Late in the afternoon of the 19th May, certain information of his lordship's hiding-place was communicated to the Government. The moment that Major Sirr received intimation, he hurried off to Thomas-street, accompanied by Major Swan, a Mr. Ryan, and some half dozen soldiers, in coloured clothes. Having placed pickets round the house, Swan and Ryan glided stealthily upstairs, to where his lordship (who happened to be suffering from cold and sore throat) lay reclining, half dressed, upon the bed. Swan was beginning blandly to explain the object of his visit, when Lord Edward sprang at him like a tiger, and, with the aid of a stiletto, which he had secreted beneath his pillow, made one or two stabs at the intruder, but without inflicting much injury. The Major and his friend, finding that the capture could not be effected as easily as they at first sup-

* It was Surgeon William, afterwards General, Lawless who engaged lodgings for Lord Edward in Murphy's house. One thousand pounds was at the time offered for his apprehension. Murphy well knew his lodger's name and rank, but being of the order of patriots—sincere patriots—he urged no objection against receiving him. Lawless stood in the relationship of cousin to the subject of these pages.

posed, proceeded to give battle. Swan fired, and Ryan attacked his lordship with a sword-cane. But such onslaughts only acted as stimulants to Fitzgerald's ferocity. He closed on his assailants, hurled them to the ground, and attempted to escape from the apartment.

Swan and Ryan, however, fastened on his legs with the strength of a vice and the determination of a rattlesnake; and, notwithstanding the repeated wounds inflicted on their persons by Lord Edward, persisted in clinging to him, until the arrival of Major Sirr and a party of soldiers rendered escape hopeless, and further resistance impossible. Sirr, who remained at the bottom of the house, in order to take precautions against any attempt at rescue by the mob, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up stairs, and having there seen his colleagues covered with blood, and prostrate at the feet of their powerful enemy, he deliberately cocked his pistol, drew the trigger, and lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right shoulder. This, however, served as a mere momentary check. The Geraldine staggered for a second; but his courage making one giant plunge within him, he snapped asunder the encircling chains of approaching death, and flung himself with redoubled intrepidity against the enemy. In the struggle, a dastardly drummer contrived to creep behind his lordship, and thus, comparatively secure, inflicted a wound which contributed, more than any other, to embitter the few remaining days of his existence. Meanwhile Ryan relaxed not a muscle, but clung with desperate pertinacity as before. When his hands, from repeated laceration, fell useless to the ground, he grasped Lord Edward with his legs. Wound after wound, to the number of fourteen, Fitzgerald inflicted on this troublesome enemy; and not until a detachment of soldiery pressed his lordship violently to the ground, by laying their heavy firelocks across him, could he be bound in such a manner as would render further resistance impossible.

Soon after, poor Lord Edward fortunately died in Newgate. We say fortunately, for, had he lived a few days longer, it would be only to have undergone the pain and humiliation of a public execution.

Thus perished one of the noblest, best, and dearest friends that the Hon. Mr. Lawless ever had the happiness of possessing. Throughout a long life afterwards he well loved to make allusion, both in public and in private, to the friend of his youth—Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

At the moment of her husband's arrest, in Thomas-street, the Lady Pamela was secreted, unknown to Lord Cloncurry, in Mornington House, Merrion-street. Hither Lady Fitzgerald repaired, at the hospitable instance of Mary, Valentina, and Charlotte Louisa Lawless, who received their fair visitor with a truly Irish welcome. The police spies followed in the wake of Lady Pamela, reported her locomotion to Government, and maintained a brisk *espionage* on Mornington House. Soon tiring of an external scrutiny, they gruffly demanded permission to search the place for papers. Pamela observed their approach, and hastily secreted in a bedroom some harmless documents that chanced to remain in her possession, but which she, in her innocence, considered it the more prudent to conceal. As a matter of course, the papers were found, and amongst them an ambiguous seal device, designed by no less a person than Valentine Lawless. It represented Britannia removing the Irish crown, with one hand, from the summit of the national harp, and substituting in its stead a dagger; while with the other she industriously demolished the strings—an outrage which the presence of two gigantic Irish wolf dogs (who fell asleep most inexcusably at their post) appears to have been unable to prevent. The sages of the Castle, ever noted for jumping at conclusions, at once pronounced Mr. Lawless's device to be the intended great seal for the Irish Republican Protocol, and got it carefully copied by a skilful draughtsman, in order to embellish the English report of the Committee of Secrecy, then about to issue from the press. The "key," or, more properly, the *false key*, to its elucidation, was extremely amusing. Britannia they pronounced to be Hibernia; the Irish crown an imperial diadem; and the wolf dogs—PIGS. "In a circle," says the Report, "Hibernia holds in her right hand an imperial crown over a shield; on her left hand is

an Irish harp, over it a dagger, and at its foot lie two hogs." The work observes, that this treasonable device was found in the custody of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—perhaps as accurate as most of its other statements. Mr. Lawless, for many years of his life, continued to use the seal in ordinary epistolatory correspondence. It was engraved from the original sketch by Strongitharm, of London.

In October, 1798, the royal assent was given to the bill for attainting Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The moment Lawless heard of it, he addressed a series of letters to the tenantry on his (Fitzgerald's) estate, wherein he implored of them not to give Government the satisfaction of paying one shilling rent. The tenants took his advice, and held out so long and so resolutely, that at length the attainder was reversed. This latter event took place when Lawless had inherited the honours of the peerage. He was declared trustee for Lord Edward's children, and the estate became vested in himself and his executors.

After the arrests of the Leinster Delegates at Bond's, sundry warrants were issued for the apprehension of those who took a prominent part in the national movement. Amongst the rest we must not omit to mention William Murphy, the celebrated Irish millionaire, who, it will be remembered, has only disappeared from amongst us within the last few years. Both he and Lawless knew much of the secret working of the organization, and, were they so disposed, could have brought many a head to the scaffold. We have been assured by those who possess accurate recollections of '98 that it was generally rumoured at the time, and frequently whispered since, that Murphy received the hint of a warrant being out against him from the Hon. Mr. Lawless, and through *his* exertions he was enabled to elude pursuit. Of the truth of this report we entertain considerable doubts. When the tardiness of locomotion in those days is remembered, and that Mr. Lawless was then living in St. Albans-street, London, it must appear to all as highly improbable that any communication could have taken place between him and Murphy on the subject of the

warrant. Be this as it may, an honourable intimacy between them sprang into existence about the period of '98, and continued daily increasing in strength and solidity until the scythe of death suddenly discovered it in 1849.

Among the members of the new Executive Directory, John and Henry Sheares occupied a prominent position. Brothers by birth, and both barristers by profession, they possessed considerable talents, forensic and otherwise, that must have eventually placed them, had they lived, in very exalted positions. But, young and ardent, like Robert Emmet, they were hasty in their plans, and unguarded in their conduct. The great object with them appears to have been, to seduce as many militia officers as possible from their allegiance, and to prevail on them to accept commissions in the army of Ireland. In this apparently chimerical task they succeeded to an extent that even astonished many of their own partisans. A meeting of delegates from almost every militia regiment in Ireland assembled in the house of Surgeon Lawless, early in May, for the purpose of holding a conference on the projected insurrection. The conclusion come to on this occasion was, that the United Irishmen of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare should, on the night of the 23rd May, advance by three separate lines on the metropolis, capturing in their progress the camp at Loughlinstown, and the artillery at Chapelizod.

One of the many Irish militia officers whose conversion the Shearesses looked upon as certain, was Captain John Warnford Armstrong. This person, for the same disinterested motives which induced Mr. Reynolds to pursue, for several months, a train of systematic treachery, to the prejudice of his confiding countrymen, procured an introduction to the brothers, and having "acted well his part," soon had the satisfaction of possessing their confidence and their friendship. By them he was frequently favoured with an invitation to dinner, and as an object of no trifling importance would be probably gained by accepting it, it would appear that he did so with much alacrity. Amongst other matters they acquainted him with

their plans for attacking the camp at Loughlinstown, and succeeded in obtaining from him a promise of assistance.

On one of the days that Armstrong partook of Sheares' hospitality, it is recorded of him by Mr. Curran, that he deliberately took his entertainer's children on his knee, and proceeded to caress them with every manifestation of affection.* Armstrong, however, has recently denied this statement.

Base and treacherous as was Warnford Armstrong's conduct on this mournful occasion, it assuredly does not equal in enormity Reynolds' deliberate betrayal of Bond and his associates. Armstrong, a Protestant and a loyalist, took the United Irishman's oath, not from conviction, but solely with a view to worm out the secrets of John and Henry Sheares. "Reynolds, the accursed," as Davis forcibly styles him, was a Roman Catholic, and became "united," in the firm belief, that he was, in so doing, performing a duty to his country and to his God. So zealous did the wretch appear to be for the spread of the organization that we find him in high favour with Lord Edward, and elevated successively by him to the ranks of colonel, treasurer, representative, and delegate. This course Lord Edward pursued with a view to reward him for his exertions in the cause. Reynolds was for a considerable time sincere; but the tempter would not permit him to continue in this upright course. A talismanic word was whispered in his ear, and, lo! the just man of yesterday became the Judas of to-day. Base, we repeat, as was Armstrong's behaviour, that of Mr. Reynolds surely eclipsed it.

John and Henry Sheares were Protestants, and in comfortable circumstances.

"Captain Armstrong," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "became acquainted with the two brothers, pledged to them his friendship, persuaded them that he would seduce his own regiment, gained their implicit confidence, faithfully fulfilled the counterplot, devised secret meetings, and worked up sufficient guilt to sacrifice the lives of both. They were arrested, tried, on his evidence, convicted, and were hanged and beheaded in the front of Newgate. They came hand and hand to the scaffold."

* Captain Armstrong is actually not yet dead! He resides at Ballycumber, near Clara, in the King's County. The writer of these pages, curious to know if Armstrong were really living, wrote to a King's County gentleman

The execution of the brothers followed with rapidity upon their conviction. With them the last of the gifted leaders may be said to have disappeared. A wide-spread gloom clung round the city before and after the event. Byrne and M'Cann, two other members of the new Directory, were swinging lifeless on the gallows a few days later.

Notwithstanding the frustration of almost every pre-concerted arrangement made by the Popular Executive, the storm of insurrection burst forth with awe-inspiring fury, on the night of the 23rd May, 1798. It was confined to three counties, Kildare, Wicklow, and Dublin. Away went the revolutionary bark, without helm or rudder, dashing along the ocean of turbulence, occasionally "running down" disciplined obstacles, but much oftener shattering its own bulwarks against those fatal rocks and quicksands, which an experienced helmsman like Lord Edward Fitzgerald would have taken every careful precaution to avoid.

Samuel Neilson, the once spirited editor of the "*Northern Star*," had still his liberty. Fitzgerald, Emmet, M'Cann, Byrne, Sheares, M'Nevin, gone—to whom, if not Neilson, had the people to look? This man, though possessed of great firmness, patriotism, and courage, was singularly excitable, flighty, and incautious. It is recorded of him by Mr. Moore, that on the day of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's arrest in Thomas-street, Neilson stalked up to Murphy, who was standing within his gateway, and in a loud voice inquired, "Is he safe? Look sharp!" with some other incautious exclamations of the same nature.

Neilson's great object was to begin the insurrection by a vigorous attack on the prisons, and, if possible, setting at liberty the members of the Executive, who lay manacled within. At this time neither Byrne, M'Cann, nor

for the desired information. He received a reply from him on the 30th of May, 1854, and the following is an extract from it:—"Captain Armstrong is still on the land of the living, and comes to Dublin to draw his pension as regularly as clock work. He is upwards of ninety years of age; but as hale as some of the youngest amongst us. He is a magistrate, and twice a week attends the petty sessions of Ballycumber. He has two daughters, both of whom are married."

the Sheareses, had fallen victims to the axe of the executioner. In his usual incautious manner, Neilson ventured under the very walls of Newgate on the night of the 23rd May, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, in order personally to reconnoitre the premises. Gregg, the jailer, who was likewise reconnoitering from the grated windows of an upper cell, at once recognized the countenance of Neilson, hurried down, and collared him. Neilson drew forth a pistol, and resisted. A violent struggle took place, and both rebel and loyalist came to the ground. Gregg shouted for help, and had not long to wait before two burly yeomen waddled to the rescue.

In the course of Neilson's examination, it transpired that, previous to his visit to Newgate, he had established some formidable lines of pikemen* in its vicinity, and who only awaited their leader's word of command to overpower the sentinels, to make a furious rush at the gates. But the expected mandate came not, and the hearts of the insurgents sank within them.

All the city lamplighters appear to have been concerned in the treason. During the entire of the anxious night of May 23, not one solitary lamp was lighted. Few ventured abroad except on treason bent. An ominous stillness pervaded every street. The city might be likened to a slumbering volcano.

As the Government had reason to suppose that the northern insurgents would make their descent on Dublin by Dorset-street and Constitution-hill, all the available militia and yeomanry of Dublin received commands to establish themselves within the ample area of Smithfield. The papers of the day inform us, so closely were they packed, that hardly one man more could be stowed into the market-place. "The cavalry and infantry," says a writer, "were in some places so completely interwoven, that a dragoon could not wield his sword without cutting down a foot soldier, nor a foot soldier discharge his musket without knocking down a trooper."

* Neilson's greatest force lay, awaiting his orders, in the "Barley fields," now known as "Mountjoy-square."

In Stephen's-green was stationed another force. To such an extent did disaffection plough through the ranks of the military camp at Loughlinstown, that it was deemed advisable to place the corps most distinguished for its ultra-loyalty, together with some artillery, in Stephen's-green, in order to intercept any aid of militia or otherwise, that might perchance flow from the encampment. The corps alluded to was the City of Cork Regiment.

According to a hastily concerted plan, a large body of the Wicklow rebels were to form into column at Rathfarnham,* on the 23rd May, and, at a given signal, to march on Dublin and storm the Castle. Government, however, having received private information of this design, they concentrated their best military energies on Rathfarnham, and, in a short engagement, routed the insurgents. On the same night, it was arranged that the rebel force on the northern side should assemble at Santry, march on the metropolis, and, simultaneously with the co-operating descent upon the seat of Government, attack the barracks. The Lord Lieutenant received, of course, private information of this scheme, and the result was, that Lord Roden, at the head of his heavy cavalry, and a detachment of infantry, were dispatched to Santry. The rebel force were, upon the arrival of his lordship, in a state almost bordering on despair. Not one, out of a series of preconcerted signals, arrested their attention. Nevertheless, they fought bravely, but were eventually obliged to retire with loss. Several dragoons fell in the *melèe*, and a musket ball flattened itself against Lord Roden's helmet.

During the skirmish, several prisoners were taken by his lordship, and marched as trophies into Dublin. Those who escaped the sabres of his dragoons hurried to the assistance of the Wicklow insurgents. The Rathfarnham party retreated on Kildare, where the peasantry had already risen *en masse*.

* The populace were certain of victory. A body of insurgents lay in ambush, behind a wall in New-street, for the purpose of attacking the military on their retreat from Rathfarnham.

The Lord Lieutenant and Mr. Secretary Cooke were gratified by a pleasing exhibition on the morning of the 24th May. All the dead bodies of the Santry men were, by command of Lord Roden, crammed into carts, and conveyed triumphantly to Dublin. The good peer, instead of giving directions to have the mutilated trunks interred, as was customary, on Arbour Hill, commanded his myrmidons to stretch them out, as trophies of the victory, on the pavement of the Upper Castle-yard. "There they lay," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "during a hot day, cut and gashed in every part, covered with clotted blood and dust, the most frightful spectacle that ever disgraced a royal residence."

The exhibition on the bridges was not less repellant. There temporary scaffolds were erected, exclusive of the ordinary lamp-post apparatus, and all the Santry and Rathfarnham prisoners might be seen expiating their offences on the following morning.

Meanwhile, the fire of insurrection spread like an ignited train of gunpowder, through Wicklow, Kildare, and Dublin. The Belfast coach was stopped and burnt in Fingal. The Connaught and Cork mails experienced the same fate at Lucan and Naas. The interruption of the mails appears to have been a preconcerted signal for general insurrection.

There are men and women yet living who shudder with horror at the recollection of the cruelties perpetrated by Captain Richard Longueville Swayne. This man was only quartered, with his army, for the space of two days, in the village of Prosperous, yet in that short rule, he burned, hunted, tortured, flogged, ill-used, and terrified more, according to Duggan,* than any of his military cotemporaries. His motto ought to have been the well-known line from Hudibras—

"Fire, and sword, and desolation."

Swayne and his men, after a busy day, retired to rest on the night of the 23rd May. An eye-witness tells us

* See narrative furnished to Dr. Madden, by Bernard Duggan, one of the leaders of the attack on Prosperous ("United Irishmen," vol. ii. Third Series, p. 96). This man is the Barnaby Dougal spoken of by Musgrave.

that he not only on that day burned fifteen houses, including the chapel, but conveyed numbers of wretched creatures home with him, to undergo execution on the morrow. The peasantry, maddened with rage, resolved that Swayne's atrocities should terminate then and there. Five hundred of them, under the command of Doctor, brother of Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., made a night attack on Prosperous barracks. Having dispatched the sentinel, they rushed into the guard-room, piked twelve men, and shot the captain. Duggan tells us that the cowardly wretch, seeing intuitively the approach of retribution, offered to fight henceforward in the ranks of the people. After an energetic struggle, which terminated in their favour, the insurgents came to the determination of burning the barracks to the ground. This they commenced by setting the doors on fire, and hurling in blazing faggots of furze and straw. The career of the consuming element was a short one.

Dr. Esmonde remained standing with his aide-de-camp, during this harrowing scene, at several hundred yards' distance. The latter was a sergeant in the Sallins Yeomanry, but feigned to be a friend to the national cause. The beginning of his treachery was the circulation of a false report. He told Esmonde that a large body of cavalry was rapidly approaching, and that no time should be lost in sounding a retreat. Esmonde accordingly withdrew the insurgents from Prosperous.

As soon as morning dawned, the faithful aide-de-camp repaired to Captain Griffith, of the Sallins Yeomanry, and gave information against his commander. Esmonde was placed under arrest, conveyed to Dublin, and hung on Carlisle-bridge. He was a man throughout life universally beloved and esteemed; and he would have died so, had not his connexion with the United Irishmen given the Government party a disgust to him personally. It is unnecessary to say that, in the popular estimation, he never stood really high until the hangman's halter attested his uncompromising love of country. According to O'Kelly's narrative of '98, his body found interment beneath a barrack-yard dung-heap.

On the 24th May was fought the battle of Old Kilcullen. Erskine was an officer of the Swayne school. He rioted in the ecstasy of free quarters, pillage, and spoliation. Men heard him declare that neither himself nor his army would eat a mouthful of breakfast until they made a meal off the Croppies of Ballymore. Quite "cock-a-whoop," he was proceeding to perform the threatened exploit, when a body of insurgents flung themselves before him. Erskine, at the head of his dragoons, charged the obstacle. It was, however, fenced like a *chevaux-de-frise*, and his advances were received on the points of 600 pike-heads. The cavalry retired without making any impression, but speedily commenced a second onslaught. The rebels rushed down the hill, and, meeting their assailants half-way, applied the pike so vigorously, that only one sergeant and four privates escaped with their lives. Erskine fell into a pool of water, and fought upon his back, chopping away, with the fury of a dying tiger, at the very pike-staff which impaled him to the earth.

Flushed with victory, the rebels proceeded to attack Dundas, at Kilcullen Bridge. His force was a strong one. Having heard of the fate of Erskine's party, they thirsted in spirit for blood to quench the flame of their vengeance. Fatigued and jaded after their recent exertions, the rebels had the consummate folly to attack an army of comparatively fresh soldiery. The fight waged for a time with great fury, but at length the assailants were necessitated to fly. Not, however, as Sir Jonah says, till lanes were repeatedly cut through them with round shot.

On the morning of the 24th, a segment of the insurgent force proceeded to attack the town and jail of Naas; but as the guard had, in anticipation, been augmented, the assailants were repulsed. For twenty minutes, however, the issue of the battle was extremely doubtful. At length the King's troops drove them into a narrow avenue; and here this undisciplined and comparatively meagre force sustained, for a considerable time, charges *da capo* from the Ancient Britons and Armagh Militia. Throughout the rebellion, it was a notorious habit of the

Government to exaggerate the number of deaths on the popular side, as well as to stigmatize the people with outrages which they never committed. Accordingly, we find the rebel loss on this occasion to have been 110, whereas not more than eleven lives were in reality sacrificed. Some hours after the engagement, the troops assassinated, in cold blood, fifty-seven of the inhabitants. Many were dragged out of their beds and shot—others cut down while endeavouring to escape from the flames of their own dwellings. Among the victims to military vengeance and caprice was a most respectable landholder, named Walsh. After having undergone the torture of half hanging, his heart was extracted, roasted, and eaten by three of the Suffolk Fencibles.

Next day, 400 insurgents, under the command of Keogh and Ledwidge, marched on the village of Clondalkin—a daring act, when remembered that it is hardly distant four miles from the seat of Government. Lord Roden, who had already wreathed his brow with laurels by the Santry massacre, volunteered his services. Such a petty force of undisciplined men as Ledwidge's could hardly be expected to withstand a charge from the King's cavalry. Their lines broke, each man consulted safety in flight, and the sabres of the pursuing "Fox-hunters" were not remiss in their duty. Keogh and Ledwidge were captured, tried by court-martial, and executed.

On the day of the Naas defeat, a proclamation from Generalissimo Lake appeared, ordering every citizen of Dublin to be in bed after nine. All the courts of justice, with, perhaps, one exception, were closed. That exception furnished a strange scene. Baron Metge sat on the bench equipped in regimentals, and furnished with pistol, sabre, and dirk. The jury looked like so many lines of riflemen. The counsel pleaded in uniform, with their side-arms.

The 24th May witnessed several skirmishes. Amongst them may be mentioned those of Hacketstown, Carlow, Clane,* and Monasterevan. Owing to the want of

* At Clane, the military were near getting the worst of it. A large body of the assailants, having equipped themselves in the uniforms and

leaders, unanimity, discipline, and a preconcerted *modus operandi*, nothing but failure resulted. At Monasterevan the parish priest was "hung, drawn, and quartered." The magistrates accused him, on what authority we know not, of participation in treason.

At Carlow, frightful carnage marked the now victorious course of Government. According to the official version, nineteen carts were constantly employed, for a day and a half, in removing the dead to Graiguebridge. Here 417 bodies were interred in three gravel pits. Among the victims to governmental fury who fell during the insurrectionary movement at Carlow, there were none whose fate deserves more tearful commiseration than that of the unfortunate Sir Edward Paul Crosbie, Bart.* Throughout life he was a liberal and philanthropic man; but of any treasonable, or even seditious intent or practice, the child in the womb could not have been more innocent. Sir Edward was dragged from his fire-side and slaughtered, in cold blood, at the request of some ultra-loyalists. To Sir Edward Crosbie's grand-niece, the Hon. Mrs. Leeson, Lord Cloncurry was married in 1810.

Meanwhile, every exaggeration—every elaborated fiction of Popish cruelty, perfidy, and superstition, were, as Plowden assures us, eagerly collected, improved upon, and circulated through the military ranks, for the purpose, manifestly, of deadening humanity, and of stimulating the ferocity of the troops.

accoutrements of the Cork Militia and Ancient Britons—spoils achieved on the night of the *Prosperous* triumph—proceeded quite cavalierly to enter the town. This very nearly proved a fatal deceit.

* It is the intention of the present Sir Edward William Crosbie to publish, at no distant day, a conclusive refutation of the calumnies on his father's memory, which Musgrave, Maxwell, and other Protestant historians of the rebellion, have so industriously put forward in their respective works. He holds in his possession important documents for the purpose, which must render the task a matter of no great difficulty. The *Dublin Journal*, of June 1st, 1798, appears to have given the first promulgation to the slander. We extract the paragraph:—"From Carlow, we learn that Sir Edward Crosbie, Bart., having been accused, tried, and convicted of an intimate and criminal connexion with the rebel army, has suffered the punishment of death, under martial law." In the *Evening Post*, of June 7, 1798, we read:—"Sir Edward Crosbie was executed at Carlow, on Tuesday evening, and his head has been placed on the top of the gaol." If ever any man fell a victim to injustice and the malice of party, it was Sir Edward Paul Crosbie, Bart.

On May 26 was fought the battle of Tara. About 4,000 United Irishmen established themselves on the hill, and awaited the approach of "the Sassenagh." But the wary foe knew a trick worth two of attacking the rebel army at that juncture. From their pickets they ascertained that the rebels had mustered unusually strong. A cunning plan for their dispersion was, after a short council of war, decided on. Gunpowder and ball could not dislodge them, but possibly *whiskey* might. Accordingly, a cart, containing some puncheons of that spirit, was prepared and sent on. The road ran, and still runs, immediately under the hill. No sooner did the insurgents observe the whiskey puncheons, than they descended *en masse*, and bore them off amid shrieks of exultation. To their shame be it recorded, they drank to drunkenness. Of this the king's troops were not slow in taking advantage. They deluged them with bullets, and mowed them down with grape. The rebels made a rally, but, alas! a fatal one. With stupid ferocity they charged, pike in hand, through the lines of their own friends, killing some and wounding others.

The Meath insurgents were at this engagement attacked at least fourteen hours before they anticipated. They sanguinely calculated on the men of Louth, Wicklow, and Wexford, coming promptly to their assistance. The bold design of attacking Trim and Naas, and the still bolder one of laying open the communication of the metropolis with Ulster, was by this defeat completely disconcerted.

But another train of treason was laid, and on that same 26th May (having been successfully fired) it rushed with electrical ignition along the borders of Wicklow, until, reaching the village of Boolavogue, in Wexford, it suddenly asserted its vitality, with an explosion which struck terror into many an anti-separatist's heart. On the day of the rising, twenty farmers' houses, the chapel, and the Catholic curate's residence, were burned. That all this should have accelerated the local insurrection is not surprising. From Boolavogue, where the people encountered the Camolin Yeomanry, and killed their commander,

Lieutenant Bookey, they proceeded in considerable force to Oulart Hill, "headed by a man," says Cloney, "hitherto the least likely of any other priest in that county to appear in arms — a quiet, inoffensive man, devoting his time and energies to the spiritual instruction of a peaceable flock; but whose resentment was so justly raised by the sanguinary persecution of his people."*

Expresses were speedily sent for troops to check the progress of the movement, and accordingly the North Cork Militia, commanded by seven officers, proceeded to attack the Irish army on one side, while a body of yeoman cavalry advanced on the other. Our limits do not permit us to go into details. Suffice it to say, that so great was the havoc made amongst the regular troops, that only the colonel, a sergeant, two privates, and a drummer, escaped with their lives.

Next day the insurgents marched on Camolin, and effected the capture of a quantity of arms. From thence they advanced to Scarawash Bridge, where they halted for some time to obtain an accession of strength. Their ranks soon swelled, and with an army of 6,000 pikemen, and 1,000 musketeers, they proceeded in good order to Enniscorthy.

But whilst triumph glowed in the countenances of the Wexford men, the pallor of fear blanched the cheeks of Perkin's force on the Curragh of Kildare. This body of insurgents amounted to 2,000. Their commander, foreseeing nothing but defeat, sent a message to General Dundas to say that his men would deliver up their arms, provided they might return home unmolested, and that the system of burning and free quarters should be slackened, if not abolished. "The general," says Plowden, "sent for advice to Dublin Castle, and received permission to assent to their terms." Thirteen cart loads of pikes were accordingly delivered up. Immediately after another rebel body made similar overtures. Major-General Duff undertook to receive their surrender.

* "Personal Narrative of the Transactions of '98," by Thomas (General) Cloney. Dublin: 1832.

The Curragh is a vast expanse of ground. Neither ditch, hedge, tree, nor house, dots its surface for at least three English miles. Duff commanded the rebels to throw their arms in a heap, and then kneel down and beg the King's pardon. Both mandates were complied with. A dead silence prevailed. At length General Duff broke it. "Charge," said he, "and spare no rebel." Havoc and consternation spread themselves on all sides. To cut down an unarmed multitude was no difficult task. The troops consisted almost entirely of cavalry—Lord Roden's "fox-hunters," General Dunn's black horse, and Captain Bagot's yeomanry. "The number of victims who fell," writes a personal actor in '98, "were 325. In one street alone of Kildare, there were reckoned eighty-five widows the following morning."

But to retrace our steps to Wexford. Government left no available means unemployed to resist an attack on Enniscorthy. Captain Snowe and his North Corkians occupied the bridge, two regiments of yeomanry remained within the town, while, at the cross roads, near Duffry-gate, Captain Pounden's infantry took up position.

The insurgents wasted not their time in reconnoitering or talking, but at once grappled with their powerful enemy. One thousand men waded through the Slaney, under a galling fire from the garrison above. A shower of hailstones, however, could not have intimidated them less; and having gained the fortified acclivity, attacked Pounden's corps with such determination as to compel them to retire, with loss, from their position. Other divisions advanced with similar tact and spirit, accomplishing, as they did so, similar results. At length, after a hot conflict, of four hours' duration, the garrison found themselves completely routed. Amongst the slain were three commanding officers. The rage of the yeomanry was intense. They set fire to the town in several places, and proceeded to the jail, fully determined to murder, in cold blood, the prisoners within it; but the turnkeys had fortunately fled to Wexford, taking with them, in their precipitation, the keys of the prison.

After the acquisition of Enniscorthy, the insurgents

encamped on Vinegar Hill; but the greatest division in resolve pervaded their councils. Some were for attacking Newtownbarry, others Wexford, and others for remaining *statu quo*. Intelligence promptly sped to Wexford, that the "Croppies" were marching in thousands upon it. Hostile preparations were accordingly made. On the 29th Colonel Maxwell, with 200 men and artillery, arrived from Duncannon Fort. Despatches came from General Fawcett to say that he would be in Wexford himself on that evening, accompanied by the 13th Regt. and Meath Militia. The general set off for Wexford, as arranged, but did not venture beyond Taghmon, seven miles from his destination. He, however, sent on, rather incautiously, in advance, a detachment of infantry, with artillery, howitzers, and ammunition. Midway between Taghmon and Wexford, the advance of his party became suddenly intercepted by a large body of the rebels, who, in less than twenty minutes, cut them all to pieces.

General Fawcett hearing of the calamitous fate of his advanced guard, retreated rapidly to Duncannon Fort.

Colonel Maxwell, who had crossed the country to unite his forces with those of the general's, was within an ace of meeting with a similar catastrophe. The insurgents watched him, and almost surrounded his army; but resorting to a *ruse de guerre*, he eluded their grasp, and succeeded in reaching the town of Wexford. In this skirmish Lieutenant-Colonel Watson fell. Eager to reconnoitre, he proceeded to the summit of a hill, and was shot down by one of the insurgent outposts.

Unanimity at length prevailed in the rebel camp, so far as was exemplified in their determination to attempt the capture of Wexford. With this object in view, they took up position on the Three Rock mountain, an eminence overhanging the town. The movements of the rebel force were cautious. Amongst its members a very general impression existed, that Wexford was inhabited by a formidable garrison. Such, however, was not the fact; and the yeoman, military, and militia regiments which garrisoned it, began, on their side, to exhibit some symptoms of incipient nervousness. A council hastily

assembled, excited tongues argued, and counter-argued; the hopelessness of resistance became apparent, and a decision, humiliating to the dignity of King George, was arrived at, and carried out. A deputation of officers, in full uniform, proceeded to the camp to announce the surrender of Wexford!

They had hardly more than left, when the greater bulk of the garrison fled precipitately from the town. "Officers and privates," writes Edward Hay, who was a witness of the scene, "threw off their uniforms, and hid themselves wherever they thought they could be best concealed. Some ran to the different quays, in the expectation of finding boats to convey them off, and threw their arms and ammunition into the water. All such as could accomplish it, ran on board the vessels in the harbour, having previously turned their horses loose. Some ran to the jail, to put themselves under the protection of Mr. Harvey. Officers, magistrates, and yeomen thus severally endeavoured to escape popular vengeance; and in the contrivance of changing apparel, as there was not a sufficiency of men's clothes for all those who sought safety by these means, female attire was substituted for the purpose of disguise."

At this, to them, gratifying intelligence, the insurgents poured into the town. The prison was, as usual, the first point of attraction. Within it Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, of Bargy Castle, a Protestant gentleman of considerable fortune, lay immured. They insisted on his becoming their commander.

The flying troops from Wexford committed fearful depredations. Cabins were burnt, farm houses wrecked, the peasantry shot, female innocence outraged. In fact, the only chance a poor man had of his life was to fly into the insurgent phalanx, or leave the kingdom, an alternative not always practicable. Gorey being no longer tenable, its garrison and inhabitants retreated on the next morning to Arklow.

We have now arrived at the 31st May. On that day the Hon. Valentine Lawless was arrested in London on suspicion of HIGH TREASON, and of having aided and

abetted certain United Irishmen, by association in their meetings, councils, and conferences; connivance at their designs, and occasionally assisting them with pecuniary aid. To what extent Mr. Lawless was really guilty, the reader is, we think, already aware.

Mr. Lawless's generosity towards Father O'Coigly may be said to have placed the coping stone on his treason. In fact, it was a matter of some doubt to the Government which of the two were the greater criminal—he who in person solicited French aid, or the man who encouraged the proceeding with money and complacency. They resolved to extinguish both species of delinquency, and, on the 31st May, 1798, we find the Hon. Mr. Lawless, by virtue of a warrant signed by the Secretary of State, arrested on a charge of suspicion of high treason. Fortunately for Lawless, his place of confinement was neither Cold Bath Fields nor Horsemonger-lane jail. A King's messenger resided in Pimlico, and to the care of this functionary the person of Mr. Lawless was, after having undergone a few hours' imprisonment in Bow-street, entrusted.

The Dublin Evening Post of June 5th, 1798, contains the following paragraphs:—

"YESTERDAY ARRIVED A MAIL.

"*London, June* 1.

"Between eight and nine o'clock yesterday morning Townsend, M'Manus, and other officers arrested Mr. Agar, barrister-at-law, at his chambers, in the Temple, on a warrant from the Duke of Portland.

"About 11 o'clock Mr. Curran called on Mr. Agar, and he was also taken into custody.

"Mr. Stewart, a gentleman of considerable property in the north of Ireland, who gave evidence on the trials at Maidstone, was about the same time arrested in his lodgings.

"THE HON. MR. V. B. LAWLESS, son of Lord Cloncurry, was also apprehended at his lodgings, No. 31, St. Albans-street, Pall Mall.

"The valet of Mr. Lawless was likewise taken into custody.

"About six o'clock in the evening, Mr. George Henry Trenor (Mr. Lawless's secretary) was taken upon similar warrants in the Temple.

"These gentlemen are all from Ireland. Mr. Curran, Mr. Lawless, and Mr. Trenor are, we believe, students of law.

"The gentlemen were all guarded by officers. MR. LAWLESS and his servant were confined at the Bow-street office. They were all in very good spirits.

"All their papers and letters were seized, and are this day, with the prisoners, to be examined before the Privy Council."

How Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," could ever have fallen into such a singular mistake as to imagine himself arrested on the 30th April, instead of the 31st May, appears to us inconceivable. It is to be presumed that an incident of the nature ought to make a rather permanent impression on the mind of the experiencer. Nevertheless, we find in the reprint of Lord Cloncurry's petition to the Commons in Parliament assembled, "That your petitioner was arrested on the 30th day of April, 1798, by virtue of a warrant signed by the Duke of Portland, one of his Majesty's principal Secretarys of State." At page 63 of the "Personal Recollections," second edition, his Lordship writes—"During the short period of my detention, *in May* and June, 1798, the crisis of the Irish rebellion had passed." Lord Cloncurry is under error. As we observed before, his arrest took place on the 31st May, and it was not until the month of June that Pitt and Portland virtually placed him in confinement. Another irrefragable proof that the arrest was made on the 31st May, and *not* the 30th April, may be found in the Castlereagh Papers and Correspondence. In a letter from Mr. Secretary Wickham, bearing date the 8th June, 1798, we find Mr. Lawless's arrest officially announced. That letter is interesting, if it were only for its allusions to Valentine Lawless.

[No. 3.] TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.

"*Whitehall, June 8th*, 1798.

My Lord—* * * His Majesty's confidential servants have found it *necessary to take into custody and detain several natives of Ireland now resident here, of whose intimate connexion and correspondence with the leaders and inciters of the present rebellion in Ireland there was no room whatever to doubt.* But as many weighty reasons have occurred to render it expedient that the examinations of these persons before the Lords of the Privy Council should be defered for some days longer, his Grace has directed me to inform your lordship, and to desire that you would communicate this information to the Lord Lieutenant, that the Honourable Mr. L——, M. S., of Acton, and Messrs A., C., and T., of the Temple, have been apprehended here. * * * It appears, as well from the secret information of which his Grace has long been in possession, as from a late confidential report from Paris, with which I have good reason to believe that your lordship is acquainted, and from most secret though accurate intelligence received from Hamburgh, the whole confirmed by the testimony of the *two gentlemen recommended to Mr. Cooke*, that all these persons were more or less deeply implicated in the

treasonable conspiracy in Ireland; that they had all knowledge of the connexion between the traitors in that country and the French Directory, or its ministers, and had *given aid and countenance to the agents who have at different times been sent over from one country to the other*; that some of them were engaged in direct correspondence with the enemy; and that they were all of them endeavouring to propagate their detestable principles among their own countrymen here, with a degree of activity and zeal that rendered it a duty incumbent on his Majesty's confidential servants, for the safety of both countries, from the instant that the rebellion in Ireland had broken out, to take effectual measures for preventing them from doing any further mischief to either the one or the other.

"It is evident, under the present circumstances, and with the evidence of the nature of that of which Government here is in possession, strong and decisive as it is, that *none of the persons can be brought to trial without exposing secrets of the last importance to the state, the revealing of which may implicate the safety of the two kingdoms.* * * There are some papers found in Mr. Lawless's possession that tend directly to show his connexion with some of the most desperate of the Republican party here, as well as with those who are in habitual communication with the French agents at Hamburgh; and his Grace is in daily expectation of some material evidence from that place, tending more directly to implicate that gentleman in a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. * * *

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"WILLIAM WICKHAM."

As no treasonable papers existed, of course, none were found. With the exception of a visiting ticket of Arthur O'Connor's, and a perfectly innocuous note from O'Coigly, no documents fell into the hands of Government, connected directly or indirectly with the United Irish Society, or the French agents at Hamburgh. We make this assertion on the authority of Lord Cloncurry.

The first examination of Mr. Lawless is thus adverted to by the English correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who writes from London, on June 16, 1798. The impression of the journal bears date the 21st inst.—five days being the average consumption of time in those days ere London news could appear in a Dublin publication:—

"Tuesday afternoon a council was held at the Duke of Portland's office which lasted from two o'clock till six in the evening, for the examination of the HON. MR. LAWLESS, Mr. Agar, Mr. Treanor, and Mr. Curran. The three first underwent a long examination, when Mr. Treanor was discharged, and Mr. Lawless and Mr. Agar were remanded to the care of messengers.

"On Wednesday, Messrs. Agar, Stewart, and Curran were brought up for examination. Mr. Curran, after a short investigation, was discharged, and the others remanded. The Hon. Mr. Lawless, being indisposed, was not brought up."

A week subsequent to this, *i. e.*, the 23rd June, the London correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes:—

"The Hon. Mr. Lawless, Mr. Agar, and Mr. Stewart, who were, about three weeks ago, taken into custody on warrants from the Secretary of State, on suspicion of high treason, were, on Saturday (16th June), discharged on their recognizances. The other gentlemen were discharged the week before last."

If Lawless received his discharge at this time, it was only to undergo immediately after the inconvenience of a second arrest. He was no sooner liberated, than a Bow-street runner blandly requested him to return, and make the house of a king's messenger his home. This capricious conduct on the part of Government appears to us quite unaccountable. We are distinctly told by the *Evening Post*, of June 30th, 1798, that on—

"Saturday, the Hon. Mr. Lawless, Mr. Agar, and Mr. Stewart were brought up to the Secretary of State's office, to be examined, when they were again remanded into the custody of messengers. Mr. Agar was admitted to bail in the evening."

Lawless must have been immediately after discharged. Until the month of April, in the year following, we find no mention of his name in the newspapers.

So much for the public accounts of his examinations; come we now to the private ones.

Lawless had no sooner been captured in St. Albans-street, than the Lords of the Privy Council expressed an anxious desire to examine him. To their presence he was accordingly summoned. There before him scowled the solemn visage of Lord Chancellor Loughborough, afterwards Earl Rosslyn, and whilom "Lawyer Wedderburne," his Grace the Duke of Portland, Mr. William Pitt, and one or two others. After a few words of preamble the examination commenced. Loughborough was the principal and most skilful interlocutor; but Lawless, very much to the astonishment of the Board generally, refused, point blank, to answer one of his lordship's queries. Appreciating the old aphorism—"You may bring a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink," and finding Mr. Lawless to be as stubborn as a mule, the Privy Council

gave the matter up, for the present at least, as a bad job. Under these circumstances, he was removed, escorted by a strong guard, to the house of one of his Majesty's messengers.

Lawless had hardly been an entire week in durance when John Reeves (to whom the reader has been already introduced) paid him a friendly visit, and, in his capacity of Bow-street magistrate, mentioned to him, on the part of Lord Loughborough and colleagues, that they would consent to liberate their prisoner on bail. This not unreasonable proposal Mr. Lawless peremptorily declined, observing, that besides the injustice of demanding bail from a person who could not be charged with crime, he had a large fortune depending on his father's good opinion, and would not submit to pursue any course which might tend to convey a doubt of his innocence or loyalty. Reeves, finding it hopeless to fight him out of this obstinate determination, withdrew.

It was not once or twice that Valentine was brought before the Lords of the Privy Council. They repeatedly summoned him to their awful presence, and, with a view to entangle his replies in the meshes of personal crimination, interrogated him rigidly. Another object was, no doubt, by the elucidation of "unguarded admissions" to inculpate, if possible, his friends and associates. Their endeavours, however, proved futile. He remained as obstinate as a mule; and once more the King's messenger was intrusted with his care.

At length, during the last week of June—having now been in detention for nearly three weeks—Lawless was, for the last time, conveyed to the Council Chamber. One final effort was made by Portland and Loughborough to extort some satisfactory answer from the prisoner. All to no effect, however. He was, if anything, even more reserved. At last, the Privy Council, heartily wearied with his obstinacy, came to the determination of discharging him.* Mr. Reeves, who happened to be in an adjoining room, was called in, and he, at the Chancellor's

* *Vide* "The Petition of Lord Cloncurry to the House of Commons."

suggestion, volunteered himself as bail for "the traitor." This was, of course, accepted; and Valentine Lawless became once more a free man.

Having thus succeeded in winning the battle, Mr. Lawless now descended—in familiar language—from off his high horse. He advanced to the Lord Chancellor, and offered to communicate to his lordship, candidly and fully, whatever information it was in his power to furnish; that, in fact, he knew no secrets, and had, *ergo*, nothing to conceal. Prompt advantage was taken of this concession, and one of the first interrogations put to him was, if he were a member of that body denominated United Irishmen. To this Mr. Lawless replied, that he certainly was, before any law had passed tending to incriminate the acts of the society. Among the other questions, eagerly put, were, why he had given money to defend O'Coigly at Maidstone; what he knew about him; and whether any intimacy existed between him (Lawless) and Mr. John Bonham. In the course of the examination, the Council animadverted with considerable severity on his visits to Furnival's Inn. The investigation at length closed by Lord Loughborough assuring Mr. Lawless that he considered him more incautious than criminal; advised him to be more careful for the time to come, and added that Lord Cloncurry felt highly displeased at his having incurred the suspicions of Government. Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, with some suavity, observed, that they regretted what had happened; that he (Lawless) was evidently led into indiscretion by an excess of good nature; that they had a respect for his father; and hoped nothing would transpire to prevent them from entertaining a similar feeling for him.

Nicholas Lord Cloncurry, chancing to hear incidentally of Lord Loughborough's friendly speech at the Council, at once sat down and indited a letter of thanks to that nobleman, wherein he expressed his grateful acknowledgments to him for having addressed some words of advice to his son, "a young man who he much feared had been led into great indiscretion by the influence and example of those with whom he associated."

Simultaneous with the arrest of Lawless, on the 31st May, his private secretary, Mr. George Trenor, was thrust into confinement, and the hardship he was necessitated to undergo eventuated, though not for some time afterwards, in death. Trenor acted as professor of elocution in Dr. Burroughs' school, at the period of Lawless's sojourn at that establishment. They appear to have taken a mutual fancy to each other. Lawless showed great benevolence to Trenor, and presented him with a large sum of money, a short time previous to his death. Christian Serry, an old and faithful Swiss servant of Mr. Lawless's, was likewise seized on the memorable 31st May, and treated with cruel rigour. He was expatriated soon after, under the authority of the Alien Act, and never heard of more.

But the 31st May witnessed arrests of a more important nature than Christian Serry's, or Mr. Secretary Trenor's. John Philpot Curran, William Duke of Leinster, and Henry Grattan happened to be paying the Hon. Mr. Lawless a morning visit at his lodgings in St. Albans-street, when the Bow-street runners rushed into the apartment with a warrant for his arrest. "Show me the company you keep, and I'll tell you who you are;" and, on the strength of this aphorism, the constables ventured to lay their ruffian hands upon the persons of the Duke of Leinster and his patriotic friends. It is unnecessary for us to observe, that Lawless, Curran, and Grattan were regarded by the Tory party as so many traitors to their king.

The letter written by Lawless, and addressed to Mr. Braughall, wherein the phrase "Little Henry" occurred, stimulated considerably the suspicions of Government. We have already had occasion to make reference to this letter. It will be remembered that the writer panegyrized Mr. Henry's act of generosity, and spoke of him playfully as "little Henry." Grattan, whose stature never exceeded five feet four, was immediately set down, in ministerial minds, as the party who enclosed £500 to Lawless, in token of sympathy for Father O'Coigly.

Mr. Grattan, the supposed abettor of O'Coigly, was

accordingly summoned before the Privy Council. His examination made a good deal of noise at the time; but, like a blank-cartridge, only ended in smoke. "Circumstances transpired," observed a newspaper of the day, "which showed that Mr. Grattan had been mistaken for an Irish gentleman of distinction, from whom some explanations were required." Under those circumstances, they permitted him to withdraw.* With respect to the Duke of Leinster and Mr. Curran, their detention did not exceed an hour in duration.

The moment that Lawless found himself a free man, he came to the resolution of leaving London. The most agreeable part of the summer season had, during the period of his detention, rolled over. Debility — the invariable attendant on confinement — sapped his strength, and nothing appeared so likely to restore it to its pristine tone and vigour as a trip to the country. His natural patriotism would, no doubt, have induced him to give a preference to the picturesque parts of Ireland; but as his father, who felt greatly incensed, commanded him not, on any pretext, to show his face within its boundary, there was no course open to him but that which he adopted. In the month of July he set out on an equestrian excursion through England, which, not until the middle of October following, can he be said to have brought to a termination. At first, he visited some intimate acquaintances in Yorkshire, and afterwards, the fashionable watering-places of Scarborough and Harrowgate. Scarborough, towards the close of the last century, was in the zenith of its popularity, as the fact of Sheridan making it the subject of one of his satirical dramas can attest. During the happy period of his stay here, Mr. Lawless met, for the first time, Mary, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Phineas Ryal, Esq., an eminent banker,†

* The *Dublin Evening Post* of June 5th. 1798. thus notices the same matter:—"In consequence of a mistake committed by the persons employed to execute a warrant against a person of consequence from Ireland, Mr. Grattan was taken into custody, and brought to the Duke of Portland's office. The moment the mistake was discovered, a proper explanation was made to Mr. Grattan, and he was, of course, liberated."

† There were three brothers, partners, in the bank. Two still survive.

long resident in Clonmel. Her fascinating manners soon placed in thraldom the heart of the ardent young Celt; and their acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship, and from friendship into love, until at length a matrimonial engagement crowned the reciprocity of feeling which existed between them. But when Lawless bethought him of the determined hostility which his father would be sure to urge against the celebration of the nuptials, his heart sank within him. Weeks elapsed, however, and his hopes became brighter. Several influential friends undertook to intercede with Lord Cloncurry, and, after a voluminous correspondence with his lordship, the marriage was at length sanctioned, on condition that Lawless should complete his terms at the Temple, and be called to the bar. To carry out this arrangement, he accordingly, at the close of 1798, returned to the dull region of Gray's Inn, looking forward through a long black tunnel of time, to a bright little speck in the future.

Amongst those who took an active part in endeavouring to overcome the disinclination of Lord Cloncurry to the contemplated marriage, was Colonel, afterwards General Sir George, Cockburne, whom the reader will remember in connexion with Lawless's efforts to bring Captain Frazer to justice, for the murder of Dixon, in 1797. Sir George Cockburne has only within the last few years departed from amongst us. Throughout his long and busy life, he ever acted in the same honourable, disinterested, and consistent manner, winning for himself the love of a warm-hearted people, and the respect of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. The public and private letters which General Cockburne has left behind him, are all pervaded by a spirit of patriotism, independence of tone, and manly contempt for the arch-artificers of the Union, and their vile utensils, rarely to be met with in the writings of a man who so long received the pay of Government, and fought against his countrymen in 1798. We have the written permission of General Sir George Cockburne's son and representative, Phineas Cockburne, Esq., to introduce in this work

one of the letters relative to the contemplated marriage of Lawless with Miss Mary Ryal. The young lady stood in the relationship of sister-in-law to General Cockburne.

[No. 4.] COLONEL COCKBURNE TO MR. LAWLESS.

"*Dublin*, 11*th April*, 1799.

"My dear Lawless—* * * I have seen Burne;* and I understand from him that your father has positively consented; but Burne says, has never varied from his *first declaration* of the year. He thinks violence will not do, and you must either submit to wait the end of the year, or try what coaxing will do. As to your marrying without his leave, I hear from the best authority, that he has made the most positive declaration to resist such a step in the strongest manner; and the year is so nearly out, that it really would not be acting with your usual good sense, if you ran any risk of his displeasure. Burne tells me he is determined to have you called to the English bar, and therefore insists on your remaining in London till June; that you are then to come over to him, by which time he will have determined what property he will settle on you; and Burne thinks that your submission to his will in these particulars will certainly bring matters to a conclusion by July. * * *

"Yours,

"G. C."†

Poor Lawless! it did not require any stern exercise of parental authority to insist on his remaining in London till June. For six weeks before the arrival of that month, the jaws of the Tower held him firmly between its teeth. "Matters brought to a satisfactory conclusion in July"—alas! that time never came, and the lovely, interesting girl to whom he was on the eve of being allied with every human prospect of happiness, died of a broken heart! But we must not anticipate.

* The confidential friend and lawyer of Lord Cloncurry.

† Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry.

CHAPTER VII.

Startling Revelation—Private Official Letter to Lord Castlereagh—Mr. Lawless stands unconsciously on the Brink of a Precipice—Progress of the Rebellion in Ireland—Defeat of the King's Troops—Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey—Precipitate Evacuation of New Ross by the Military—Death of Lord Mountjoy—Harvey succeeded in the Command by Father Philip Roche—Excitement in Dublin—Battle of Arklow—Wexford held for twenty-one Days by the People—The Rebel Camp on Vinegar Hill—Attacked by General Lake, with 20,000 Men—Valour of the People—Lake's Horse shot under him—"The Rascals make a tolerable good fight of it"—Lord Kingsborough taken Prisoner—Dishonorable Conduct of General Lake—Murder of Father Roche—Defeat of the Wexford Militia—Skirmish at Castlecomer—Sir Charles Asgill—Appalling Scene at Gorey and Wexford—Cornelius Grogan—A Sister's feelings brutally outraged—Aylmer fights the Battle of Ovidstown—Lord Cornwallis arrives as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Theobald Wolfe Tone—The second French Expedition to Ireland—General Humbert—Killala captured by the French—Battle of Castlebar—General Lake and Lord Hutchinson defeated with great Slaughter—Lord Jocelyn taken Prisoner—Humbert's Army overpowered by 20,000 Men under Lord Cornwallis—Valorous Resistance of "La Hoche"—The bold Wolfe Tone taken Prisoner—His Trial and Death—Termination of the Rebellion—Active Official Preparation to carry the Union—Mr. Pitt's three Agents—Lords Castlereagh, Clare, and Cornwallis—Mr. Lawless opposes the Union with his Pen and his Tongue—Delicate State of Health of Lord Cloncurry—Second Arrest of the Hon. V. B. Lawless—His Committal to the Tower—Cruel Rigour observed—Letter to his Sister—Months of Anxiety and Suspence—Lord Cloncurry's Death accelerated by Slights received from Government—Alters his Will—Memorials to the Duke of Portland, and Refusals *ad libitum*—Lawless persecuted in his Dungeon with unexampled Rigour—A wily Visitor—Letter from Mr. Cooke—Apathy of the Irish National Press.

"The publication of the Castlereagh papers," observes the *Dublin University Magazine* for October, 1849, "reveals that the Government believed Lord Cloncurry to be so deeply implicated in the worst treasons of the United Irishmen, that it was actually proposed to except him by name from the act of amnesty."

Startling and incredible as this assertion may sound, it is true, nevertheless. On the 29th July, 1798, Lord Castlereagh addressed a letter to Mr. Wickham, the Under Secretary of State, wherein he enclosed the draft

of a bill of pardon, for the perusal of his Majesty and the Duke of Portland. A list of several persons, whom it would be desirable to indemnify, or exempt from punishment, accompanied the bill. Full as many blanks as names appeared, and those, it was presumed, would be filled up by his Grace, who possessed, or was supposed to possess, a vast deal more of secret information respecting the Irish persons arrested in England, than either Lord Castlereagh or his faithful official—Edward Cooke. The Duke, however, felt some delicacy in filling up the blanks, and before he would think of introducing the names of any Irish gentlemen who were arrested under warrants bearing his signature, he gave directions to Mr. Wickham to write for all the secret information that could be collected in Ireland to their prejudice.

By the following letter it will be perceived that his Grace regarded Mr. Stewart, of Acton, who was taken into custody simultaneously with Lawless, as a confirmed rebel to king and country (although in reality he was not), and suggested the propriety of exempting him from pardon:—

[No. 5.] MR. SECRETARY WICKHAM TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.

"*Private and Secret.*

"*Whitehall, August 9th*, 1798.

"My Lord,—I have received the honour of your lordship's several letters of the 28th and 30th ult., all of which I have communicated to the Duke of Portland, together with the draft of the bill for his Majesty's most gracious pardon." [Here a large portion of Mr. Wickham's letter is occupied with reflections on the supposed disloyalty of Mr. Stewart, of Acton. "From the secret information in the Duke of Portland's possession," writes Mr. Wickham, "his Grace can have no doubt that this gentleman is a very proper person to be excepted from his Majesty's pardon." It was not the fault of the Government that Mr. Stewart did not suffer in 1798. They endeavoured to follow out the preliminary steps to attainder, but found that too many difficulties flung themselves before their path to permit its accomplishment. The chief one appears to have been, that Mr. Stewart was then at large in the country. After dwelling at considerable length on the difficulty of excepting him from pardon, the Secretary goes on to say:]—"The Duke of Portland desires me to observe, that Mr. Lawless and Mr. Bonham appear to stand nearly in the same situation with Mr. Stewart, as far, that is, as their respective cases are known to the Government, and as far as they are affected by the circumstance of their having been taken into custody here on a charge of treason, and afterwards admitted to bail; and his Grace is of opinion that the decision with respect to each of these three persons ought to be governed by the same rule. *They have all been the active agents of the*

United Irishmen in this country, and as such are extremely proper objects of punishment. But unless they, or some one or more of them, have committed some overt act IN IRELAND, which may be proved by such evidence as is required by the regular course of law, or at least by attainder in Parliament, it is thought that it would be too much to except them, or any of them, from an act of pardon; nor, indeed, would it answer the end required; as, conscious of the want of evidence against them, *they would probably come forward themselves and demand a trial*; and, in every case, the inserting the name of any of them in the exceptions of the bill must be preceded by their being taken into custody, and sent over to Ireland to be tried. * * * It is to be observed, that Benjamin Binns being in actual custody, the objection made in the case of Messrs. Bonham, Lawless, and Stewart, will not hold good with respect to him. * * * A bill of indemnity is liable to this obvious objection, that it would open a way to much unpleasant discussion in Parliament, *which it has hitherto been a principle to avoid.* * * *

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"WILLIAM WICKHAM."

[No. 6.] LORD CASTLEREAGH TO MR. WICKHAM.

"*Dublin Castle, August 12th*, 1798.

"SIR,— * * * After a full consideration of Mr. S(tewart)'s case, his Excellency is of opinion that the evidence against him in this country will not warrant his being transmitted to Ireland; consequently, that is most eligible, under all the circumstances, that his name should be omitted. Mr. L(awless) and Mr. B(onham) stand, as you observe, in the same predicament in point of criminality: and I am sorry to say, we are equally destitute of evidence to prove their guilt. * * *

"I have the honour to remain, &c.,

"CASTLEREAGH."

How little did poor Lawless think when, care-worn and haggard, he sprung into the saddle, and flung his weakened constitution into the bracing air of the country, that Lords Clare, Castlereagh, Cornwallis, and Co., were putting their sapient heads together in Ireland in order to determine whether the Hon. V. B. Lawless ought to be included amongst those whose offences rendered it a matter of prudence and propriety to exempt from the benefit of his Majesty's pardon. Little did he think, when tranquilly gazing upon the undulating landscapes which rose on every side before him, that his movements were a source of inquietude to ministers, and the circumstance of his then position* the subject of a voluminous

* The great difficulty which the Duke of Portland experienced in exempting Stewart and Lawless from pardon was the fact of both having been for some time at large on bail.

correspondence between Whitehall and the Castle of Dublin.

Meanwhile we must not forget to draw our wonted outline of the progress of Irish political events generally. When last we heard from the Wexford rebels, they had everything their own way. It is now the 4th of June, and their success progresses. On that day the insurgents posted themselves in great force on Corrigrua Hill. A strong corps of the king's troops, with five field pieces, for the purpose of making them evacuate their position, arrived in Gorey. This force it was considered judicious to divide evenly, and accordingly 750 men, under General Loftus, and an equal number under Colonel Walpole, marched by different routes on Corrigrua. Just as Walpole (who was a relative of the Viceroy's) reached Tubberneering, he found himself, to his no small consternation, assailed, "fore and aft," by a perfect avalanche of high treason. He fell upon the first onslaught, and the troops, disheartened by the loss of their commander, fled in the utmost disorder, leaving three pieces of ordnance in the hands of the enemy. General Loftus, hearing in the distance the din of battle, sent a reinforcement across the fields to the assistance of his colleague. They were intercepted, and never returned to tell the tale. Loftus, appalled at the valour of the insurgents, abandoned the district, and retreated on Tullow.

The acquisition of New Ross was now regarded by the popular leaders as the great desideratum. It would have opened the communication with their united brethren of Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary. Barrington tells us that the southern insurgents were prepared to rise *en masse* the moment their friends should occupy New Ross. To carry out their resolve, a large body of men, under the command of Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, of Barguy Castle, marched to Corbet Hill, an eminence, situated within a mile from New Ross. Harvey was a Protestant barrister in good practice, and one of the most respectable men in the country. Being small of stature, however, and tiny of voice, he was badly fitted to act as commander. His military experience was *nil;* but he

possessed a sound understanding and considerable resolution. To General Johnson, the commander-in-chief, he despatched, by Mr. Furlong, a flag of truce, requesting that he would, as a friend to humanity, surrender the town, and thereby avoid rapine and bloodshed. Furlong set off upon his honorable mission, but had no sooner come within gun shot of New Ross, than a sentinel elevated his musket, and brought him lifeless to the earth. Plowden says, that to shoot all persons carrying flags of truce from the rebels appears to have been a maxim with the regular troops. How different their conduct from that of the insurgents! The reader will remember with what complete safety the deputation of officers from Wexford negotiated with their foe.

Exasperated at this wanton outrage, the insurgents, without waiting for Harvey's orders, poured down like a stream of lava on the town. Both infantry and cavalry made a feeble resistance, and fled with precipitation, leaving ordnance, baggage, and ammunition, behind them. Amongst the slain was found the body of Lord Mountjoy. Most of the officers made the best of their way to Waterford. The rebels, intoxicated with victory, proceeded to give themselves up to a less elevated species of intoxication. All the gin shops and public houses of the town were broken into. Drunken uproar reigned supreme. General Johnson ascertained this fact and returned to the fray. Surprising the rebels, he drove them, panic-stricken, like a flock of geese, from the town. But presently recovering their presence of mind they returned to the assault, and attacked the garrison with such spirit and determination as to necessitate once more their evacuation of New Ross. Sanguinary experience ought, one would think, to prove a salutary lesson. But it did not. With consummate insanity the rebels returned to riot and intoxication. "Again dislodged," says Plowden, "by the same exertions as before, and a third time rallied, but still more disabled by their intemperance, they were at last finally repulsed, after a contest of about ten hours." In this engagement 300 of the king's troops were slaughtered, and 1,200 of the insurgents.

It was after the battle of New Ross that some of the run-away rebels are said to have set fire to the barn of Scullabogue, where several Protestant prisoners were confined. If they really committed this act, it is a blot of blood upon their escutcheon that never can be wiped away. The leaders knew nothing of it. Binns, in a narrative furnished to Dr. Madden, declared most positively that he has reason to know it was perpetrated by Government incendiaries, in order to give the insurrection the name of a "Popish rebellion." He offers proof, but our limits warn us not to enter into it.

Disgusted with the insubordination of his army, Harvey, after this engagement, resigned the command. He was succeeded by Father Philip Roche, who possessed unbounded influence over the minds of the peasantry. Cloney, one of the Wexford generals, deplores this change. He is of opinion that it rendered the cause henceforward a religious one. No Protestant, he says, would be disposed to place himself under a priest's command.

Having been foiled in their endeavours to open communication with Tipperary and Munster, by the subjugation of New Ross, the insurgents next decided upon attacking Arklow. Had they succeeded in capturing this town, nothing could have prevented them from marching straight* on the metropolis, where 20,000 organized United Irishmen, drilled and armed, remained watching their opportunity. Government were perfectly well aware of the importance of this holding; but, nevertheless, its garrison was limited, and the amount of their ammunition and provisions small.

On the 8th of June 30,000 insurgents, under Father Philip Roche, assembled at Gorey, a town situated within a few hours' march of Arklow. With consummate imprudence, they vowed vengeance on the Arklow garrison, and openly declared their intention of proceeding thither, *en masse*, in the morning. Word to this effect sped to Arklow, and the garrison immediately despatched an

* It must also be considered that numbers of the disaffected of both Wicklow and Kildare would join them in their march to Dublin.

express to Dublin. The alarm in the metropolis, at the intelligence, was intense. Everybody knew that an immediate reinforcement could alone save Arklow, and prevent that metropolitan explosion which they had so much reason to dread. Drums beat to arms, and several regiments rushed frantically to the seat of danger. Every expedient calculated to expedite their progress was had recourse to. Carts, drays, floats, low-backed and jaunting cars, were in requisition; and Barrington tells us that even the sumptuous carriages of the nobility were seized, or tendered for the occasion.

The rebel force, having proceeded from Gorey to Coolgreny, marched in two dense but irregular columns on Arklow. The military had, of course, ample notice of their approach, and were posted to the best advantage, on rising ground. Each wing was terminated by two pieces of heavy ordnance, which kept up a murderous fire throughout the entire day. The insurgents disposed themselves in a parallel line, behind a small fence, and were also provided with cannon; but indeed these were little better than an incumbrance, as their ammunition scarcely lasted forty minutes. After a brisk interchange of fire, without any hostile advance on either side, the insurgents charged, captured one of the royal cannon, and despatched the gunners. Hereupon the aspect of the battle assumed a doubtful hue. The military receded from their position, and shouts of victory from the rebels were beginning to rend the air, when Father Michael Murphy, while in the act of leading on a huge body of pikemen, fell to the earth, torn into pieces by a cannon ball. His followers, regarding this catastrophe in an ominous and superstitious light, fell back appalled to their original position. The royal ammunition chest was, at this juncture, on the point of exhaustion, and there cannot be a doubt but that if a spirited and simultaneous charge had been made by the pikemen, utter defeat would have resulted to his Majesty's forces. Long before the death of Father Murphy, the insurgents' ammunition failed, and sixteen hundred men who had no arms but firelocks, finding themselves useless, proceeded to march, in an

irregular column, from the scene of action. The pikemen soon followed their example. Hay tells us that at the moment of this senseless panic some of the King's forces had actually retreated. May it not, therefore, be presumed that a signal triumph would have crowned the popular effort, were it not for the reverend leader's death, which caused more consternation amongst the ranks of the people than if a thousand mines had opened beneath their feet.

The loss of Arklow proved a fatal blow to the national cause. Like Hougoumont on Waterloo, it might be aptly styled "the key of the British position." Sir Jonah Barrington considers this engagement a drawn battle. The fate of Ireland was decided by the battle of Arklow.

From the 30th May to the 21st June, Wexford remained in the possession of the people. One Dixon, a captain of a trading vessel, who happened to be lying just then in the harbour, left no means unemployed to stimulate the popular vengeance against the Protestant garrison and inhabitants. The consequence was that numbers suffered death.

Since the 28th May a rebel camp had been established on Vinegar Hill. This picturesque acclivity stands in the vicinity of Enniscorthy, and commands a noble view of the surrounding district. After the withdrawal of the national force from Arklow, it was decided that the next engagement should be fought on Vinegar Hill. Of this decision Government received timely intimation, and potent measures of a hostile character were resorted to, in order to annihilate, with one energetic blow, the Wexford effort at independence. Almost the entire available military force of Ireland was draughted to the forthcoming scene of action. Sir Jonah Barrington says that General Lake would not hear of attacking them with less than "TWENTY THOUSAND REGULAR TROOPS, AND A CONSIDERABLE TRAIN OF ARTILLERY!"

A small earthen defence had been raised by the insurgents around the base of their position. Behind this two thousand gunsmen remained posted, together with a few pieces of half disabled ordnance. On the summit of the

hill the peasantry might be seen in one black surging mass, awaiting, with anxiety, the onslaught from General Lake. "A great many women," says Sir Jonah, "mingled with their relatives, and fought with fury. Several were found dead amongst the men, who had fallen in crowds by the bursting of shells."

The news of General Lake's near approach well nigh paralyzed the people with terror. During the short period of his rule in Ireland he had acquired for himself the name and character of "the People's Butcher." His advent sent a thrill through many a stalwart frame. Meanwhile men-of-war were suddenly observed cruising along the coast, as well as gun-boats blocking up the entrance into Wexford harbour. In short, Government were determined to assail the rebel position from both sea and land. The peasantry hurried in scores to the camp, believing that it were better to die fighting for their country than to be slaughtered or burnt at home by authorized military assassination or incendiarism. Plowden observes, that from the summit of the Three Rock Mountain, where many of the insurgents remained posted, the house conflagrations, progressive and parallel with Lake's advance, was, for fourteen hours, clearly perceivable. Sir John Moore, who accompanied him, did all in his power to prevent these atrocities, and even went so far as to put to death some of the perpetrators. "This humane conduct," writes Plowden, "ill suited the intentions and views of the terrorists. He was instantly ordered to Wicklow."

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st June the attack began with a brisk discharge of cannon and mortars. According to Lake's preconcerted plan, all the points of the rebel position were to be attacked simultaneously. Owing to either accident or design, General Needham's division did *not* come up until the battle was over. "It was astonishing," says Barrington, "with what fortitude the peasantry, uncovered, stood the tremendous fire opened upon the four sides of their position. A stream of shells and grape was poured on the multitude; the leaders encouraged them by exhortations, the women by

their cries; and every shell that broke amongst the crowd was followed by shouts of defiance." General Lake had a narrow escape. His favourite charger, amid a volley of bullets, sank lifeless to the ground. In this engagement the general himself *fell*—but only to rise again.

An uninterrupted descent, for hours, of shells and rockets on the rebel army, soon did its work. Their lines broke, and a precipitate retreat commenced. Lake's plan was to surround completely the insurgent position, and this he would, no doubt, have been enabled to do, had General Needham's division arrived in time. Not having done so, however, a gap or opening occurred in the military circle. Through this fortuitous avenue the rebels were enabled, on the breaking of their line, to escape to Wexford. In consequence of the hilly and wooded nature of the adjacent country, neither the cannon nor cavalry of General Lake were successful in crushing the flying column.

In the Castlereagh Correspondence several letters appear from General Lake. One, written the day after "Vinegar Hill," says:—"I have taken Hay, one of their commanders. He will be tried this evening, and, most probably, executed. If I hear of any assembly of men you may depend upon their having a complete drubbing; but I strongly suspect they will not try the chance of another. The carnage yesterday was dreadful. *The rascals made a tolerably good fight of it.*"

When Lake admitted that the rascals made a tolerably good fight of it, the determined character of their resistance may be imagined. Mr. Hay did not suffer the penalty of death. Had he done so, Ireland should have been without one of its most valuable histories of the rebellion.

Since the latter end of May, 1798, Wexford may be regarded as the only county in Ireland virtually under arms against its sovereign. When twenty thousand regular troops were required to extinguish, in one solitary county, the flame of rebellion, it may well be imagined that, had the entire kingdom risen *en masse*, as originally arranged, six hundred and forty thousand effective troops could with difficulty have suppressed it. Ireland contains

thirty-two counties, and that number, multiplied by twenty thousand, amounts to, we believe, the above computation. And it must be borne in mind that Wexford is not by any means the largest county. In fact, it would have been utterly impossible for England, in 1798, to garrison Ireland with even forty thousand regular troops.

After the slaughter on Vinegar Hill the insurgents retreated, with few exceptions, to Wexford. They had many prisoners here, and amongst the number, Lord Kingsborough. This nobleman undertook personally to guarantee the acceptance of any reasonable terms which the rebel garrison should propose to General Lake. It was accordingly decided that proposals should be sent from the inhabitants to surrender the town, and return to their allegiance, on condition that life and property were spared. Lord Kingsborough considered this a fair stipulation, and answered for its acceptance by General Lake. Be this as it may, Lake declined contemptuously to enter into any terms with rebels, but promised mercy to the "deluded multitude," on their surrendering their arms and leaders into his hands. In a letter from the General to Lord Castlereagh, and published amongst his lordship's correspondence, the former complains most bitterly of the very unpleasant situation in which he has been placed by Lord Kingsborough.

Relying implicitly on the noble prisoner's promises—viz., that complete protection should be shown to person and property—numbers remained in the town of Wexford, unconscious of any reason to apprehend danger. Melancholy experience soon undeceived them. The gibbet and the dungeon respectively clutched its victims. Father Roche met his death in an appalling manner. Such implicit confidence did he repose in Lord Kingsborough's assurances, that he left his army at Sladagh, and proceeded, unarmed and unattended, to Wexford, in the expectation of receiving, as he thought, a confirmation of the conditions. Father Roche advanced for a considerable distance within the lines before he was recognized. Suddenly the cry of "Popish priest" resounded on every side, and the unhappy man was, in the most violent and ignominious manner, dragged from his horse,

pulled by the hair, kicked, buffeted, carried to the camp, and from thence hurled down to the gaol, in such a condition as to be barely recognizable by his own parishioners. The armed multitude whom he had left in the expectation of being permitted to return unmolested to their homes, now abandoned all idea of peace, and set off, under the command of Father J. Murphy, to the County Carlow. The Rev. Mr. Gordon, the Protestant historian of the Wexford rebellion, pronounces Father Roche to have been, while in authority, both generous and humane.

Meanwhile the remnant of the Wexford forces, under Father Murphy, proceeded through Kilkenny, until they came to within a stone's throw of Goresbridge. Here their advance was resisted by a party of the Wexford Militia. who, after an ineffectual struggle, retreated with loss both of lives and prisoners. After this triumph the rebels steered their course in the direction of the Queen's County. On the way several of their prisoners were barbarously put to death, with a view to gratify that spirit of deadly hatred which the proverbial cruelty of the Irish militia regiments had implanted within their breasts. "It is lamentable," says Cloney, "to think that men fighting for liberty should have disgraced themselves by such barbarity." The executions referred to were perpetrated contrary to the solemn prohibitions of the reverend commander.

Next day his little army was effectually dispersed, after a futile but determined attack on Castlecomer.

The murder of the Wexford Militia was avenged on the 25th June, in Kilcomney, a peaceable and picturesque district. Nearly 200 of the rustics were sabred, by command of Sir Charles Asgill. Neither age, sex, infirmity, nor innocence could obtain exemption from the common fate.

In Gorey, and other places, the system of extermination progressed with no less vigour and effect. Pigs preyed upon the bodies of half-hanged men—in some the vital spark still flickering irresolutely. Corpses strewed the ground in every direction. As the insurgents advanced through the country, their slumbering vengeance became aroused by discovering along the roads men with their skulls

split in twain—their bowels ripped open—their throats severed from ear to ear, and the habitations which for years sheltered themselves and families, smoking, from the effects of recent conflagration. The dead bodies of women were not unfrequently discovered; and Hay, an eye-witness, tells us, that the children of the dead parents might be seen clutching at their mangled arms, and bewailing them with piteous cries.

In Wexford a frightful scene was also being enacted. Harvey, Grogan,* Colclough, Prendergast, Kelly, and Keogh, having been led out of their cells, were subjected to tortures of the most fiendish exquisiteness, preparatory to undergoing half-hanging and decapitation. After this proceeding, their trunks were stripped of covering, treated with brutal indecency, and then flung over the bridge. The head of Kelly having been conveyed to the street wherein his sister resided, was kicked about in foot-ball fashion, and then elevated in the air before the windows of her bed-room.

An act of of attainder was subsequently passed against

* Amongst the victims on this occasion to military vengeance, there were none whose loss was more universally deplored than Mr. Cornelius Grogan, of Johnstown Castle. This gentleman was upwards of seventy years of age, of a considerable personal estate, and of irreproachable reputation. "The semblance of a trial," observes Sir Jonah Barrington, "was thought expedient by General Lake, before he could execute a gentleman of so much importance. His case was afterwards brought before Parliament, and argued for three successive days, and evidence was produced clearly exonerating him from any voluntary error." Lake, in one of his letters to Lord Castlereagh, flippantly alludes to Mr. Grogan. On the next day but one succeeding the carnage on Vinegar Hill, *i. e.* June 23rd, he tells his lordship, amongst other bits of sanguinary gossip, that "a Mr. Grogan, a man of £6,000 per annum, is just brought in. What there is against him I don't well know. I imagine sufficient to convict him." The general was "glorious" in jumping at conclusions. Bagenal Harvey, upon being led out of his condemned cell, met Grogan, and shook him warmly by the hand—"Ah!" said he, "you die an innocent man, at all events." In the Parliamentary investigation it appeared that the members of the court martial had not been sworn; that they were only seven, instead of the usual number, thirteen; that his material witness was shot down by the military, whilst riding post haste to give evidence of Mr. Grogan's entire innocence; and that "while General Lake," as Sir Jonah says, "was making merry at dinner, with his staff and some members of the Court that condemned him, one of the first gentlemen in the country (in every point far his superior) was hanged and mutilated almost before his windows." Poor Grogan, from age and infirmity, could with difficulty walk to the place of execution.

the above parties by Parliament, notwithstanding that, on inquiry, it transpired, that the court martial which tried them had not been even sworn!

After the massacre of the Curragh, there were few collisions between the king's troops and united men in Kildare. The only one deserving of notice here was that of Ovidstown Hill. William Aylmer, of Painstown, Esq., a lieutenant in the County Kildare Militia, and one of Mr. Lawless's most intimate friends, undertook to head a section of the Kildare force. From his high respectability and family influence, few men appeared better qualified for the task. Upwards of 3,000 men flew to his standard; but unfortunately they were as unruly and undisciplined as their commander was an accomplished and skilful tactitian. So far from being prepared to receive an onslaught from the king's troops, they were about sitting down to breakfast when the alarm was sounded. Aylmer and Ware,* the two principal commanders, lost no time in endeavouring to throw their self-willed and undisciplined force into some sort of order. The directions of the former were, that the pikemen should make a furious and compact charge wherever the cannon would be seen to play from. Instead of obeying, they wheeled behind a quick set hedge, from which the royal ordnance soon effectually dislodged them! The grape shot mowed down the hedge, as a scythe would a meadow. Panic ploughed its way through the courage of the people, and more backs than faces were soon turned to the foe. In this engagement 200 of the united army perished. O'Kelly tells us, that he has heard many intelligent men, who fought at Ovidstown, declare, that had the pikemen acted in accordance with Aylmer's advice, the battle would undoubtedly have been lost to the British. Ovidstown is situated within about an Irish mile from the Aylmer residence of Painstown.

Amidst the shrieks of the dying, and the roaring of artillery, Lord Cornwallis arrived as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Camden, whom Pitt considered as a person

* Both Aylmer and Ware entered the Austrian service in after life. The former rose to the rank of colonel.

no longer useful to carry out the ulterior objects of his ambition, was recalled. Castlereagh being a most handy tool for excavating in political mire, was continued in the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Since the failure of the Bantry Bay expedition, the active mind and body of Theobald Wolfe Tone knew no rest. He was constantly on the foot, negotiating with ministers, and endeavouring to stimulate the progress of the promised armada. His mind was continually at work, plotting ruses and expedients for the surprise and overthrow of a mercenary enemy. At length, by dint of incessant importunity, Tone succeeded in getting a new armament prepared, under the command of an Irishman, General Kilmaine. By the impatience of General Humbert, who scorned all preparation, the French expedition was again frustrated. Without waiting for the entire squadron to be ready, Humbert started prematurely from Rochelle, and with 1,000 men proceeded to Ireland. His little fleet escaped the vigilance of the British frigates, and entered Killala Bay, unmolested and undetected, by means of hoisting English colours. The feint succeeded capitally, and ten hundred Frenchmen captured the town without even the shadow of resistance on the part of its garrison.

Thousands of the miserable, starved, ragged, and unarmed peasantry of Connaught flocked round the Gallic standard. General Humbert regarding this reinforcement in a more important light than it deserved, decided upon marching—*via* Castlebar—into the heart of the country. He clothed the insurgents, and furnished them with arms.

Lord Hutchinson commanded the garrison at Castlebar. It was a numerous one, well armed and artilleried; and he laughed to scorn the idea that a handful of French would presume to attack him. He intended on the morrow to proceed to Killala and exterminate them. And to take his place General Lake arrived at the head of 6,000 men that evening.

In the grey of an autumnal morning, the drums beat to arms, and the cry of "the French are upon us," resounded upon every side. The British forces evacuated Castlebar, and took up position, with nine pieces of cannon, on an eminence adjacent.

The battle began. Cannons roared, swords gleamed, voices yelled, bayonets clashed. The British line wavered, and a retreat, by order of General Lake, was sounded! Barrington says, that the flight of their infantry was as that of a mob. Lord Jocelyn's light dragoons made the best of their way, like so many "Tam O'Shanters," to Tuam (upwards of forty miles), pursued by such of the French as could get horses to carry them. His lordship himself was taken prisoner. All the royal artillery were captured. The battle has been satirically christened "the races of Castlebar."

Humbert, however, soon began to see his consummate folly in leaving Rochelle before the remainder of the squadron was ready to accompany him. He had now but 900 men left, and an army of 20,000 troops, under Lord Cornwallis (the military viceroy), was already in full march upon him. Accordingly, after a rather sanguinary skirmish with Lord Gort, and another with Colonel Crawford, the general and his army surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the united forces of Lake and Cornwallis.

How so small a force could ever penetrate one hundred and fifty miles into a country garrisoned by nearly 80,000 troops, including yeomanry and militia, and remain therein seventeen days, appears to us little short of a miracle. Yet so it was. Forty thousand insurgents were about to assemble at the Crookedwood, in Westmeath, for the purpose of effecting a diversion in their favour, when the news reached them of an overwhelming force having necessitated the surrender of their friends at St. Johnstown.

This dispiriting intelligence had not reached the shores of France when General Hardy sailed from the Baye de Camerat, with a reinforcement of 3,000 soldiers. The principal vessel was "La Hoche," a seventy-four gunship, of which Wolfe Tone and Commodore Bompart may be said to have had the immediate command. There were besides eight frigates and a schooner. As usual, Ireland's dark destiny triumphed. Adverse winds, as in 1796, came on, and the French armament was, for a second time, dispersed. The "Hoche" and its companions, fell under the *surveillance* of Sir J. B. Warren, and his

"Agamemnons," and chase was immediately given.* Commodore Bompart, resolving to perish as dearly as possible, prepared his ship for action. Six British ships of the line, and three frigates bore down on him and opened a murderous cannonade. Broadside after broadside poured into the "Hoche." For six long hours it resisted. "At length," says Tone, "her masts and riggings swept away; her scuppers flowed with blood; her wounded filled the cockpit; her shattered ribs yawned at every new stroke, and let in five feet water in the hold; her rudder was carried away." "And thus," adds Mr. Phillips, "barely floating on the waters, a dismantled wreck she struck. Honour to Bompart, honour to the brave."

The officers of the French fleet were immediately seized, conveyed to Lough Swilly, and marched from thence, under a strong escort, to Letterkenny. Tone, who held in the service of France the rank of Chef de Brigade, was not at first recognized, and passed amongst the rest as a French officer. England is indebted to an old school-fellow of Tone's, Sir George Hill, of Derry, for revealing his identity. Lord Cavan invited the French officers to breakfast. Tone accompanied them, and was sitting at table, unknown and unscrutinized, when his fellow-student entered with two constables. "Mr. Tone," said the false friend, "I am *very* happy to see you." Tone was of course instantly arrested, and conducted from the room. Patiently he submitted to the taunts and insults levelled at him by the English officers, and opened not his mouth until they proceeded savagely to place him in irons. At this outrage he flung off his uniform, and exclaimed indignantly, "Fetters! no; they shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation I have served. For the cause which I have embraced, however, I feel prouder to wear them than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England."

* On the approach of Warren's fleet, a boat from the French schooner put out for Tone, in order to take him out of harm's way; but that lion-hearted man refused to go, notwithstanding that his brother officers earnestly besought him to avail himself of so favourable an opportunity for escape. "No," said he, in reply to their importunities, "never shall it be said that I fled, while the French were fighting the battles of my country."

From Letterkenny he was hurried to Dublin, and tried by court martial, in the Royal Barracks. A Mr. Patterson acted as judge. To save time and trouble by the examination of witnesses, Tone admitted himself a traitor in its most extended sense. He made a noble and a brilliant speech, vindicatory of his acts, and in conclusion advanced only one request, viz.: that he might die a soldier's death, and be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. The mock judge indignantly scouted the request, and gave directions that his prisoner should be hung, drawn, and quartered.

Tone, on the night of his condemnation, recoiling at the prospect of a halter execution, contrived, with a small penknife, to inflict a very ugly wound across his throat and windpipe. The gaol physician examined the wound, and pronounced it to be *not* mortal, as the carotid artery chanced miraculously to escape. Tone smiled a ghastly smile. "I am sorry," said he, "to find that I have been so bad an anatomist." For seven days he lingered in the greatest pain. At length, death put a period to his sufferings.

Thus terminated the Irish rebellion of 1798. "The cost of exciting and prematurely exploding it," observes Dr. Madden, in his Connexion between Ireland and England, "is estimated at eighteen millions and a-half. Some writers estimate the amount at twenty-one millions." The loss of life was terrific. According to Plowden, 50,000 creatures were either shot or sabred by the military. Moore says that the fact of so much money and arms having been necessary to crush the partial rising which took place, leaves awful room for conjecture as to what might have been the result had the whole organized mass, under its original leaders, been set in motion.

"It was," writes Plowden, in the Special Commission from the British Cabinet, "for Lord Cornwallis to avail himself of every rising circumstance to forward and bring about a UNION with Great Britain." Having exhausted the muscular strength of Ireland by that system of phlebotomizing which we have already dilated upon at perhaps too much length, and thus rendered her energies against

aggression powerless, the first and grand step towards the accomplishment of a Legislative Union was achieved. Mr. Pitt, however, had the adverse voices of a large mass of the people yet to contend with. He racked his brains for the best expedient to mitigate the storm of popular indignation which it was not unreasonable to suppose would ensue on the first official promulgation of his scheme. To in some degree conciliate the people was therefore NOW his object. After executing hundreds in cold blood, Lord Cornwallis, on the suppression of the rebellion, proclaimed a general armistice to all concerned in the "conspiracy," leaders, as a matter of course, excepted, The *ruse*, to a certain extent, succeeded. Thousands of grateful hearts invoked benedictions, *ad libitum*, on the heads of Mr. Pitt, and his Viceroy, Cornwallis.

Lord Camden, in one of his private letters to Castlereagh (p. 375, vol. i.), alludes confidentially to this change of policy. "In order," he says, "that the appointment of Lord Cornwallis should have as little as possible the appearance of a *change of system*, Pelham was permitted to remain in office, in the same manner he did with me; and *your continuing to do the duty*, seemed quite necessary to that arrangement."

Immediately after the surrender of Humbert, in September, 1798, the long projected act of UNION began to engross the exclusive attention and consideration of ministers. In an important private letter from St. James's, dated Sep. 26, 1798, Lord Castlereagh is informed that the leading points of the Union were actually at that moment under cabinet consideration. The writer then epitomizes the Union articles, and adds—"I mean them only for your lordship's eye, in the strictest confidence." In a letter from Camden to Castlereagh, endorsed, Oct. 11, 1798, he says—"Mr. Pitt is eager and anxious to the greatest degree about Ireland, and it is the subject on which he *contemplates most, and is the most uneasy*."

The instruments which Pitt employed to work out his darling project of a UNION, were Lords Clare, Castlereagh, and Cornwallis.

Cornwallis began his military life by crushing Tippoo

Saib. His principal act in India was undoubtedly a victory, but that in America proved, as England knows to her cost, a dead and humiliating failure. Her colonies were lost to her, and the British arms sunk into the fœtid quagmire of disgrace. Soldiers and commanders surrendered themselves to Washington, prisoners of war. "Weary of the sword," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "he was sent as a diplomatist to conclude the peace of Amiens; but out-manœuvred by Lucien Buonaparte, his lordship's treaty involved all Europe in a war against England." All his public measures failed except one—the Legislative Union.

John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, was the younger son of a wealthy father, who would have become, in his youth, a Roman Catholic priest, had not an unforeseen circumstance occurred to prevent it. John Fitzgibbon studied for the bar, and was called to it in 1772. His father and elder brother having made sudden exits from this world, Fitzgibbon came in for a considerable fortune. This circumstance, combined with an extensive connexion, an unlimited amount of *aplomb*, some solid professional attainments, and a slavish subserviency to Government, soon thrust him forward through the drudgery and subordinate gradations of the law, and finally placed him squatted, in all the comfort and luxury of £8,000 per annum, upon the Irish woolsack. And to whom was Fitzgibbon indebted for his first legal elevation? To no less a person than Henry Grattan. When Fox heard of this mark of kindness, he shook his head shrewdly, saying, "Take care, Grattan, that in seeking to make a friend, you are not strengthening an enemy." Fox's prognostication was verified. Fitzgibbon became attorney-general, "and, from that time forth," says Grattan, "both his country and myself were the two peculiar objects of his calumny."

Once upon the woolsack, his able, arrogant, ruthless bearing knew no bounds. The House of Lords quailed before him, and he became literally despotic in that imbecile assembly. "Forgetting their high rank," says Barrington, "their country and themselves, they yielded unresistingly to the spell of his dictation."

Perhaps the most remarkable letter in the entire body of the Castlereagh correspondence* is that written by the Earl of Clare, on the 16th October, 1798, to his unprincipled coadjutor in the dirty work. It is a matter of history that tempting but delusive promises were held out to the Catholics in the event of their submission to the measure of a Union. The Duke of Wellington himself admitted this in the great debate of 1828. According to the express promises and stipulations entered into at the time, the Catholics were entitled to a total, unqualified, and immediate emancipation, if they aided the Government, or even remained inactive during the agitation and progress of the measure. With what good faith these promises were kept, Catholic Ireland needs not to be reminded.

Until comparatively lately it remained a profound mystery to whom Ireland was mainly indebted for having cajoled her out of the stipulated bribes. It will be a source of astonishment to many to learn that it was not owing to his Majesty's coronation scruples, as popularly

* My Dear Lord,—I have seen Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Portland, who seem to feel very sensibly the critical situation of our *damnable* country, and that the Union alone can save it. I should have hoped that what has passed would have opened the eyes of every man in England to the insanity of their past conduct, with respect to the *Papists* of Ireland; but I can plainly perceive they were as full of their *Popish* projects as ever. I trust, and I hope, that they are fairly inclined to give them up, and to bring the measure forward unincumbered with Emancipation. Lord Cornwallis has intimated his acquiescence on this point, and Mr. Pitt is decided upon it. * * If I have been in any manner instrumental in persuading the ministers to bring forward this measure, unincumbered with a proposition which must have swamped it, I shall rejoice very much in the pilgrimage which I have made." Mr. Elliot (an official of importance), writing to Lord Castlereagh, on October 24, 1798, says—"The leaning of the opinion of the Cabinet is against extending the privileges of the Catholic body at the present conjuncture." [He then goes on to say that this sentiment proceeds mainly from the difficulty which Government would experience in opposing the prejudices of its Irish friends, and adds]—"*It is the argument chiefly relied on by Lord Clare, and I plainly perceive it has operated powerfully on Mr. Pitt's mind.* Mr. Pitt, however, says that his judgment is not yet formed on the subject, and that some months ago it was favourable to the pretensions of the Catholics." Lord Clare's wily argument triumphed. Ere three days Pitt became completely converted to his way of thinking. On October 27, 1798, Lord Camden, writing to Lord Castlereagh, says:—"Mr. Pitt is inclined most strongly to a Union on a Protestant basis."

believed, that Emancipation remained unconceded, but simply in consequence of the strong and unwavering antagonism of Lord Chancellor Clare. How this letter of his lordship's has been suffered to see the light of day, when the collection otherwise betrays evidence of such frequent suppression, appears to us singular.

It was generally believed, and statements to this effect may be found inscribed upon the page of history, that Mr. Pitt resigned office in consequence of the non-performance of the Emancipation promises. Is it not evident, from this letter, that Mr. Pitt acquiesced in the views of Lord Clare? The Chancellor, on his death-bed, informed those about him that he had but one request to make: "My correspondence must be burned," said he; "should it be found after me, thousands may be compromised." Lady Clare obeyed his wish implicitly. How little he thought that one of his own "*most secret*" letters would see the light, after the grass of half a century had grown and withered, and grown again above his grave.

The third, and certainly the most important, instrument in effecting the annihilation of Ireland's prosperity, was Lord Castlereagh. This young nobleman had passed upwards of seven years in the Irish Parliament, but without creating the slightest sensation, or attracting one particle of notice. In private life his conduct was gentlemanly and honourable; in public, venal, artful, despicable, and ruthless. It is a positive fact, that the commencement of Lord Castlereagh's parliamentary career was patriotic. "His first public essay," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "was a motion to reform the Irish Parliament, and his last, to annihilate it." It would have been impossible for Mr. Pitt to select a better tool for effecting seduction than Lord Castlereagh. Possessed of one of the handsomest countenances in Ireland, his smile was fascination, and his words persuasion. "The affability of his manner," writes his brother,* "at once dissipated that timidity which intercourse with high rank sometimes produces. In stature

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh," vol. i. page 82.

he was nearly six feet—his manners perfect—his features commanding."

Aided by this most accomplished triumvirate, Mr. Pitt proceeded to execute his work.*

But let us not forget to look after Mr. Lawless.

He was up and doing. The Union scheme ceased not to agitate him. The intellect that in 1795 dictated the first anti-Union pamphlet that ever emanated from the press, was again at work, and on the same subject.† He knew full well, in common with his friends, Grattan, Curran, and Plunket, that such a measure was pregnant with mischief to Ireland. He felt that it was the paramount duty of every honest man to speak his mind openly and fearlessly upon a subject of such vital moment to the interests of his country. Both friend and foe admitted its importance, and sunk in more than criminal apathy must that Irishman have been who could, amid such exciting scenes, remain an idle or an unconcerned spectator. The Rev. Dr. Hussey, afterwards Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, and who officiated, singular to say, in the capacity of private secretary to the Duke of Portland, gave Mr. Lawless a kindly hint that any noisy manifestation of anti-Union sentiment would be rigorously punished by his Majesty's ministers. Lawless, although he expressed himself in language strongly deprecatory of the Union, sedulously refrained, for two reasons, from doing so with vehemence, or even with warmth. The first, and unquestionably most cogent, arose from the

* Pitt's project was first openly announced through the medium of an official pamphlet, entitled, "Arguments for and against the Union considered." Above one hundred others, on the subject of a Union, followed; but that written by the Hon. Valentine Lawless, in 1796, had the start of them all.

† Although living in London, he addressed various anti-Union letters, through the medium of the Irish newspapers, to his fellow-countrymen. One of them he alludes to in a letter to his sister, dated Feb. 16, 1799. "I have sent a short address," he writes, "to the people of Kildare, whom I saw called by their rascally sheriff." [In answer to a subsequent communication from Charlotte Lawless, respecting the nervous excitability of her father, he says]:—"If you think I should not say a word at all of politics, my letter to Kildare, which I sent to Mr. Dillon, should be stopped; but it is so mild and gentle, I hardly think it can do harm or vex the poor invalid."

nervous horror that Lord Cloncurry entertained of Valentine taking any part in politics, lest the impulsive nature of his patriotic temperament should carry him beyond prudence, as on a former occasion, and thereby furnish Government with a pretext for placing him in captivity. Lord Cloncurry was at this time in a very delicate state of health, and his nervous excitability throve apace on this delicacy. Lawless's second reason for not making himself remarkable in the political clubs and re-unions of the day, was simply attributable to that natural dread lest Government should, a second time, treat him as a malefactor or a felon. The moment he received Dr. Hussey's intimation, he wrote to the Duke of Portland, and to his friend, John Reeves (who acted as one of the clerks of the Privy Council), to say that from the time of his liberation, in June, '98, he had studiously abstained from taking any part in those proceedings for which Lord Loughborough, Mr. Pitt, and the other members of the Council so severely rebuked him, on the occasion of his final examination by that body. How far this explanation pacified the vindictive Duke of Portland, was soon evident to Lawless, and will be to the reader.

Towards the latter end of December, 1798, Mr. Lawless, as we have already chronicled, returned to London, after a most agreeable *sejour* with the lovely object of his affections, at Harrowgate and Scarborough. During the period of his absence, the crisis of the Irish rebellion had passed away. Either the axe of the executioner had closed on its principal leaders, or the ponderous doors of Fort St. George. The French expedition was scattered to the winds. Ireland had fallen into a sleep of exhaustion from her energetic but fruitless efforts to achieve liberty and independence. Every gleam of hope was, for the present, lost to her. All dread of a renewal of hostilities ceased to agitate the royal mind. She had just arrived at that stage of prostration and inertia when everything—anything would be submitted to. Mr. Pitt saw this, and at once made arrangements for the robbery of her greatest prize, her most valuable gem.

Considering that the rebellion, the society of United

Irishmen, and the French expedition were now numbered amongst the things that were—in short, crushed effectually, and for ever, it will be to many a source of astonishment to learn that the Hon. Mr. Lawless should have been again arrested, and not only imprisoned in the house of a King's messenger, as before, but formally committed, under a strong guard, to one of the most loathsome dungeons of the Tower.

In the *Dublin Evening Post* of the 21st April, 1799, we find the following *morceau* respecting the second arrest. It comes from the English correspondent of that journal, and is dated London, April 16:—

"Mr. Lawless, Lord Cloncurry's son, who was arrested on Sunday by Rivet, the Bow-street officer, was examined, we understand, yesterday, by the Privy Council. He is now in the custody of a king's messenger."

Rivet was the "184 B" of the last century. A more "efficient constable," in the ordinary acceptation of that term, it would be difficult to find. It is Rivet that Lord Holland alludes to in the extract we have given from his lordship's work relative to O'Coigly.

Lawless was confined to bed from a slight attack of fever when Mr. Constable Rivet paid him an early visit on the morning of the 14th April. The necessity for immediate arrest appears to have been of such a pressing nature, that no day but the Sabbath would answer his Majesty's ministers to carry their arbitrary scheme into effect. According to the petition presented by Lord Cloncurry to the Commons some eighteen months subsequent, it appears that the constable actually "*dragged him from his bed.*" The state of Mr. Lawless's feelings upon once more finding himself immured within the close four walls of a messenger's room, may be imagined. At the very time of this detention he was under appointment to join his betrothed at Cheltenham. He felt cruelly mortified, and justly. To think of all the time, trouble, and expense, which were consumed in endeavouring to counteract the baneful effects of his former imprisonment, proved likewise a maddening reflection. His health was far from good. And at the very moment

that he may be said to have succeeded in dispelling the anti-matrimonial prejudices of his father, and had received the parental approbation to lead his adored one to the altar, the Duke of Portland issued a warrant, in virtue whereof he was dragged from a fever bed, and consigned for the space of TWO YEARS to a dungeon, from which he would not even then have been liberated were it not for an accidental occurrence, which no one more bitterly deplored than his Grace the Duke of Portland himself.*

Although it was clearly seen that no possible motive, save the gratification of an old and sour malice, led to this second arrest of Mr. Lawless, the Lords of the Privy Council thought it judicious to go through the form, at least, of examining their prisoner. When brought before that dignified tribunal, Mr. Pitt at once opened fire upon him, requesting to be informed why he should have lent pecuniary assistance to Father O'Coigly, and to what extent his acquaintance with John Bonham reached. He was then taxed with having been in company with Colonel Despard at a certain remote period, and reprimanded for visiting so foul a den of treason as Furnival's Inn. In conclusion, Mr. Pitt assured him, as we learn from a letter addressed by Lawless to Mr. Burne, that he had positive information of his having been an active participator at a meeting in February, 1797, where plans were laid down for extending the Union organization to London, by instituting United Irish Societies, and other objectionable creations, in that city. To the latter charge Lawless replied in the negative. He begged to be confronted with his accusers, or liberated forthwith, as his prospects in life, he said, would be seriously damaged by the nonfulfilment of certain engagements, which he was then pledged to meet. Other queries were put to him, but he refused to answer further. In pursuing this course, he acted wisely. His counsel advised him to answer no questions, as whatever he said

* See letter from the Duke of Portland, in Castlereagh Memoirs, &c., vol. iv. page 74.

would be so twisted and distorted, as to be made subservient to his crimination.

After having undergone much "catechetical instruction" from Mr. Pitt, Lawless was remanded into the custody of messengers. Next morning we find him brought before two sapient Bow-street magistrates, whose talent, experience, and tact in cross-examination, were admittedly unequalled. Nothing, however, beyond "yes," or "no," could be wormed out of their prisoner; and after a short delay at the police office, he was again removed under the paternal care of Constable Rivet. Up to this Lawless had not been imprisoned in a more obnoxious manner than the apartment of a king's messenger. He now became a state prisoner, and was committed to the Tower, as Desmond, Wallace, and Raleigh, were before him. The "*Morning Chronicle*" of May 11, 1799, favours its readers with the following little paragraph in reference to the committal:—

"Mr. Bonham and the Honourable Mr. Lawless were on Thursday sent to the Tower. The latter occupies the apartment in which Mr. Binns resided when first taken up."

The "apartment" alluded to was the room belonging to the lamp-lighter of the Tower. Although Benjamin Binns (a very humble man) might have considered it as comfortable as any that could be for one in his station, and under the peculiar circumstances of the case, procured for him, it was scarcely the place, we think, to domicile the heir apparent to a peerage. He soon became thoroughly disgusted with his quarters. Lawless drew up a petition to Colonel Smith (the Governor of the Tower), praying to be removed to some apartment more in keeping with the accommodation he had ever been accustomed to receive. The colonel's bowels of compassion were moved. He summoned the turnkey to his presence, and gave directions that a more comfortable apartment should be provided. A change was made; but, whether it proved a change for the better, time will show. If we are to credit the memorial of Lord Clon-

curry to the Commons in 1800—and we certainly see no reason to throw a doubt on any of its allegations—this so called comfortable apartment was a low garret room, either enervating the inmate with summer heat, or chilling him with downpours of winter rain. "In this room," proceeds the memorial, "your petitioner has been confined, with two other persons, for nearly two years, and treated with greater severity than any prisoner in the Tower ever has been."

To attempt any elaborate description of the persecutions, sufferings, and privations, which the Hon. Valentine Lawless was compelled to undergo throughout that protracted and iniquitous imprisonment, would prove a painful and a difficult task. Suffice it to say, that he was thrown, as though he were some hardened malefactor, into a loathsome cell, subjected to every species of intrusion, *genè* by the continual companionship of a pair of snarling warders, even during his hours of rest, deprived not only of the society of his nearest relatives, but of the other political prisoners of distinction;* capriciously forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper; tyrannically compelled to forego every kind of reading, even to a newspaper; and subjected to a degree of contumely and insult almost impossible to credit in the present refined days of prison humanity. Even a physician durst not visit Mr. Lawless without a special warrant from the Secretary of State—a document which it was oftentimes a matter of some difficulty to procure. The order touching the admission of Mr. Lawless's law advisers, appears to have been even more stringent. On the 26th June, nearly ten weeks after the second arrest, Mr. Foulkes, the attorney, wrote to his client to hope that the fact of his being denied access to him did not occasion inconvenience or injury to his private affairs. As this letter happened to be unsealed, and addressed to the Governor, it reached Mr. Lawless. It is unnecessary for us to say that all *sealed* communications became food for Colonel Smith's fire.

* Two common persons, "a Manx and a Swede"—were his fellow-prisoners.

As the well-barred windows of our prisoner's cell looked out upon the Tower ditch, the view need not be supposed to have been particularly pleasing. Further on, Tower Hill, with all its metropolitan concomitants, rose before him; and often, no doubt, led his mind into a train of meditation on the fate of those men, who, like himself, were once state prisoners within the walls of the old fortress. He thought of the various victims to sedition whose blood had flowed in rivulets down that hill, and wondered if the unrelenting vengeance of Government would pursue him to the death, as it did in the case of Lords Lovet, Surrey, and Essex. Such an execution could not have been in principle more unjust than his imprisonment by order of the Duke of Portland.

The air in the neighbourhood of Thames-street and Fish-street Hill had never the reputation of possessing much salubriousness. On this occasion it was downright malarious, being occasionally loaded with effluvia much more favourable to the progress of typhus, than to expedite an invalid's recovery. The warders, or as they were familiarly designated "Beef-eaters," who strutted by day through Lawless's cell, and at night squatted themselves in the immediate vicinity of his pallet, not being considered by the Duke as a sufficient guarantee for his prisoner's safety, a colossal grenadier, armed to the teeth, was deputed to promenade at all hours of the day and night before the open door of the apartment. Poor Lawless! The only exercise they permitted him to take were a few paces to-and-fro upon the leads above his prison; but even this trifling indulgence he was soon obliged to decline, in consequence of the unseemly shouts of "bloody Irishman," "d——d rebel," &c., with which the mob below invariably greeted him, when brought out for exercise in the custody of his guards.

The following letter to his sister is one of the first written by Mr Lawless from the Tower. The spirit of Christianlike resignation which pervades it could not be extolled too highly, nor the laudable endeavours on his part to make the circumstances of his position appear to Mary Ryal as little irksome as possible:—

[No. 7.] TO HIS SISTER VALENTINA.

"*Tower, Sunday, May 19th.*

"It will be as unwelcome a novelty to you, my dear sister, to receive, as it is to me to write, a letter from a prison; we must, however, submit to necessity, and I endeavour to do so with the best possible grace. This day ends the fifth week of my confinement, and you should have heard from me before, were it not that I was under great restrictions. * * * I cannot express to you the pain I feel for the situation of my poor M(ary). * * * Write to her. I beg of you, my dear Valentina; assure her that I am quite well, and full of hope that we shall soon meet. Tell her that I have got a good and airy room, with books* to read, and that I never cease to think of her; but I will not write, because my letters should be inspected, which would be an injury to her, in case she should withdraw her affection from a poor *branded* rebel. * * * Let my father know that it will be the greatest relief to me if he will rest assured that in word or act I have never said or done anything illegal or unworthy of him.† In case I am tried I shall make this appear; but I am chiefly afraid of a long confinement. * * I think Government owes it to his services, if not to justice or humanity, to bring me to trial or to liberate me. * * * I get on pretty well in the day time, but am very feverish at night. I am not allowed newspapers, which to me is a great, as it is certainly a very useless, privation. I hope the desire of getting me out will not induce my father to do anything he would otherwise not approve of. I owe it to him, and to myself, to prove the rectitude of my conduct.

"If he had allowed me to follow my own plans, this would not have happened; but I am now so deep, that like Macbeth I must go through. * * * I yesterday saw the captain,‡ and one or two friendly faces under my window, but they deigned not to look up at the poor prisoner. Adieu my dear V., let me hear from you soon, and believe me ever yours."§

Lawless's apprehensions that his father, in the hope of pacifying the wrath of the Duke of Portland, would vote against the interests of Ireland, were soon but too truly verified. Although Lord Cloncurry, from the year 1796, leant much more strongly towards the national party than to Mr. Pitt's, he committed in 1799 an act, in his parliamentary capacity, of which it is, we regret to say, impossible to absolve him. He drove a nail into the coffin of his almost exanimate country, by depositing a vote in Lord Castlereagh's ballot-box. Ere

* Books were at first permitted, but afterwards withheld altogether. The use of pen, ink, and paper, was also granted for a time—newspapers never. Caprice appeared entirely to rule the course of his persecutors.

† We can easily collect that any movement of Mr. Lawless in the political world could not fail to fret and irritate Lord Cloncurry, whose health was declining with the prosperity of his country.

‡ Captain Manly, a friend of the Cloncurry family.

§ Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry.

the Act of Union passed, Lord Clonmurry was dead; but in the preliminary stages of that measure, he lent his countenance to it cordially. The object, as we believe, was to conciliate the Pitt and Portland party.

The ridiculous cause of his arrest, as currently reported in Ireland, is referred to in one of the Hon. Charlotte Lawless's letters to Lord Moira. "Since my brother's arrest," she writes, "I have endeavoured to discover whether there was any information, true or false, against him, suspicion being all that was alleged, and his supposed offence said, in this country, to refer to the wording of the *fleet*: and in England, that information was sent from this side the water; and that being a United Irishman, and implicated in the rebellion, was imputed to him. * * He unhesitatingly pays silence, by his non-defence in regard to Coldbath Fields, and by *nobody* publishing his sentiments on the Union." She then goes on to say, that Lord Cornwallis, at her request, got all the secret reports examined: and the result was, the assurance that no official information had gone from Ireland against her brother. "This," said she, "directly contradicts an assertion Mr Cooke made to me." Cooke acted in the capacity of Under Secretary, and was, perhaps, more conversant than any other official with the private communications between the Castle and the informers. This man appears to have dampened on duplicity.

Immediately on the news of this second arrest reaching Ireland, Lord Clonmurry addressed a letter to his Grace on the subject. Its tenor was respect on the intelligence, and anxiety for the fate of an only son. "God forbid," he wrote, "that I should ever allow myself to consider him as criminal. That he may have entertained pain

* Mr. Lawless exposed other corrupt practices of the publication of "Thoughts on the Present Crisis," he published his determined opposing of bribery towards the Irish members. We have heard from Mr. ——, an extraordinary offered in London, that no wages are to compensate, in lieu of the Lordships heading up an organised body of the proprietors, in order to have given the first of the Royal Exchequer, which would Corrupt consumptions of the English business had commenced with a view to remove their approval of the Union. Mr Lawless put his own shoulder effectually to the wheel. The informant speaks quite positively of this circumstance.

and idle notions of liberty and reform, I am perfectly aware, from the principles of certain persons with whom he kept company, and which I always disapproved of." In conclusion, his lordship hoped that the Duke's warrant for confining him was merely a measure of precaution, and not of intended punishment; and expressed a hope that ministers would, in the belief that their prisoner had undergone sufficient chastisement, allow him to return to the bosom of his afflicted family.

Three months of anxiety and suspense rolled slowly over, and still no answer from that usually fluent correspondent, the Duke of Portland.* This apparently studied slight weighed heavily on Lord Cloncurry, and his health broke down beneath the load. On the 20th August, nine days before his death, he wrote a second letter, wherein he begged to recall to his Grace's recollection the previous communication he had addressed to him. Lord Cloncurry felt mortified at the Duke's silence. He reminded him with what cordial activity he had supported the Administration of his Grace when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and added, that he had some reason to hope for, at least, the favour of an answer. "Your Grace may know," said Lord Cloncurry's pregnant postscript, "that I voted in the House of Lords for receiving the proposition for a Union. I also gave it my interest in the County Limerick, where I have some property, *and which, perhaps, few would have done, treated as I have been.*" The Secretary of State received the letter, but withheld a reply. The highly-wrought sensibility of Lord Cloncurry underwent a second and still more mortal stab. He rallied for a day or two, but only to sink still deeper into a fatal reaction. From this moment his decline was down a precipice. On the day pre-

* Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," speaking of the Duke of Portland, says:—"When he was at the head of the Opposition, his talent was confined to letter-writing; and when that talent is accompanied (as it was with him) by a great propensity to the practice of it, it is a blemish—not an ornament, a misfortune—not an endowment." His Grace tergiversated. We have seen, in page 39 of this work, how warmly he co-operated with Grattan on the Regency question. He was now (1799) only second to Pitt in the great Tory Administration.

vious to his demise, Miss Lawless wrote, in great agitation, of mind, to John Reeves, apprising him of her father's approaching end, and the anxious wish, so repeatedly expressed by him, to see his son. She asked him if he were not of opinion that the Duke of Portland would, upon being informed of Lord Cloncurry's critical situation, permit the prisoner, on proper security, to leave the Tower, and pay the last duties of filiality to a kind and aged parent. She added, that surely his Grace, in punishing a little imprudence, did not ambition to destroy the happiness of a private family. The rapid decline of her father's health she attributed to anxiety on his son's account. On the following morning (Thursday, 29th Aug.), at five o'clock, Lord Cloncurry died. His death, which took place at Maretimo, Black Rock, was materially accelerated by a sudden attack of dysentery, which defied every effort of medicine to check. He died in considerable pain, but retained to the last his mental faculties.

Almost the first notification that Mr. Lawless received of his father's death was contained in a respectful but laconic epistle from the Duke of Portland, enclosing an abstract of the bequests made in Lord Cloncurry's will, and some papers drawn up by his lordship's attorney. The natural affliction of Lawless, at suddenly finding himself fatherless, swamped, of course, all other considerations. As soon as the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, a matter immediately connected with the disposal of the property contributed to cause him much chagrin and uneasiness. Lord Cloncurry, who was, on most points, headstrong and self-opinionated, decided, a few days previous to his death, that a large portion of the family property should not revert to Mr. Lawless, notwithstanding that he stood in the relationship of only son. Lord Cloncurry was, in the late rebellion, an eye-witness to the confiscation of property belonging to men, who both in Court and Parliament were proved not to have been voluntarily guilty of any "treasonable practices." He saw his friend, Cornelius Grogan, fall a victim to military fury and despotism; his estates attainted, and his memory held up to execration and contempt. "What if they should attaint

Valentine, too," soliloquised the old peer, as he dashed his pen over certain bequests he had previously made in favour of his son, and left away from him a sum of between sixty and seventy thousand pounds. Lord Cloncurry was a fortunate man through life. His suspicions, surmises, views, and conclusions were, generally speaking, shrewd; but we need not tell the reader that in this instance he proved himself mistaken.

To the application from Miss Lawless that the poor prisoner should be allowed to visit Ireland for a few days, and pay the last tribute of affection to a dying father, the Duke of Portland returned a frigid and unexplanatory refusal. "The wish you have expressed for your brother's enlargement," wrote his Grace, "cannot possibly be complied with." Nothing daunted by this refusal, Miss Lawless addressed a second application to his Grace, praying that the release of her brother might, on another account, be granted. She adverted to his health, and dwelt feelingly upon its delicacy. "We have," said Miss Lawless, "serious ground for alarm; the painful feelings he has had to combat during six months' confinement, preying on a constitution which has made the most attentive care necessary from his childhood, may be very fatal to him. If permission to go to Lisbon, with whatever precaution may be deemed necessary of bail, &c., could be granted, I am convinced such an act of kindness would be of essential service to his health. Placed now at the head of his family, he will be guarded in his conduct, and cautious of the connexions he makes." A feeling allusion to his matrimonial engagement concluded the letter.

His Grace's reply was, like the generality of official letters, prompt, curt, and frigid. "Under the present circumstances of Lord Cloncurry's case," said he, "it is impossible that he can be liberated on the conditions you mention." The Duke, however, in consideration, doubtless, of the gentle sex of his correspondent, so far relaxed the muscles of his dignity, as to assure Miss Lawless, in conclusion, that nothing but a desire not to increase her late father's uneasiness could have prevented him from

acknowledging his letters. The reader will judge what value is to be placed on the Duke's vindication. It strikes us that the harrowing suspense, of long awaiting and never receiving an answer, and the crushing consciousness of experiencing a studied slight, would much more strongly tend to fret and irritate, than a polite letter declining to grant the supplicated request. "I sincerely hope," said Lord Cloncurry, in his last letter to the ducal secretary, "that your Grace will honour me with an answer, *however short.*"

A third application craved that Counsellor John Burne would be allowed, temporarily, to have access to the noble prisoner. This request was granted, on condition that Mr. Burne confined his conversation to subjects connected with the private affairs of his friend. This trifling success appears to have inspired the family of Lord Cloncurry (for as such we must now continue to designate him) with renovated hope. The Duke of Portland was evidently not dead to every feeling of humanity. Emboldened by this reflection, we find a fourth application addressed to his Grace (but on this occasion by Mr. Burne), soliciting permission for Lord Cloncurry to visit that property in Ireland of which he had recently become the owner. "The peculiar situation of this estate," proceeded the lawyer, "and of his lordship's affairs, in consequence of the death of his father, renders his presence in Ireland, at this period, essentially necessary." Having dwelt upon the rigorous confinement and restrictions which were daily doing their work on his lordship's constitution, Mr. Burne concluded with an apology for making an application which want of pen, ink, and paper prevented the prisoner from making for himself.

The Duke regretted that his duty to the public would not suffer him to consent to any such request.

A fifth application! The petition for his lordship's temporary enlargement having failed, Lord Cloncurry commissioned Mr. Burne to apply for the indulgence of pen, ink, and paper, the monthly magazines and newspapers, provided that such accommodation could be

extended to him consistently with the Duke of Portland's duty to the public. To this letter we find no reply.

His petition for "leave of absence" having been refused, Lord Cloncurry decided upon sending to his sister, Charlotte, a power of attorney, vesting the entire management of his affairs in her. This lady, afterwards the wife of Edward Lord Dunsany, possessed a most massive intellect, and proved herself of more substantial use to Cloncurry, in his present dilemma, than would a room full of land agents, conveyancers, and lawyers. Upon receiving the document alluded to from her brother, Miss Lawless inserted an advertisement in the newspapers ordering the tenants to pay their rents to certain agents whom she named, and requesting all communications relative to Lord Cloncurry to be addressed to her.

If Counsellor Burne was permitted to have an interview with Lord Cloncurry on matters connected with his private arrangements, it was granted in such a manner as to deprive it of the name and nature of a private interview. "I remained with him near three hours," wrote Mr. Burne to Miss Lawless, "and during the whole time two beefeaters and the jailer remained in the room." In the course of this interview Lord Cloncurry expressed a wish that his friends Reeves and Burne should dine with him some day during the ensuing week. Mr. Burne at once communicated the invitation to Reeves, and that gentleman made it his business to see Colonel Smith (the Governor) on the subject. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the application was spurned with true official contempt. And the reader must bear in mind that all this merciless persecution was levelled at an untried and innocent man, against whom, as the Castlereagh papers now undisguisedly affirm, no criminatory evidence could, by possibility, be adduced, notwithstanding ample investigation, both at home and abroad, on the part of the Government. To be placed in the felon's dock, arraigned for high treason, and tried by a jury of upright men, would have been a source of unfeigned gratification to his lordship. We say gratification, for as Lord Cloncurry knew perfectly well that he had never dabbled his

fingers in the basin of sedition, much less dyed his hands in treason, he could expect nothing but acquittal from an honourable tribunal.

The extremities of prison discipline soon did their work on poor Cloncurry's frame. His health, day by day, gave way, and the heads of friends and foes were seen to oscillate despondently, as certain grave probabilities occurred to them. Pending this, his lordship's grandfather, Valentine Browne, died. His death, as may well be supposed, was materially accelerated by the consciousness of the unrelenting persecution to which his noble-minded nephew—whom he dearly loved—was subjected, and the humiliation attendant on that proceeding.

Amongst the few peers who kindly undertook to make intercession with the ruling powers in favour of the young nobleman, we must not omit to mention Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore. He called personally on the Duke of Portland; pleaded Cloncurry's cause, as he alone could plead; but, alas! all to no effect. His Grace was inexorable, and so was the minister whom he served. With respect to the King, he was, at this time, a harmless lunatic, and knew just as much about Lord Cloncurry's case as that of Jack Myars, who lay immured in the dungeons of Horsemonger-lane Gaol, on a charge of pickpocketing under unusually aggravated circumstances.

Weeks rolled over, and still the consuming fire of his persecution abated nothing in its fury. That health, which it cost him so much time, care, and anxiety to re-establish, only a few months previous to his second committal, was even now more cruelly shattered than when he had before been liberated from confinement. Mr. Burne advised his lordship to procure the medical assistance of Sir John Hayes, one of the most eminent physicians of the day. The baronet was sent for, and, having obtained leave to see Lord Cloncurry, examined him. He at once declared that both air and exercise were essentially necessary, but, at the same time, expressed a wish that Dr. Turton (one of the Tower physicians) should be likewise obtained. This desire was acceded to. Dr. Turton felt his lordship's pulse,

sounded his chest, tested the respiration auricularly, and looked sagacious. "Although," said Mr. Burne, in one of his letters to Miss Lawless, "Sir J. Hayes was anxious to give such a certificate as, I think, must have procured your brother's liberation, yet Dr. Turton *positively refused!*" * * Sir J. Hayes then said that he could not sign a certificate to which Dr. Turton refused to put his name; and thus a very important part of my plan has been defeated, to the great gratification of some *professed friends* here."

The professed friends alluded to were, as we believe, Mr. Lees and Under-Secretary Cooke. In the letter from the Hon. Charlotte Lawless to Lord Moira, which we have already alluded to, that clear-sighted and estimable woman thus spoke of the false friends of her brother:—

"Mr. Lees,* and Mr. Cooke,† I do believe to be the decided, though concealed, enemies of my brother. They had been intimate in our family as long as I can remember; and, until my brother was of age to see their views and character, always affected to lead my father's opinions, and direct his decisions on every political question. I need not say how opposite was the part my brother urged him to take. He succeeded for a time; but by alarming insinuations, and false construction of his opinions, they so irritated my father against him, that, aware of their conduct, he went to them separately, and told them that if they persisted to interfere he would resent it. * * Mr.

* Government was not unmindful of Mr. Lees' services. Secretary Cooke, in a letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated March 23rd, 1801, says:—"My Lord Lieutenant has ordered Lees' son to be joined with him, and Hatton to be counsel of accounts."

† Newel, the repentant informer, in his published narrative, more than once refers to Mr. Cooke. In one place he speaks of having been "hurried to the chamber of seduction, to that arch betrayer of every honest heart, the insinuating Cooke!" "There," said he, "I met with all that sweetness of reception, that cringing servility, and fulsome flattery, such sycophants ever use to those whom they wish to seduce to their own ends. To open the soul, to give the tongue an unrestrained command, the wine was freely circulated. The Secretary set his pens and papers ready for the work. * * During nine hours I sat with Cooke: he drew out my examinations, the theory of which was mostly true, but which his inventive genius highly embellished * * Mr. Cooke, I call upon you is this not true? Did you not make me enter in my list men with whose very names I was unacquainted? Did you not make me arrest the friend of the poor, the comforter of the afflicted, Dr. Crawford, of Lisburn, only because I mentioned having once dined in his company?" A striking likeness of Mr. Cooke may be found in the Paris edition of Sir Jonah Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."

Cooke acted, I believe, from resentment, and, perhaps, apprehension of my brother's threat. Both, I am convinced, represented him to Government as too dangerous to be left at liberty, and gave such a turn to the few acts of imprudence his generous disposition led him into, as might, in some measure, justify his arrest. Knowing we had no friends who had any interest to cause an inquiry, they supposed he would remain forgotten in his prison; but when they found that the zealous affection of sisters, fondly attached to the best of brothers, of whom they have ever been justly proud, would make every exertion to procure his liberation, they adopted the plan of *appearing* to serve us."

Mr. Cooke paid Lord Cloncurry frequent visits during his confinement. His lordship often declared, in after life, that he believed that gentleman's view in doing so was to betray him into "unguarded admissions." Having heard so much about Mr. Cooke, the reader, doubtless, will peruse a letter of his with some gusto. Surely, "La Tartuffe" appears peeping out of every line of it:—

[No. 8.] TO THE HON. CHARLOTTE LAWLESS.

"*London, 6th November*, 1799.

"DEAR MISS CHARLOTTE,—I was much flattered by your letter, because it proved your conviction that I should ever be disposed to interest myself where your wishes were engaged. It is, of course, a subject of real mortification to me that my representations respecting your brother have not been successful. Several circumstances have arisen, even since I have been in London, which have contributed to increase the reluctance felt to grant him his liberty. * * You may have this consolation, that however Lord Cloncurry's confinement may be irksome, it has not yet, in any degree, affected his health. * * * With the most sincere regard, dear Miss Charlotte, yours most faithful and humble,

"E. COOKE."*

If Mr. Pitt and his colleagues were determined to harass their prisoner with persecution, *he* was resolved, in return, to worry *them* with petitions. At his lordship's request, Mr. Burne drew up a memorial, addressed to the Lords of the Privy Council, giving a detailed account of his sufferings from the commencement, and requesting that, in consideration of Lord Cloncurry's sudden death and the consequent confusion which encircled his affairs, memorialist would be permitted to go to Ireland for a few weeks *on bail*, in order to throw matters into some sort of

* This and the other letters, relative to his lordship's imprisonment, from which we have culled the foregoing extracts, appeared some years ago, in the "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry."

order. Etiquette demanded that the petition should pass through the hands of the Duke of Portland, as Secretary of State, and custom required that his Grace should notify to petitioner the intentions of the council in his regard. "They are of opinion," writes his Grace, "on duly considering your memorial, that it is *not advisable*, under present circumstances, that the prayer of it should be complied with."

So within the walls of a gloomy prison poor Lord Cloncurry was doomed to waste the vigour of his young existence, till such time as the Privy Council *did* consider it advisable to relax the pressure of his shackles. Poor Cloncurry! there he lay, unconvicted and untried; neglected and forlorn; and treated with a severity of rigour unexampled on any former occasion in the case of a person imprisoned for security, and not for punishment. Were even public expressions of sympathy made in his regard, it might have contributed, in some degree, to smooth the pillow of his affliction. But nothing of the kind took place. The Irish newspapers were dumb;* they feared to open their lips in depreciation of the Portland policy; the people were paralysed. They stood inert and astounded before the ministerial burglars, Clare and Castlereagh, who made daily inroads on the liberty of the constitution, and who, with countenances of brass, and hearts of remorseless adamant, offered bribes and coronets to corrupt the sentinels stationed to protect from robbery the virtue and independence of their country. Why there was not some effort made, by even the friends and rela-

* Long before and long after this period, the *Dublin Evening Post* was the organ of the national party in Ireland. We have in vain searched the pages of this paper for some expression of sympathy with Lord Cloncurry's sufferings. Since the little notice in reference to his arrest by Rivett, in April, 1799, until the 14th January, 1800, his name is never even once alluded to. In November, the *Sun* (ministerial paper) circulated a report that his lordship's health was fearfully on the decline. This appears to have been the signal for the *Post* to break silence—"We are happy," it says, "to contradict a report some time since published in the London papers, that Lord Cloncurry has been dangerously indisposed. His lordship is in perfect health, and has continued so since his imprisonment in the Tower, notwithstanding the severity of his confinement." This paragraph contained as much truth as the majority of newspaper paragraphs, which certainly is not saying much in its favour.

tives of his lordship, to awaken the torpor of a people proverbially hostile to injustice, we cannot satisfactorily account for. The rebellion of '98 was long ago suppressed. Lord Cloncurry enjoyed his liberty during the greater part of that inflammatory period. But now, forsooth, lest he should raise his voice still higher against the ministerial scheme, and expose the duplicity of Mr. Pitt and his agents, we find him thrown into a humid dungeon—all intercourse of his family cut off—and despotically denied the means of any occupation which would contribute to while away one tedious hour of his existence. And all this crushing persecution "*on suspicion*," as the Portland warrant said, "*of treasonable practices!*" How any Irishman could be supposed (in England especially) to be guilty of treasonable practices, at a time when every ray of hope for national independence had been shut out from Ireland's vision by the black thunder-clouds of ill-success, appears to us inconceivable. The first anti-Union pamphlet was not yet forgiven*—forgotten it could never be.

* Lord Cloncurry was always of opinion, that his prolonged imprisonment was solely attributable to his exposure of the Union project, in 1796. Statements to this effect may be found in his lordship's letter to the Rev. Mr. O'Malley, in 1847, which see.

CHAPTER VIII.

Progress of the Legislative Union—The Irish People awaken at the eleventh Hour, and, with a Shriek of Defiance, start to their Feet—Great Bar Meeting in Dublin—Opposition from a Handful of briefless Barristers—Anti-Union Resolutions—Debate in Parliament—Unblushing Tergiversation of Mr. Trench, of Woodlawn, afterwards Lord Ashtown—Noble Behaviour in Parliament of the uncorrupted Portion of the Representation—Dismissals as in 1789—Infamous Avowal of Lord Castlereagh—Sixty-one new Titles—An uninterrupted Stream of Corruption pours along—Grattan's determined Burst of Oratorical Resistance—Ambition of Lord Clare—at first averse to the Union—His intemperate Language in the English Parliament—Called to Order—His Attack on the Opposition—Crushed by John Duke of Bedford—His Humiliation—Abandons the House of Lords for ever, and proceeds to Ireland, broken-hearted and dismayed—Death of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare.

It now behoves us to look after Lord Castlereagh, who, radiant with smiles, and beaming with urbanity, is aiming a deadly stab at the heart of his country.

Not until December, 1799, did the people of Ireland awaken from that fatal lethargy into which Mr. William Pitt had so adroitly plunged them. Just as the old year was on the point of expiring, the people started up, rubbed their eyes, and shrieked forth a shout of indignation and defiance. Their sleep was too long, however, and their resistance came too late. Perhaps the most important public meeting on the subject of a Union was that of the gentlemen of the Irish bar, on the 9th December. It was convened in order to discuss its merits and demerits. Saurin, who had unbounded influence in his profession, opened the debate. He made an anti-Union speech, and moved an anti-Union resolution. The attack was followed up by Burroughs, Plunket, Burton, Sankey, Bushe, Barrington, Joy, and a host of other eminent King's counsel, who rose, in after life, to high forensic positions.

Lord Clare sent several briefless barristers to speak in favour of a Union, and, amongst the number, his nephew, Mr. John Beresford. Their arguments were, for the most part, vapid and unpointed. The last speaker on the side of Ireland was Mr., afterwards Master, Goold. His peroration produced a tempest of applause. "The great Creator of the world," said he, "has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of Nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, and *by G— she never shall.*" A division then took place, when 32 votes appeared in favour of the Union, and 166 against it.

Every man of this contemptible minority was, soon afterwards, promoted by Lord Clare to the rank of judge or commissioner, with salaries verging from £3,000 to £6,000 per annum. A number of these notoriously partisan, vulgar, and incompetent justices were, for thirty years after, familiarly known and ridiculed as "Union Judges."

Ireland was at last aroused to the perilous nature of her position. On the 17th December, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, commons, and citizens met, and announced their intention of resisting the contemplated aggression. On the next day, the bankers and merchants of Dublin assembled, and declared, that since the renunciation, in 1782, of English legislative power, our commerce and prosperity had eminently increased. These blessings they attributed to the wisdom of the Irish Parliament; and they regarded with abhorrence any attempt to deprive them of its services. The Fellows of Trinity College, the gentry of the County Dublin, and the freeholders of Westmeath, had also meetings respectively, and protested against the Union, as hostile to the rights, liberties, and independence of Ireland. The Galway resolutions were particularly strong. They denied the power of the representatives of the people to vote away the independence of the realm, and condemned the transfer of the right of legislation to any foreign country, without the general consent of the people, as equivalent to a dissolution of the existing Government. But to attempt to epitomize one-fourth of the anti-Union reso-

lutions would be utterly impracticable in the limits of this volume.

Parliament opened, and the Union debates came on. During the recess, Lords Clare and Castlereagh had an anxious and a busy time of it, corrupting, bribing, intimidating, and seducing. They had secured many votes, but still barely enough to accomplish their detestable purpose. A very remarkable instance of public tergiversation and seduction occurred during the first night's debate. It turned a majority of ONE in favour of the minister. Folk long suspected that Mr. Trench, of Woodlawn, had been in negotiation with Lord Castlereagh. From his behaviour, however, on the night in question, it was supposed that his conditions were too extravagant for that nobleman. Mr. Trench declared, in presence of a crowded House, that he would vote against Pitt, and support Ponsonby's amendment. "This," observes Sir Jonah Barrington, who was an eye-witness of the transaction, "appeared a stunning blow to Mr. Cooke, who had been previously in conversation with Mr. Trench. He was immediately observed sidling from his seat, nearer to Lord Castlereagh. They whispered earnestly; and, as if restless and undecided, both looked wistfully at Trench. At length the matter seemed to be determined on. Mr. Cooke retired to a back seat, and was obviously endeavouring to count the House—probably to guess if they could that night dispense with Mr. Trench's services. He returned to Lord Castlereagh; they whispered, and again looked at Mr. Trench. But there was no time to lose; the question was approaching. All shame was banished; they decided on the terms, and a significant glance, obvious to everybody, convinced Mr. Trench that his conditions were agreed to. Mr. Cooke then went and sat down by his side; an earnest but very short conversation took place; a parting smile completely told the House that Mr. Trench was satisfied. These surmises were soon verified. Mr. Cooke went back to Lord Castlereagh; a congratulatory nod announced his satisfaction. But could any man for one moment suppose that an M.P. of large fortune, of re-

spectable family, and good character, could be publicly, and without shame or compunction, actually seduced by Lord Castlereagh, under the eye of two hundred and twenty gentlemen? In a few minutes, Mr. Trench rose to apologise for having indiscreetly declared he would support the amendment. He added, that he had thought better of the subject; that he had been convinced he was wrong, and would support the minister." In less than six weeks from that date, Mr. Trench rejoiced in the title of Lord Ashtown.

Oh, that our volume were not an octavo but a folio, in order that we might cull the beauties of those masterly anti-Union orations, which in 1799 awakened the echos of the Irish Parliament. Speeches of equal power, point, and brilliancy were never before heard within those walls. Some of the greatest constitutional lawyers—Plunket, Saurin, Bushe, Ponsonby, Curran, Ball—flung the weight of their powerful influence into the scale in favour of Irish legislative independence. The minions of Government cowered and shrank before their burning eloquence, like so many weeds in presence of a scorching furnace. Mask after mask fell from the countenances of the political dissemblers. The national party denounced them. They exposed their perfidy, their tergiversation, and their dishonour. They proved, on every principle of law and justice, the utter incompetence of an Irish Commons to pass, or even to receive, any Act of Union extinguishing their own existence, and betraying the trusts they were delegated to protect. Among the patriots *not* in the profession of the law, who spoke against the Union, were Grattan, Parsons, Forbes, O'Hara, Corry, Clements, Caulfield (now Earl of Charlemont), Kingsborough, Cole, M'Donnell, &c. This latter gentleman, who was a colonel in the army, resisted every species of bribe. A peerage would, no doubt, have rewarded his tergiversation had he forgotten the duties of an Irishman and a Christian. Roused by Lord Castlereagh's violent language in the House, he started up and "disclaimed all future allegiance, if a Union were effected. He held it as a vicious revolution, and avowed that he would take

the field at the head of his regiment to oppose its execution, and would resist rebels in rich clothes as he had done the rebels in rags." We need scarcely add that before next evening he found an official dismissal from the King's service awaiting his return home.

The Right Hon. J. Fitzgerald, who held the highest law post—*i. e.* the Prime Sergeantcy of Ireland—was also unceremoniously dismissed from office. He refused, point blank, to support the Union, and he suffered for his honesty. St. John Daly, a briefless barrister, strutted into his berth. The Right Hon. J. Parnell was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Having been offered bribes of every form and hue in vain, he was requested by Lord Castlereagh to vacate office, which he did.

Sir Jonah Barrington held the office of Judge of Admiralty. Need we say that he flung the full force of his eloquence and logic against the measure, and that by so doing he lost his place. But it would be perfectly hopeless to enumerate all the cases of this kind that occurred. The creatures who voted against their country and their conscience were rewarded in proportion as the independent were punished. Titles were given to some, pensions and place to others, and cash in hand to those who preferred it. Well might the immaculate Castlereagh exclaim, in a burst of unguarded candour, on this occasion, "half a million was expended some time since to break down an opposition. *The same, or perhaps more, may be necessary now.*"

The million and a half, the Peerage, and the Bench, soon accomplished what the touch of the magician would be hardly able to effect; and on the 6th of February, 1800, we find the Act of Union carried, or, rather, forced, by a majority of forty-nine in the Lords, and forty-three in the Commons. Most of the noblemen (?) were, to their shame be it recorded, thanked with hard cash—most of the Commoners with titular honours. SIXTY-ONE NEW TITLES recompensed their valuable services. That is to say, four new titles of Marquis, six new Earls, thirteen new Viscounts, three new Viscountesses (women have more political influence than might,

perhaps, be imagined), thirty-three new Barons, and twelve new Baronets.

An uninterrupted stream of corruption poured along. From the highest pinnacle of society it flowed, besmearing every grade downward, even unto the very beggars in the streets and the felons in the gaols. All means were resorted to to swell a petition in advocacy of the Union. The paupers were bribed with halfpence to affix their signatures—the felons with promises of pardon.

No wonder for Earl Grey to declare, when Prime Minister of England, that "no means could have been more corrupt than those by which the Union was carried."

Reader, it did not come within the scope of this volume to trace, even with an outline touch, the progress of that glorious national movement which eventuated in the bloodless revolution of 1782. To the spirit and intellect of Henry Grattan, Colonel of the Volunteers, Ireland was indebted for that memorable achievement. A grateful people styled him "the Father of his Country's Independence." To use his own metaphor, he watched over its cradle in '82, defended it from danger in '89, and at length followed its hearse to the grave, in 1800. What must have been the feelings of the great man when, disgusted at the scenes of venality and perfidy which met his eye on every side, and despairing of the sacred cause which brought him thither, he sank, exhausted, into his seat, after one of the most determined bursts of oratorical resistance that had ever reverberated within the walls of an assaulted Parliament.

We have been often asked, what could have induced Lord Clare to exert himself so energetically in promoting the Act of Legislative Union, when, by so doing, he was rapidly bringing to a termination that gorgeous reign of power, pride, and splendour which he created, with so much labour, for himself in Ireland, and whose continuance, it was natural to suppose, he would like to luxuriate in. The answer is simply this. His ambition was of colossal magnitude. It knew no bounds, and it saw no goal at which to terminate the journey. The Earl, however, knew, that it was only by certain steps or gra-

dations that any progress of importance could ever be achieved. We are enabled to state, on the most unquestionable authority, that Lord Chancellor Clare was at first averse to a Union. He, however, thought better of it, as the restless plunges of the devil within him—his own demoniac ambition—carried him away. The entire face of Ireland he had long covered with his partisans. Every lord in the House was his automaton. The movements of every official in the Castle were guided by his hand. The Viceroy bowed down before him, and the Commons worshipped him. Deluded by the *ignis fatuus* of his own ambition, he conceived that he might eventually rule the British Councils, as he had contrived to *govern* those of Ireland. The Union carried, and a splendid and more expansive field was opened to him. "Let my influence be transferred," he soliloquised, "and who knows but I may succeed in placing the King of England beneath my thumb, with as little trouble as I did his representative in Ireland. Stimulated by such reflections, every scruple vanished, and the ambitious Chancellor applied himself, "tooth and nail," to the accomplishment of a Union.

"If I live," said Lord Clare, when the measure was brought before the House of Peers, "if I live to see the Union completed, *to my latest hour I shall feel an honourable pride in reflecting on the little share I may have had in contributing to effect it.*"

Had his lordship used the words, "the torment of a guilty conscience," instead of "*an honourable pride*," it would have been nearer the truth. Poor humanity! Wretched, foolish man, whilst he imagined himself weaving the purple garment of wealth and authority, he was, in reality, preparing the winding sheet for his own corpse, his splendour,* and his power. Eager to grasp the scroll and mace of British authority, the Earl of Clare no sooner succeeded in prostrating his country to the earth, than he rushed, with seven leagued strides, to join the

* An idea may be formed of the pomp in which he lived, by the fact of his carriage alone costing £4,000.

Imperial Parliament. His first appearance there was in the month of February, 1801. He met with nothing but rebuffs. The man who for years knew not what it was to hear the slightest difference of opinion in antagonism to his own, felt himself humbled to the dust by being called to order twice in the course of fifteen minutes.

We extract the following epitome of the parliamentary proceedings, on this occasion, from the *Dublin Evening Post*, of Feb. 14, 1801. The Irish reader will observe, with disgust and indignation, the but too successful attempts of his lordship to cajole the Roman Catholics out of their expressly stipulated Emancipation:—

"Lord Moira condemned the whole of the conduct of Government with regard to Ireland. * *

"Lord Clare declared that there was no country in the world composed of more combustible materials than Ireland, and that the Catholics did not care one jot about Emancipation.*

"As he was proceeding on this subject, he was called to order by Lord Suffolk, and the Lord Chancellor admitted that it was proper to call him to order!"

Upon referring to the Parliamentary Register, we find that his lordship was AGAIN CALLED TO ORDER before the lapse of five minutes after Lord Suffolk's interference.

After a few crest-fallen appearances in the Upper House, Lord Clare, finding the ground rapidly slipping from under him, resolved to make one energetic effort, like the wild and random grasping of a man tumbling down a precipice, to recover the lost position, and bully and browbeat those Saxon peers who twitted him. Actuated by desperation, he made a furious onslaught on the Opposition in the Lords, and insolently stigmatized that respectable body as "Jacobins" and "Levellers." John, Duke of Bedford, started to his feet. "We would not bear this insult," said he, "from an equal, and shall we endure it at the hands of upstart nobility?"

* The speech, of which this was a summary, abused Ireland and Irishmen violently. Even Mr. Pitt was disgusted with his own utensil's excess of rascality. "Good G—d," said he, addressing Mr. Wilberforce, who was standing near him, "did ever you hear, in all your life, so great a rascal as that?" Mr. Grattan mentions, in the memoirs of his father, that this anecdote was stated by Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. North.

Dismayed, humiliated, and chagrined, his splendid visions of power and prosperity dashed into atoms of mist, he slunk from the House, and returned to end his days in Ireland, a broken-hearted man.

Immediately on his return, he found the knocker of his hall-door assailed as usual by hundreds of applicants, craving for place and pension. "Ah," said he, as for the first time in his life he began to calculate his influence and found it wanting, "*I* that once had all Ireland at my disposal, cannot now nominate the appointment of a gauger."

His already broken heart split into a thousand fragments at this reflection, and on the 28th January, 1802, John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, yielded up his spirit.*

On his death-bed, he bitterly deplored, to his surrounding relatives, that he should have ever taken hand, act, or part in effecting so ruinous a measure as the Union.

This fact is given on the authority of his lordship's nephew in Grattan's memoirs, and Dr. Madden stamps it with authenticity, by the statement of having heard it from his lordship's niece.

Poor human nature! What a pitiable contrast does the peroration of Clare's Union speech on the Woolsack form to the peroration of that delivered on his death-bed of down.

The fate of his colleague, Lord Castlereagh, is well known. The wretched Judas put a period to his own existence.

On the day of Clare's funeral, Lord Cloncurry returned, a free man, to Ireland. "And thereby hangs a tale," which, when the fitting time arrives, we shall lay before our readers

* Plowden states, that after Lord Clare understood his case to be hopeless, he thought only of devotion, and, three times on the same day, partook of the Sacrament, from the hands of his brother-in-law, the Archbishop of Tuam. As his dissolution approached, the Earl vainly expressed an anxious desire to be attended by a Catholic priest. This was the man who, in 1787, attempted to introduce a Bill for demolishing Catholic chapels!

CHAPTER IX.

Still in the Tower—Why the Members of the Peerage were silent in Lord Cloncurry's Regard—Lord Cornwallis declares his Inability to interfere—Lord Moira and Mr. Ponsonby modify Lord Cloncurry's Petition—The Latter loses his Temper and his Patience—Subjected to extraordinary Intrusions—Affection of the Hon. C. Lawless for her Brother—The Duke of Portland again petitioned—Cruel Rigour observed—Death of Mary Ryal—Happy Night Dreams dispelled by the cold Reality of Morning—A happy Day, but not a Wedding—George III.'s Insanity—Its Consequences—Manly Conduct of Despard and his Friends—Mr. Bonham's Tergiversation—Festivity—Marriage of Lord Cloncurry's two younger Sisters—His Lordship arrives in Dublin—Frightful Scene at Lord Clare's Funeral—Lord Cloncurry requested by Lady Clare to soothe the foaming Indignation of the People—Lord Cloncurry filled with Melancholy at the Prospects of his Country—Starts for the Continent—Paris—Nice—Beholds Georgiana Morgan for the first Time—Falls inextricably in Love with her—Matrimonial Engagement—Incident at Leghorn—The Eternal City—Love Making—"Marry in Haste, and Repent at Leisure."

The year 1800* opened, and found his lordship still a state prisoner in the Tower of London. The excitement

* The name of Lord Cloncurry had now become indissolubly connected with that of his prison. He was rarely alluded to unless as "Lord Cloncurry of the Tower." In one of Tom Moore's letters to his mother, speaking of the subscribers to "Anacreon," he says:—"Do not be diffident in your applications. Hume has given me the name of *Lord Cloncurry of the Tower*."

We have referred, in page 166 of this work, to the many anonymous communications from spies and informers, which appear among the Castlereagh papers. As the following extract from one of the more absurd is chronologically in place, and contains, moreover, a familiar reference, we insert it. The writer is said to have been a friend of Mr. Cooke's:—"I have received information from a Papist. He hinted the business in accidental conversation, and I invited him to dine. Over a bottle of champaigne I received the following information. * * In about two weeks there is likely to be great confusion. Says Popish women are to take an active part, and be armed; thinks a massacre of all rich heads of families may be the object. * * Says, that for some time back he is afraid to sleep at his farm, which is near the demesne of Mr. Henry, of Straffan, and near Lord Cloncurry's house. Says that Cloncurry house, and Henry's house, is the grand place for nightly meetings. Both houses are only in the care of servants." It never occurred to Mr. Cooke's friend, that the Papist might have been "chaffing" him.—See *Castlereagh Memoir and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 417.

and bustle, consequent on the approaching Union, prevented the Irish representative peers from taking up Lord Cloncurry's case, and demanding an investigation into the strange circumstances of his imprisonment. As a member of the Irish peerage, that body were called upon, by etiquette and right, to interfere; but the all-absorbing subject of a Legislative Union excluded, completely, every other topic of debate.

The Hon. Charlotte Lawless, hoping that an interference, on the part of Lord Cornwallis, in her brother's behalf, would be productive of satisfactory results, memorialized his Excellency (who had the reputation of being a benevolent man) to intercede for him. She entered into all those explanations concerning his acts and intentions, and the treatment he met with, which have been already laid before the reader, and, therefore, need not now be repeated. The Viceroy, in a courteous letter, expressed his concern that it was wholly impossible for him to interfere.

George Ponsonby, early in this year, consented, at the solicitation of Lord Cloncurry's family, to present to Parliament a petition from the noble prisoner. This, which was at first drawn up by Lord Cloncurry himself, contained many passages written under the influence of strong irritation, which, if read aloud to the House, could not fail to be productive of unfavourable results. Ponsonby having pared the memorial of these objectionable passages, consented to chaperon it. The worthy Earl Moira also examined the petition. He made particular objection to one paragraph, wherein Lord Cloncurry requested permission to reside, temporarily, at Lisbon. "From that," said Lord Moira, "it would appear as if my friend classed himself with Neilson, Emmet, and M'Nevin, who acknowledged criminality, and compounded for the penalty of xpatriation." The wisdom of Lord Moira's observation appeared to Mr. Ponsonby. The objectionable proposal was, accordingly, expunged.

Whilst Lord Moira and Mr. Ponsonby were engaged in modifying the petition, Miss C. Lawless received a letter from her brother, enclosing the drafts of one to Mr.

Pitt, and another to the public, both for insertion in the public journals. The letter to Pitt was a furious diatribe, branding him, amongst other accusations, as the arch-corruptionist of the day. So intemperate was the tone that no good could result from its publication. That addressed to the public was, likewise, in many respects, ill-judged, and Miss Lawless, with her usual good sense, came to the determination of suppressing both, notwithstanding that her brother declared, if she declined to do as requested, he would authorize a person in London to have his wishes fulfilled. For the first time, since his committal, Lord Cloncurry lost both his temper and his patience.

The rigour of his confinement was, if anything, upon the increase. Though the use of books and newspapers was occasionally granted, he knew not the moment Colonel Smith would capriciously withdraw them. Except under pressing circumstances, the companionship of his family and friends was strictly prohibited. Mr. Edward Cooke, however, appears to have had easy and frequent access to him. The evident motive of these visits has already been referred to. But others besides Cooke obtained admission. One morning, two notorious ladies of the time, Mesdames J—— and P——, subjected him to an intrusion of a very extraordinary nature. After a few words of gentle commiseration, they gave our noble hero to understand that they had thus been enabled to obtain an interview with him through the instrumentality of a kindred spirit, who stood in the *dignified* position of *chere amie* to the Duke of Portland, and who, most probably, could effect his liberation, if appealed to with becoming fervour and sincerity. After this preamble, it was delicately insinuated, that the moderate consideration of £500, in hand, would be the means of bringing about his lordship's enlargement. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the proposal was rejected with disdain and indignation.

Their hunger for booty did not terminate in the Tower defeat. No sooner had they left his lordship's cell than they repaired to the lodgings of the Hon. Valentina Lawless (who was then in London) and produced

a pencilled scrap of paper, purporting to be in the handwriting of Lord Cloncurry. The document requested that Miss Lawless would present £500 to bearer, and please to debit "Cloncurry" with same. The forgery was, at once, detected, and the fair visitors, with as much dignity as could be mustered for the occasion, withdrew. A report was immediately circulated by them to the effect, that had Lord Cloncurry's sisters been generous, *he* might then have been free.

Were it not for the balmy words of affection and consolation with which the Hon. Charlotte Lawless constantly endeavoured to heal the wounded sensibility of her brother, and soothe his irritation by advice and caresses, the rigour of his imprisonment would have been well nigh calculated to drive him mad. "If anything," wrote that estimable woman, in one of her natural and ingenuous letters, "could afford me a moment's pleasure, whilst your persecution continues, it was the sight of a letter written by you. O, my Val., do not let your admirable fortitude forsake you; something must, something shall be done, ere long, depend upon it." Twelve months' incessant captivity had now elapsed. His lordship was not without hope that ministers would *now* consider him sufficiently punished, were a touching and temperate statement of his afflictions, insults, and privations submitted to them. Lord Cloncurry, accordingly, petitioned the Duke of Portland, but nothing more consolatory than the old answer came. His Grace's reply fell like a deadening pall upon the prisoner's hopes. Did they want to kill him outright? Verily, it looked extremely like it.

Early in June, John Reeves, having obtained the necessary warrant of admission, visited his lordship. He wished to cheer his drooping soul with the intelligence that some movement at Whitehall towards a reconsideration of the *habeas corpus* cases of confinement was, as he had heard, in progress. "I should have been glad," said Mr. Reeves, in a note to Miss Lawless, "to communicate this to him, but there are always persons in the room while I am there, who convey to persons they like

to gratify, everything I should say that looks a little interesting." Mr. Reeves added that his lordship was desirous to forward a congratulatory address to the king on his escape from assassination, but, having no pen or ink, could not, of course, do so.

Seventeen long and dreary months rolled over in this way. Memorials were drawn up, presented, spurned, and trampled upon. At length the Hon. Charlotte Lawless undertook to plead her brother's cause in person, and, as a preliminary, addressed some communications to the Duke that ought to have softened a heart of adamant. In one of these she mentioned that the amiable and interesting girl to whom her brother was to have been "married on the eve of his arrest," and who, from that day, had gradually wasted away, was now pronounced almost past recovery. "Her friends strongly hope," she wrote, "some benefit from change of air. It is hardly necessary to suggest, that seeing my brother at liberty would be much more likely to save her life." The petition was refused. Poor Mary Ryal fell beneath this accumulated weight of sorrow, and ere many weeks elapsed, the churchyard grass budded fresh above her grave!

Counsellor Burne had, in September, 1800, business of importance to transact with Lord Cloncurry. Immediately on his arrival in London, he wrote to the Duke for permission to see his prisoner. Not until after the lapse of some days, and a second application having been addressed to his Grace, was any acknowledgment received. At length, the coveted licence was conceded. "I remained with him three hours," wrote Mr. Burne to Miss Lawless, "and read to him all the papers you gave me, but he declined keeping any of them, for if he had, they must have been inspected by the governor, with whom he is much displeased." We merely mention this trivial circumstance to show how truly miserable was Lord Cloncurry's position when every private letter, or family document, had necessarily to be submitted to Colonel Smith's scrutiny. It is but fair to add that,

before the expiration of a month after Mr. Burne's arrival in London, he obtained, in consideration of his calling, a general order of admission to see Lord Cloncurry.

About this period Mr. Burne took upon himself to write to the Secretary of State, without the authority or knowledge of Lord Cloncurry. He considered it too favourable an opportunity for softening the obduracy of ministerial hearts to be neglected. He expatiated with great feeling upon the sad—the master calamity which had recently befallen his lordship. "It is not easy," said Mr. Burne, "to conceive a situation so truly pitiable as that of the wretched young man who has sustained this irreparable loss, embittered as it is by the reflection that he was the involuntary cause of all." Mr. Burne might have spared himself this trouble. The "enlargement" of his friend could "not possibly" be granted. That Lord Cloncurry knew nothing of this correspondence was fortunate. Knowledge of its existence could not fail to enkindle in his breast considerable irritation and resentment. Some time previously he had come to the determination of making no further effort at obtaining his liberty. His pride could not brook another refusal.

Before he started for Dublin Mr. Burne visited Lord Cloncurry in his cell, and urged him strongly to take care of his health. This advice was unnecessary, for his lordship assured him that the more he suffered the more anxious he would be to take the care suggested, in order that, at some future day, he might be able to assert his innocence and show his resentment.* Mr. Burne encouraged this sentiment, in the belief that it would be the means of preserving him.

On the evening of December 15th, 1800, the sinking hopes of Lord Cloncurry once more started into bright

* This sentiment, in a milder form of expression, is embodied in his lordship's petition to Parliament:—"A very large portion of his landed property is out of lease, and uncultivated. His confinement has cost him above £100.000 sterling, the life of a kind father and a betrothed wife. In short, life would be no longer supportable to him if he did not hope for an opportunity to vindicate his character and to prove his wrongs." His lordship added, that so great were his sufferings he would prefer the death of a traitor a thousand times before them.

vitality upon receiving the intelligence that a very animated discussion had on that day been entered into relative to the propriety of continuing the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act. On the 19th December it was renewed.* A division took place. The popular motion was negatived, and the heart of his lordship fell again.

The cold grey dawn which enveloped the birth of January 1st, 1801, still found Cloncurry, as it sluggishly pierced through the loopholes of his dungeon, a hapless prisoner in the Tower of London. Nearly two long years had now elapsed since he had tasted the sweets of liberty in the companionship of his friends, his relatives, and his affianced one. A convict at the hulks could hardly have been treated with greater severity of rigour. At night he dreamt that happier bygone days had come again. Morning broke, and the illusion was destroyed. "Oh, Mary, Mary, my bride, where art thou? Father—best of fathers, tell me if you live! Grandfather, dear grandfather, who early instilled into my youthful mind a hatred of British misrule and oppression, look upon your poor kinsman, and brighten the solitude of his prison with your cheering voice."

Such, or such like, were the exclamations which thronged to the threshold of poor Cloncurry's utterance

* Mr. Martin on this occasion observed, that "he had once given a vote for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, upon the presumption that the power granted to ministers would be properly exercised; but he thought that power had been abused by keeping persons in prison for years together without assigning any reason for so doing." Richard B. Sheridan said that he believed there scarcely ever was a period when the loyalty, the temper, the moderation, and the forbearance of the people were greater than at the present. * * * He could not see what right the House had to detain the persons in prison for a single hour longer. Mr. Jekyl took the same view as Mr. Sheridan. Jacobinism, he said, was dead, although ministers might insist it was alive, by confounding it with that discontent which their misconduct had produced, and which must continue while they remained in office. In the Upper House Lord Eldon defended the continuance of the tyrannic measure. Lord Holland opposed it. Their ancestors, he said, ever regarded this Act as the greatest security of British liberty. The present ministry had converted it into an instrument of oppression, and under its suspension immured persons against whom they could allege no guilt, and who, under the rigour of solitary confinement, without knowing their crime or their accuser, languished for now near three years, without once being able to obtain the benefit of a trial.

during that intermediate state of sleeping and waking which usually succeeds for a moment a happy—a deliciously happy, dream.

Well might his lordship sing, in the translated words of the German minstrel:—

> "Begone thou flaunting day,
> Night come with all its sadness,
> That I again may stray
> Through such sweet dreams of gladness."

Meanwhile the friends of Lord Cloncurry were not inactive. It was decided to memorialize the Privy Council as a last resource; and this they did. Mr. Falkiner, however, who filled the office of Head Clerk to that body, at once wrote to say, that as Lord Cloncurry was committed under the Secretary of State's warrant, he could not take any other notice of the petition than by placing it in the hands of the Duke of Portland. From the specimens of his Grace's humanity, with which the reader is already acquainted, it need not be expected that he exerted himself very energetically in his lordship's favour.

Two dreary winter months of suspense and anxiety elapsed, but no glad tidings came to cheer the drooping heart of the persecuted prisoner. Were it not for the bright auxiliary flame of hope which burned unceasingly within his lordship's breast, the vital spark would probably long since have died out from bodily exhaustion. Of all the days in Lord Cloncurry's life (wedding ones, as a matter of course, excepted) the 3rd of March, 1801, was, perhaps, the most happy and auspicious. Owing to a governmental *contre temps*, not less *vexatious* than unexpected, ministers found on the day in question, that to procure a renewal of the Act for suspending the writ of *Habeas Corpus* would be utterly impossible. Mr. Pitt had just retired from office, on the plausible pretext of discountenancing the already violated promise, viz., that Catholic Emancipation should immediately succeed the Union. Mr. Addington clutched the reins of Government, and smiled complacently as he saw in the distance approaching the Sidmouth peerage. Mean-

while the madness of George III. suddenly assumed a most decided character. Upon the promulgation of this startling intelligence the attention of ministers became exclusively directed towards the effectual "carrying on of the Government." To procure a renewal of the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Act was found to be impossible, and accordingly all the unfortunates whom the Duke of Portland buried in dungeon sepulchres, during the years '98 and '99, found themselves, to their no small satisfaction, free, on agreeing to enter into recognizances for the surrender of their persons whenever and wherever called upon by the Crown. Several of the Duke of Portland's victims remained languishing in the dungeons of Fort George and the Tower. Amongst the latter, exclusive of his lordship, were Colonel Despard, Bonham, Hodgson, and Lamaitre. Bonham was arrested simultaneously with Lord Cloncurry, and endured throughout his imprisonment similar acts of petty tyranny and oppression. All the prisoners having been brought up before Mr. Richard Ford, of the Public Office, Bow-street, were requested to produce their respective recognizances. Despard, with his friends Hodgson and Lamaitre, indignantly refused to enter into any terms with a Government who had acted towards them with such brutality and injustice. "To make any promises," said they, "would be to admit ourselves in error. Let us manifest our burning sense of indignation at having been subjected in the heart of 'the metropolis of British freedom' to an imprisonment so unconstitutional and unmerited." Those lion-hearted men were accordingly entrusted to the care of messengers.

Lord Cloncurry, however, having repeatedly during his imprisonment made a voluntary proposal for entering into recognizances, did not hesitate to go through the forms preparatory to liberation. Depressed as were his spirits, and broken down as was his health, it would have been in the highest degree criminal in him not to take advantage of so excellent an opportunity for restoring both. No one could possibly stand in greater need of country air, exercise, and society, than Valentine Lawless

at this juncture. His constitution was literally shattered. Yet he triumphed both over mortality and the Duke of Portland. One year more—perhaps one month, of such merciless persecution, and it is more than probable he would have died beneath the lash. The *Dublin Evening Post* thus chronicles his lordship's liberation:—

"It is with much pleasure we learn that Lord Cloncurry is among the number of those who are at last relieved from imprisonment. The appearance of his lordship indicates a suffering mind, which the numerous misfortunes he has sustained, owing to his long confinement, may well account for."

The magistrate offered to permit Bonham's enlargement, provided he could procure him two sureties for £500; but Lord Cloncurry's would not be listened to on lower terms than a personal bail of £5,000, and two sureties in £2,000 each. Nothing illustrates more strikingly than this the preposterous apprehensions entertained by Government at Lord Cloncurry regaining his liberty. They trembled to think how his lordship would comport himself now that the turnkey's surveillance ceased to restrain him.

The first joyful tidings received by Lord Cloncurry of the termination of his imprisonment, were conveyed in a polite but laconic note from Lord Castlereagh, who happened to be on business in London at the time. Full license was given to his lordship to proceed to Ireland whenever it suited his convenience to start.

On the morning of the memorable 3rd March, 1801, when it became evident to ministers that a further suspension was totally impracticable, the Duke of Portland seized his pen, and wrote to Lord Cornwallis, the viceroy, apprising him of the fact;—

"My Lord,—Various events having rendered it impossible to apply to Parliament for a renewal of the Act for suspending the *Habeas Corpus*, your Excellency must be sensible that the traitors who are confined in Fort George will be entitled to require to be remanded to Ireland. You will, therefore, not be surprised at hearing of their return. I must not, however, omit to apprise your Excellency that it is intended that a bill should be brought into Parliament as soon as circumstances will permit, for the further

renewal of the suspension; and, from the favourable account which has this day been received of his Majesty's health, I trust this measure will not be long delayed. "I am, &c.,

"PORTLAND."*

How little did Lord Cloncurry think, when elevating his withered heart in thanksgiving to God, on the fortuitous termination of so iniquitous an Act, that it was the full intention of ministers, the moment circumstances proved propitious, to introduce a bill demanding its further renewal. Thank God, circumstances did not prove propitious for seven-and-forty years after, notwithstanding the fond hopes of William Duke of Portland, that "the measure would not be long delayed."

One of Cloncurry's first steps, upon finding himself free, was to give instructions to Mr. Folkes (O'Coigly's attorney) to commence legal proceedings against his persecutors: not so much with a view to obtain redress for the irreparable injuries inflicted, as for the purpose of bringing the whole affair before a discriminating public, and thus clearing his character from the political stains with which he had reason to suppose loyalists considered it darkened. His powerful enemy, however, proved, as usual, too many for him. The actions for false imprisonment against the two Williams (Pitt and Portland) received an effectual *quietus* by a bill indemnifying those magnates from all the consequences of their arbitrary acts —a bill which strode through both Houses of Parliament in a single night.

A change had by this time come o'er the spirit of John Bonham's dream. During the period of his confinement in the Tower, he was treated with equal rigour as his friend Cloncurry. Passionate, ardent, patriotic, and impulsive, he entered it. A crushed and broken spirit John Bonham left it. Sensitive from his childhood, he withered beneath insult and oppression; and, on the rising of the Tower curtain, on March 3, 1801, his friends and enemies could scarcely recognize in Bonham the ghost of his former self. His manner had become sup-

* See the Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh, &c., vol. iv. p. 74 (condensed from original letter).

plicatory—his appearance crest-fallen. In short, to use the words of Lord Cloncurry, "Bonham was a simple-minded man, upon whose temperament Tower discipline was calculated to make a lasting impression." Soon after his discharge, Cloncurry wrote him a long letter, full of sympathy, encouragement, and kind advice. Months elapsed, and no acknowledgment came from Mr. Bonham. At length the postman's knock was heard, and a letter, bearing one of Bonham's superscriptions, was handed to his lordship. "Alas!" said he, after thanking Lord Cloncurry for his "truly kind and generous letter," "I am compelled to own I was afraid to correspond with you. Is it possible, then, that fear should have had such an effect on a mind once not the weakest? Not fear of death—for death I have suffered a thousand times; but fear of what must ever be intelligible to those who have suffered the tortures of 'that many-chambered tomb.'" Mr. Bonham concluded with an allusion to his "miserable despondency and broken spirit."

Poor Bonham ever afterwards trembled to identify himself with any party other than the Tory! He shunned popular politics as so many infernal machines on the point of exploding. As whipper-in to the Conservative Opposition, he succeeded Mr. Holmes in 1831. Not long after, however, he fell a victim to the ascerbity of party. Having supported a certain railway bill in Parliament, he foolishly accepted as a gift some railway shares from the company thus complimented. Years after the Whigs charged him with corruption on the above grounds, and the exposure which ensued terminated in his dismissal from the Mastership of Ordnance. Sir Robert Peel felt himself called upon by a sense of public duty to cashier Bonham, but he accompanied the act, as report has it, by settling a life annuity on him out of his own private purse. The baronet was a schoolfellow of Mr. Bonham's, and remained throughout life much attached to him.

Cloncurry's liberation was celebrated among his friends by a general jubilee. In the midst of the festivity Sir Francis Burton, twin-brother to the Marquis of Conyngham, made love to the Hon. Valentina Lawless, popped

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the question, and was elevated to the highest pinnacle of terrestrial happiness by hearing a whispered affirmative emanate from her lips. As little delay as possible succeeded the soft negotiation. On the 4th June, 1801, the nuptials were celebrated with fitting pomp and festivity. In his capacity of Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, Sir Francis Burton was in after life much respected. During the previous summer Lord Cloncurry's sister, Mary, was led to the Hymeneal altar by Thomas, better known as Jerusalem Whalley,* of Whalley Abbey, Co. Wicklow. Their married happiness was not of long duration. On 2nd Nov. 1800, Mr. Whalley died of rheumatic fever, at Knutsford, on his way to London. His lady survived him thirty years.

Lord Cloncurry passed several months in England endeavouring to recruit his shattered health. From the cheerful society of John Reeves his spirits received no trifling stimulus. He was a constant visitor at his house, and there met, for the first time, the subsequently celebrated Wm. Cobbett. Between the latter and Lord Cloncurry an intimacy continued ever afterwards to exist.

On the 26th January, 1802, his lordship started for Dublin, which since the morning he bade farewell to Lord Clonmel, he had not once visited. Here he arrived on the day of Lord Clare's funeral, viz., the 31st January, and witnessed in connexion with it a strange scene. The populace were perfectly well aware whom Ireland was mainly indebted to for the murderous Act of Legislative Union, and resolved, by a disorderly demonstration, to mark their profound contempt for the memory of "Union Jack."† Accordingly, when the richly decorated hearse proceeded to shake its sable plumes through the public streets, it was suddenly assailed from every side by a perfect volley of dead cats, which the bad taste of a mob selected as the most fitting mode of execrating the memory of their deadly enemy. After much opposition

* Several amusing anecdotes of this most extraordinary character will be found in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for Dec., 1800, page 1210, vol. lxx.

† A slang nickname for John Earl of Clare.

(there were no efficient policemen in those days to make obstructions "move on") the hearse reached its destination, and preparations were made to inter the corpse of Lord Clare. We have heard, but whether the statement is true we cannot pretend to say, that no sooner was the coffin lowered than a further volley of dead cats poured into the churchyard, and, ere a shovel-full of earth had been cast by the sexton, well nigh filled the grave. The family of Lord Clare having heard of this indecent outrage, began to experience some apprehensions lest the mob should make an attack upon the dwelling-house in Ely-place; and no sooner did the countess hear of Lord Cloncurry's arrival, than she despatched a messenger with a written request that his lordship would kindly come and show himself from the balcony to the indignant mass of people which surged beneath it. The Irish populace have ever been notorious for their thorough knowledge of politics; and considering this, it is not surprising that Lord Cloncurry should have stood particularly high in their estimation. With his imprisonment, from the first to the last day, they were familiar. They knew the many efforts made by him to promote the amelioration of their condition; they knew that his "heart was in the right place," and knowing it, they venerated him. It is scarcely necessary to add, that no indignity was offered to the house or family of Lord Clare.

Cloncurry lost little time in joining his sister Charlotte at Maretimo. Passing through the village of Black Rock, his reception was most gratifying. The news of his approach had circulated through the neighbourhood. Hundreds of the populace surrounded his travelling carriage, which they insisted upon escorting into the court-yard of Maretimo. At the hall-door stood William Duke of Leinster, waiting to receive his patriotic friend; and when he descended from the chariot, and advanced up the steps, the honest old nobleman fell upon his neck and wept aloud before the people. They had not met since the occasion of their arrest in 1798; and since that period poor Edward Fitzgerald—Leinster's favourite brother—had yielded up his spirit in the cause of Ireland.

After a short sojourn in Ireland, his lordship became filled with an intense melancholy. Numbers of men whom he had left bright with hope at the rapid advent, as they thought, of liberty and independence, were now nowhere to be found. The unadorned head-stone told the fate of some—the Banishment Bill of others.

"It is now half a century," wrote Lord Cloncurry on the 29th August, 1852, in a private letter to Father Maher, "since my first act, as a landlord, on coming to Ireland from the Tower of London, was to give three acres of Abington for a school, feeling that an educated people never could be slaves." In addition to this act of generosity, Lord Cloncurry handed the parish priest one hundred sovereigns towards the erection of a new Roman Catholic chapel adjoining the school.

The prolonged confinement his lordship had endured, and the severity of the restrictions which accompanied it, induced a painful local complaint that contributed much to embitter his existence. As soon, however, as he contrived to throw his deranged affairs into some sort of order, he resolved upon trying a very excellent remedy, namely, a lengthened continental trip. Carrying out this resolution, we find him, accompanied by his sisters Charlotte and Valentina, *en route* for the French capital, in July, 1802. Amongst their fellow-passengers were Kemble, the actor, and Lord Vassall Holland, the subsequent statesman. Both made themselves agreeable to the noble party, and from that day Cloncurry might date the commencement of an intimacy betwixt Lord Holland and himself, which continued cordial and uninterrupted until the scythe of death dissevered its bonds eight-and-thirty years afterwards.

Napoleon Buonaparte, as First Consul of the Republic, was now in high popularity. His name had long since become a familiar "household word" throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Lord Cloncurry had been for years hearing of his spirited conduct and achievements, and expressed to the British Embassy a wish to be permitted the honour of paying his *devoirs* to the Consul. The ambassador politely declined to introduce

him, stating as his reason, that unless he (Lord C.) were already presented at the Palace of St. James's, it was impossible he could think of making his bow in the Tuilleries. It was continental etiquette, he said, and the Consul would foam with indignation were it violated. We need scarcely remind the reader that, as a State prisoner, it was incompatible with the restraints imposed on his lordship to frequent the court-yard of the Tower, much less the Court of St. James's. What was Cloncurry's astonishment, some days after this colloquy, to receive an invitation from Napoleon himself to inspect certain military evolutions in the Champs de Mars, and afterwards dine with him, *sans ceremonie*, in the Tuilleries. His lordship soon discovered that to Marshal Berthier he was indebted for this flattering mark of official attention. That officer acquainted Napoleon with the circumstances of his lordship's then position, and entered into an animated description of the various trials and persecutions to which a not over-scrupulous Government had thought fit to subject him, from 1798 to 1801. Napoleon, interested in his history, expressed a wish to see him, and the invitation went accordingly.

Chaperoned by his relative, William Lawless (then a French officer of some years' standing), Lord Cloncurry soon obtained access to most of the fashionable receptions and re-unions in Paris. Those given by Helen Maria Williams were perhaps the pleasantest. The company present on such occasions consisted usually of one part republicans, and two parts Irish refugees. During his residence here, Lord Cloncurry became on terms of intimacy with Kosciusko.

After a most agreeable sojourn in the Gallic capital, the noble trio moved on to Switzerland, and from thence to Nice, where the mildness of the climate induced them to remain, *statu quo*, for the winter. Rome was their ultimate destination, and thither they proceeded, *viâ* Genoa, Leghorn, and Florence, as soon as the weather permitted the resumption of their journey.

Their arrival at Nice was in December, 1802, and their departure for Rome on the 1st February following.

We recur to this matter because the period of Lord Cloncurry's stay in Nice involved a very remarkable chapter in the history of his life. It was there he met, for the first time, Elizabeth Georgiana, youngest daughter of Major-General Morgan—a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune, and for many years Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies. Added to an exterior of seraphic beauty, Miss Morgan possessed a highly cultivated mind, and manners peculiarly fascinating. The reader knows enough of Lord Cloncurry to be well aware that his heart was not composed of very lapideous materials. The bright halo of light which encircled Miss Morgan was irresistible—the warmth of its rays soon ripened their acquaintance into love, and Valentine Lord Cloncurry fell on his knees before the beautiful enchantress. The attachment was mutual. Miss Morgan, who had barely turned sixteen, presented her lover with all the ardour and devotion of a fresh young heart. He felt the value of the possession, and was filled with pride in the contemplation of it.

General* and Mrs. Morgan and their blooming daughter had only arrived in Nice thirty-six hours before Lord Cloncurry. On what trifling circumstances do the destinies of men and nations sometimes hang. Had his lordship left Paris two days sooner than he really did, it is more than probable he would never have been married to Elizabeth Morgan.

The indisposition of the Hon. Charlotte Lawless, and her anxiety to see the Eternal City, led to their departure for Rome at a somewhat earlier day than was at first intended. In the proud consciousness of having won the hand of one of the most beautiful and accomplished creatures in existence, but more or less depressed at the idea of even a temporary separation, his lordship left Nice. The consideration, however, that the short month of February only would intervene between the lovers' farewell and the lovers' meeting, served to support his drooping heart, and he braved disinclination to perform a duty.

* General Morgan was son to Nathaniel Morgan, Esq., of Warton Wythe, Co. Carnarvon.

On the 1st of February he left with his two sisters for Rome. Early in the March following, General Morgan and his family, according to promise, followed.

At Leghorn, on his way to Rome, Cloncurry received a friendly hint from his friend Clarke, Duke de Feltre, to lose no time in reaching the Papal States, as orders had just been conveyed to him from head quarters to send all the English prisoners to Verdennes, until France and England ceased to stare so fiercely at each other across the British Channel. This friendly hint, together with the intelligence that banditti infested, to a more than usual extent, the roads, expedited the hitherto slow progress of our travellers. The whips of the postillions and the hearts of the ladies knew no rest. At length they came upon the outskirts of the Campagna. Joy radiated every countenance. The Eternal City, in all its massive, classic grandeur, rose majestically before them.

February rolled over, and March arrived. Oh, that we had the pen of Shakspeare to describe the lovers' meeting. Not being so fortunate, however, we must leave it to the reader's imagination. Peradventure he has had some experience himself in love-makings, leave-takings, and returns; if so, the grouping and colouring of his own imagination will even prove more happy than would the delineations of that master hand. A fertile mind can, at a moment's warning, produce a gallery of paintings that the Louvre could not emulate. Let us hope our reader rejoices in such a possession.

They poured forth their love by the hour, and each hour appeared but the fragment of a second. Lord Cloncurry awaited their alliance with impatience. He told the General so; but difficulties arose calculated to retard it for a time. Marriage settlements—dispeller of Hymeneal illusions!—that unseemly intruder on connubial bliss and sanctity—had to be talked over, decided on, and copies of the rough draughts transmitted to Ireland, in order to their execution with all due attention to legal formula. In consequence of the distance, however, and the absence from Dublin of the principal parties to the agreement, considerable delay appeared likely to en-

sue. This was no agreeable prospect for the lovers. "Cloncurry," said General Morgan, observing his disappointment, "if you trust to my honour, I will trust to yours." Between two such men this was sufficient. Lord Cloncurry promised, on his arrival in London, to make an adequate provision for the companion of his existence; and General Morgan, on the other hand, gave Lord Cloncurry his word of honour that the dowry should be transferred to his lordship's name as soon as both should arrive in London.

This understanding proved highly satisfactory to all parties. The day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials. It was the 16th April, 1803.* The Rev. Mr. Burgess, chaplain to the Duchess of Cumberland (who was then in Rome), officiated. The parties present at the wedding, as we know from unquestionable authority, were the Earl of Mountcashel, and his brother, the Hon. William Moore; General and Mrs. Morgan; Mr. Jackson, the English minister to the King of Sardinia; Mrs. Whalley, and the Hon. Charlotte Lawless.

There is an old aphorism which says, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." By the sequel we shall see how sadly it was verified.

* Almost immediately after this event, his lordship's sister, Charlotte Lawless, was led to the Hymeneal altar by Colonel Plunket, afterwards Lord Dunsany.

CHAPTER X.

William Conyngham Plunket before he was Chancellor—Robert Emmet labours to organize an Insurrection—Buonaparte promises him Assistance—Skirmish on the Night of the 23rd July—Murder of Lord Kilwarden—Execution of Robert Emmet in Thomas-street—Lord Cloncurry's Residence at Lyons searched for Wounded Rebels—Letter to the Author from the last of the United Irishmen—Lord Cloncurry cognizant of Emmet's Treasonable Mission to Ireland—His Lordship's Occupations at Rome—Stands for the first Time in the dignified Position of a Father—Effects the Liberation of five poor United Irishmen sold by England to the Prussian Government—Journey Homeward—A Thunderbolt hangs precariously above the Heads of Lord and Lady Cloncurry, and threatens to annihilate for ever their domestic Happiness.

Previous to the introduction of a remarkable letter connected with Lord Cloncurry, and recently addressed to the writer of this work by a man who once rejoiced in being Robert Emmet's confidential agent, and who now holds the rank of Chef de Brigade in the French service, it will be expedient to take a glance at the insurrection of 1803, and at the events which immediately succeeded and preceded it.

During the memorable debate on the Legislative Union, speeches were enunciated by some of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom, wherein they denied the competency of the people's representatives to vote away the existence of that Parliament which they were delegated to protect. Plunket, the subsequent Chancellor, and sundry other massive intellects, proclaimed resistance to be a duty. "For my part," said Plunket, "I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of my country's freedom. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you, that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act, it will

be a nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it."

Robert Emmet, an ardent and patriotic youth, listened, with beating heart and burning cheek, to language like the foregoing. He registered a vow in heaven that no means would he leave unemployed to promote an organization capable of resisting the operation of a measure, which, to quote the words of one of our greatest lawyers, "no man in Ireland would be bound to obey." Led by every plausible assurance to expect prompt and powerful military aid from France, Emmet exerted himself, notably, in endeavouring to accumulate arms,* and to organize a force capable of wielding them.

Several Irish refugees resided in Paris for years before and after 1803. Some of the most influential opened negotiations with Talleyrand Perrigord, for the immediate outfit of a third Irish Armada. Every encouragement appears to have been given them, both by Buonaparte and his minister. In October, 1802, Emmet, full of projects for the subversion of British power in Ireland, set sail for Dublin. Napoleon, previously to his departure, assured him that hostilities with England would surely commence before August, 1803, and that the long projected invasion might confidently be expected in the course of that month.† Both countries, from the middle of March,‡ 1803, were busily engaged in preparations for war. Every English shire sent forth its regiment of militia. The masts of formidable armaments appeared above the walls of the Brest and Calais Dockyards. Mr. Pitt rushed frantically down to Walmsley and raised a regiment of his own. Lord Castlereagh embodied a yeomanry corps in Westminster. The greatest panic

* The principal arsenal was situated at the rere of the White Bull Inn, in Thomas-street, and now forms a portion of the extensive soap manufactory of Messrs. J. and J. Fitzpatrick. Upwards of 11,000 pikes, ball cartridge, hand grenades, signal rockets, cannon powder, and false beams, were discovered within its walls.

† Life of Robert Emmet, by R. R. Madden, M.D.

‡ "I have had a letter from Lord Forbes. From what he says, his uncle's opinion seems to be that war is inevitable." Extract of a Letter from Thomas Moore to his mother, dated March 24, 1803.—*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence.* Vol. i. 1852.

filled the English nation. Lord Grenville, ever noted for the shrewdness of his foresight, almost feared to direct his eye into the future. In a letter of his to the Marquis of Wellesley, dated July 12, 1803, and intercepted by the French Government, he expresses his fears, lest the noble marquis (who was then from home) might never again have a country to revisit.

Whilst Government was busily employed in making military and engineering preparations for the protection of England, Robert Emmet was, at the other side of St. George's Channel, engaged in swearing in clubs of resolute men. He formed two extensive arsenals in the heart of the metropolis, and so perfect was the secrecy observed in respect to them, that not until the failure of his insurrectionary attempt, was Government in a position to point at them the finger of suspicion. It was Emmet's intention not to have applied the hostile match to the explosive train of his conspiracy till August, when the French frigates would have commenced their fire on the British defences; but, owing to a small depot in Patrick-street having accidentally blown up on the 14th July, he resolved upon making the attempt at once. This was the first intimation which Government received of the brooding rebellion. Their fears became aroused, though not to the extent which Emmet imagined, and he felt that any further delay, on his part, would be extremely hazardous. He, accordingly, gave notice to a few trusty followers that the 23rd instant would witness their attempt on Dublin. Word to this effect was conveyed to the adjacent counties; but nothing could have been more imperfect than the organization of the popular force. Half of the insurgents were not disposed to credit the report. Division split their councils into fragments. Some were for running at once to the attack—others for procrastinating. Some laughed derisively at Emmet's abilities and resources—others placed the most implicit confidence in his tactics, arrangements, and advice.

The 23rd July came, and not more than eighty men rallied to his standard. Poor Emmet's surprise may be imagined upon beholding such a pitiful handful surround

him. Another would feel despair in such a situation, but that was a sentiment not more foreign to *his* temperament than the existence of one ray of hope in the breast of a doomed soul. A more sanguine disposition never animated the heart of man. He accumulated all the chances of success into one brilliant prismatic pyramid, but took no account of its instability, or of the countless difficulties which lay between him and the attainment of his wishes. Should one, perchance, occur to him, he ran from its presence, as though it were a hideous phantom sent by Satan to disturb him.

Emmet's greatest dependence for support was on the Wicklow men, under Bernard Dwyer. The messenger deputed by Emmet to bear the order to this man neglected his duty, and never delivered it; and for want of means it was found impossible to convey a preconcerted signal to Ulster. Emmet was standing in the depôt, surrounded by his men, when a false alarm, that the army were upon them, was sounded. "If so," exclaimed he, "we will sell our lives pretty dearly," saying which, he sallied into Bridgefoot-street, at the head of his little party, expecting to be joined by several hundreds before he reached the seat of Government, on Cork Hill.

A more disorderly body than followed him it would be impossible to conceive. Whatever their commander bade them do, they were sure to disobey. If he ordered them to act, they would remain quiescent; if commanded to refrain, they would perform. Before his party reached the end of Thomas-street, the carriage of Lord Kilwarden suddenly appeared in the midst of them. The wretched rabble—to their eternal shame be it recorded—notwithstanding the frantic entreaties of Emmet to the contrary, dragged the noble inmate forth, and, in the presence of his nephew and daughter, piked him through the body. A worthier private character, or a juster judge, never sat beneath the canopy of the Court of King's Bench.

As Emmet witnessed this outrage, his heart sickened within him, and, for the first time, the flame of his sanguine temperament was observed to flicker. Disgusted at the brutal conduct of the men who accompanied him—

we could hardly say followed—he fled from the scene to the Wicklow mountains, where he decided upon remaining until the insurrectionary movement assumed a less impracticable aspect. Treachery, however, was in the camp, and in the ensuing August Major Sirr arrested him. His dying speech, upon being asked what had he to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, is altogether unequalled for eloquence and intensity in the annals of Irish forensic oratory. We defy any man of ordinary sensibility to read it, without dropping a tear on the melancholy record. On the eve of his long anticipated alliance with Sarah Curran, he expiated in Thomas-street—the site of his visionary attempt—the crime of loving Ireland, "not wisely, but too well."

Poor Robert Emmet! In the veriest trifle (provided he hoped for success) a wild and irresistible impulse bore him impetuously onward. Those scales, which every wise projector balances, in order that he may be enabled to test the preponderance of either his probabilities of success or evil fortune, he rejected the use of altogether. Confident in the strength of his own abilities (which certainly were of no mean order), he laughed to scorn the man who ventured to dissent from any project he might have generated. Poor Emmet! Well he loved to spend a day erecting, in the supposed future of his country, gorgeous *chateaux d'Espagne*, and bright Utopian palaces, which, the longer he contemplated, the more magnificent grew their halo. Every adverse consideration which might have the effect of throwing a shade of dimness upon its brilliancy, he excluded from his thoughts. Wrapt in an ecstasy, he gazed enraptured on Success, and, with eyes averted, shut out the grim shape of Failure from his vision.

"In 1803," says the *Nation* newspaper of November 3, 1853, "Robert Emmet made his attempt on Dublin. In his memorable speech before his judges, he declared that men beside whom he was as nothing were engaged in that movement. Lords Meath, Wycombe, and Cloncurry were surmised to be of the number, but we know not on what authority." There is seldom smoke without

fire. Lord Cloncurry, though not a conspirator in Emmet's plot, was, nevertheless, fully cognizant of his intentions. The two brothers, Thomas and Robert, dined with him in Paris on the day previous to the latter's departure for Ireland. His chances of success appeared, on examination, meagre; and various attempts were made to dissuade the young enthusiast from plunging into an undertaking so replete with bloodshed and peril.

Soon after the skirmish between Emmet's men and the king's troops, information appears to have been conveyed to Mr. Clinch, one of the County Kildare magistracy, that some arms, as well as several of the wounded rebels, remained concealed in Lord Cloncurry's mansion at Lyons. This person was a tenant of Lord Cloncurry's own, but much more attached to the Castle than to his landlord. Believing that to hurt the feelings of one whom the Government thought proper to persecute would be a judicious mode of finding favour in its eyes, he strutted off at the head of some soldiery, and having burst open the library door, plundered it of four fowling pieces, a handsome silver tea-urn, and a quantity of family papers, amongst which were some title-deeds, and an interesting correspondence between his lordship and Mr. Kirwan the geologist. The loss of this Lord Cloncurry much deplored when preparing for publication his "Personal Recollections."

After rifling the study, Mr. Clinch urged the propriety of a visit to the wine cellar, and was about to tear down the door of this apartment also, when the officer in command (Colonel Coleman) interposed, and declared that *he* at all events would not be privy to so uncalled-for an outrage. Mr. Clinch, feeling the force of the observation, withdrew. Restitution for the stolen property his lordship never received, notwithstanding that Lord Hardwicke, when apprised of that fact, gave orders that every article removed by Mr. Clinch and his myrmidons should be at once restored.

The following letter to the author, from the last influential member of the society of United Irishmen, will be read with interest:—

[No. 9.] COLONEL BYRNE TO WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK.

"*Paris, Rue Montaigne*, 18, *Faubourg St. Honorè*, 22*nd February*, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letter along with Mr. ——'s note of the 5th. I shall always feel great pleasure if I can make myself useful to the friends of that excellent Member of Parliament in any way, and now more particularly to yourself, engaged, as you are, in the noble task of writing the history of the late Lord Cloncurry, one of the truest patriots Ireland ever had, and one who, to his last moment, never shrank from identifying himself with those brave but unfortunate men, who sacrificed fortune, and everything most dear to them in life, seeking to make Ireland independent.

"I first arrived at Paris in the month of August, 1803. Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet had just been chosen by the greater part of the Irish refugees then in France, to represent them with the First Consul. The latter desired Mr. Emmet to furnish him, in twenty-four hours after my arrival, with a full and detailed account of the state of Ireland. I dined with Mr. Emmet that day, in company with his great friend, Dr. MacNeven. We spent the evening and the greater part of the night together: I telling all I knew or could recollect, and vouching for the facts that came within my own knowledge, and answering, of course, all their queries about men and things the best way I could. Thus ended my mission. After this, Mr. Emmet desired to know how my money matters stood. I not only told him, but showed him the few guineas I still had; which were few indeed, having had to pay an exorbitant price for my passage from Dublin to Bordeaux, besides my journey from thence to Paris. I had only thirty-nine pounds, some shillings (and that by chance) in my pocket, the evening that the American ship in which I left Dublin, set sail suddenly. The captain had intended to remain three days longer in port; but a favourable wind tempted him to be off. It was fortunate for me that he took this resolution, for we arrived by it in three days safely at the mouth of the river below Bordeaux. By the delay of a day, I might have had all my preparations completed, and a larger sum of money in my pocket; but, then, I might not have got so soon to France.

"One day, about the beginning of December, 1803, previous to my leaving Paris for Brest, to join the expedition which was expected to sail forthwith for Ireland, I went to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Emmet, and their young interesting family. Mr. Emmet kindly asked me if I should not want some money before setting out. I thanked him, and showed him four or five half-guineas which I had still remaining; and I told him, besides, that I did not owe one sou in Paris. I had now my commission as a French officer, and had nothing to dread. He then told me that he had been that morning at the banker's, to get the amount of another remittance sent to him by that truly generous, patriotic Irishman, LORD CLONCURRY, for the use of the Irish Refugees,* many of whom stood in the greatest want of it. Mr. Emmet then opened a trunk, and showed me two small bags, containing fourteen or fifteen hundred francs, in French silver five-franc pieces. Mr. Emmet distributed that sum of money the same day, and, of course, took receipts from those who received it. Many of them were the bravest of the

* The Irish refugees were, at that period, and for some months anterior to it, endeavouring to expedite the departure from Brest of Napoleon's long-promised Irish armament—we will not say *expedition*, since its progress was so slow.

brave; and, had they been living when Lord Cloncurry published his 'Recollections,' they would, I doubt not, have gladly acknowledged their obligation to him; finding, too, that though a British peer, he did not conceal the generous part he had taken in the struggles and sufferings of poor Ireland, from 1797 down to his last hour.

"Lord Cloncurry committed a mistake in the work referred to, respecting the late General Lawless having lost his leg at Flushing, in August, 1809. He lost it at the battle of Lowenberg, in August, 1813. It appeared ridiculous that a colonel with but one leg should be put at the head of a regiment of infantry in a campaign by Napoleon. General Lawless's son, being personally acquainted with Lord Cloncurry, I told him that I thought he should write to his lordship on the subject of this error. He replied, that he thought it would come better from me, as I knew the dates and the circumstances. I wrote to Mr. Duffy, as a sure mode of having the mistake corrected. * * * With great pleasure I saw, in the second edition of Lord Cloncurry's work, that he made all the corrections required, particularly that concerning the brave William Aylmer. Indeed, it was only what might be expected from so upright a man as his lordship.

"I met Lord Cloncurry sometimes at Paris, at Mrs. Putland's, and I thought him a most unassuming, well-bred gentleman. I always considered him an United Irishman, and thereby bound in honour to endeavour to obtain a full and adequate representation of Irishmen of every religious persuasion. But the history of the United Irishmen has never been written, and perhaps it never will be fully known. Its principal leaders are dead, and those still alive cannot meet to consult one another on their common recollections, and to check the faults of memory, so as to make a clear, full, and consistent story. Before Dr. MacNeven left the Irish Legion, in 1805, to go to America, he took notes from the officers who had been concerned in the affairs of 1798 and 1803. He intended to publish, at New York, a history of those two epochs; and he certainly possessed all the patriotism and talents necessary for such an undertaking. To my own knowledge, he collected, whilst in Paris, quantities of materials for the accomplishment of such a work. The probable reason why he did not publish it in so free a country may have been, that he thought it could not be productive of any good to Ireland, in her distracted and unhappy condition.

"I have made notes of the principal events and transactions that came within my knowledge, during the insurrection of 1798, as well as that of 1803. If I thought their publication could in any way tend to benefit my native country, I would cheerfully get them printed; but I am well aware that the present time is not a propitious moment. I trust a time may come when the publication of such documents will be encouraged. They will show the efforts and sacrifices that were made to procure the independence of Ireland. I hope, now that the Christians of Turkey are likely to be emancipated, that those of every denomination in Ireland may be placed on a perfect footing of equality, and that the Protestant ascendancy, which has been so long the curse of Ireland, driving the best and bravest of her children to the hard alternative of abandoning their religion or their country, may be so modified as to give fair play to all sects.

"As letters are occasionally liable to miscarry, I shall be anxious until I hear that you have received this.

"I am, dear Sir, &c.,

"M. Byrne,

"*Chef de Brigade, Officiere de la Legion d'Honneur.*"

Cloncurry's generous enclosure to Thomas Addis Emmet, in aid of the patriotic Irish refugees, came from his lordship while resident in Rome. This substantial mark of patriotism, accidentally disclosed, is, doubtless, only of a piece with many other similar ones, which, perhaps, a mistaken sense of propriety considers it prudent to conceal.

His lordship kept a characteristically hospitable table during the eight-and-twenty months he spent in Rome. Guests, he had *galore*, from the worthy Abbè Taylor,* to the Prince Massimo. With most of the Cardinals, York, Gonga, Erskine, and Gonsalvi, he was familiarly acquainted. From Pope Pius VII. he received many acts of kindness. When his Holiness was summoned to Paris, in order to perform the coronation ceremony for Napoleon Buonaparte, Cloncurry, and his brother-in-law, Colonel Plunket, with a view to testify their respect towards him personally, and to manifest their gratitude for the kindness and attention shown them, accompanied his Holiness on horseback as far as Viterbo, where he bade them an affectionate farewell.

Amongst his lordship's varied occupations at Rome, we must not omit to mention that he derived much recreation from excavating among the baths of Titus, and elsewhere, in the hope of finding some old articles of virtû. His exertions were, in a great degree, successful; but some of the most valuable of the discoveries were, unfortunately, lost by shipwreck, in Killiney Bay, within two hours' sail of the Irish metropolis. A portion of the collection may now be seen at Lyons, the seat of Edward, present Lord Cloncurry. Here the antiquary may likewise find a portico supported by four polished red granite pillars, which the late lord, at considerable expense, removed from Rome. They originally adorned the golden house of Nero.

Lord Cloncurry's neighbours, on the Palazzo delle tre Canelle, at Rome, might have observed his countenance wearing an unusually important aspect, on the morning of

* Dr. Taylor was President of the Irish College of St. Isidore. There are many still of opinion, that the marriage between George IV. and Mrs. FitzHerbert was solemnized through his agency.

April 7th, 1805. Then it was that his lordship stood, for the first time, in the dignified position of a father. For the Hon. Master Lawless, Anne, Duchess of Cumberland, graciously consented to stand sponsor. As the sister-in-law of George, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Lord Cloncurry, some time previously, suggested to the authorities, the propriety of having her Highness's hotel protected by a guard of honour. This appears to have been a formula occasionally observed at that time, on the Continent, in all cases where parties had royal blood in their veins. His lordship, who possessed much influence with the Pope, was at once informed that a royal guard would be mounted, henceforth, at the residence of her Royal Highness.

So grateful did the Duchess feel for this kind interference of Cloncurry's, that she volunteered to become godmother to the little stranger, provided he should assume, notwithstanding his being of the coarser sex, her own cognomen of Anne. Two of perhaps the happiest years in his lordship's existence were passed in Rome. He nestled into the pleasures given him by God with a still keener perception of enjoyment, as he thought of his miserable time within the Tower, and contrasted the past with the present. But, much as he loved the Eternal City, he loved old Ireland better; and, in June, 1805, we find him making preparations for departure. His journey homeward was circuitous. The Gallic cock and the British lion scouled at each other fiercely; and British travellers in France, or French travellers in England, ran imminent risk of finding their locomotion placed under restraint. Proceeding along the coast of Italy, towards the Adriatic Sea, he visited, accompanied, of course, by Lady Cloncurry, the amphitheatrical town of Ancona, and the ruins of Diocletian's palace, in Dalmatia. From thence they moved on to Venice, and from Venice, across the Austrian frontier, to Vienna. Here his lordship arrived very opportunely to render an important service to five unfortunate United Irishmen, whom the English Government had sold, for hard cash, to the King of Prussia, as soldiers. Feeling little sympathy with the Prussians, or their cause, the poor fellows watched their opportunity

to desert, and arrived almost simultaneously with his lordship in Austria. The Prussian Commander-in-Chief at once made application for their persons to the civil authorities of Vienna, and were it not for the active, zealous, and benevolent interference of Lord Cloncurry in their regard, they would most certainly have been sent back to servitude. Having waited personally on the British Ambassador, in the hope of being able to mollify his heart, Lord Cloncurry so far succeeded as to procure a passport for his poor compatriots, which would have the effect of protecting them in the course of their journey homeward. This was a great triumph. The poor men accompanied their benefactor to Ireland; and through his humane exertions were enabled, free of molestation, to fly into the outstretched arms of their wives and families. Oh! with what joy was the return of those husbands and brothers greeted. You can imagine it, reader, and so could Cloncurry.

From Vienna, his lordship's party (which had now swelled to no insignificant extent)* proceeded to Dresden, in order to avail themselves of a hospitable invitation from Prince Xavier. Berlin was next visited, where, after a short sojourn, we find them in full march through Denmark. From one of the northern seaports they embarked, some for London, some for Ireland, all pleasurably anticipating the *cead mille a failthe* which awaited their arrival, and little dreaming of the existence of that thunderbolt which hung invisibly above the heads of Lord and Lady Cloncurry, but was soon to fall, and rend into ten thousand fragments that domestic felicity which had extorted, for nearly three years, the bad man's envy and the good man's admiration.

* The party consisted of General and Mrs. Morgan, Lord and Lady Cloncurry, their two children, and servants, the five United Irishmen, and Signor Gaspare Gabrielli, an Italian fresco painter, whose services his lordship had engaged for beautifying Lyons House. On the day succeeding their arrival in London (Nov. 2nd, 1805), Lord Cloncurry fulfilled, with honour and punctuality, the engagement he had entered into with General Morgan, by settling a jointure of £1,000 per annum on Lady Cloncurry. General Morgan was equally prompt and honourable in the discharge of his promises, He handed Lord Cloncurry a cheque for £5,000, with a request to regard it as merely a prelude to more.

CHAPTER XI.

The Bubble Promises of Mr. Pitt—Curious Statement of the Knight of Kerry—Mr. Cooke's Arguments in Favour of a Union—Ireland's Downward Progress—Fearful Increase of Bankruptcies—Lord Cloncurry returns to end his days in Ireland—His Lordship insulted by an English Chancellor—Cloncurry's Retort—Interference of Lord Hardwicke—Cloncurry's Revenge over Lord Redesdale complete—The Irish Administration of John Duke of Bedford—Lady Cloncurry admired, respected, and beloved.

Catholic Emancipation,* the endowment of the Catholic and Dissenting clergy, and an adjustment of the Tithe system, were the inducements held out to deluded Ireland as the immediate result, if not the accompaniment, of a Legislative Union. All three were violated. That a general enfranchisement of Catholics was guaranteed, any person who takes the trouble of glancing at the journals of the time, or the many historical works on the subject since, may at once perceive. If he prefers to rest his judgment on the private official documents of our rulers themselves, he will find abundant evidence in the Castlereagh correspondence.

That an adjustment of the Tithe system was to accompany the Union is not so generally known. "The evils

* In lately glancing over a report of the proceedings which took place at the Kerry election of 1818, we considered the following paragraph worthy of transcription: "The Knight of Kerry thanked his friend, Mr. O'Connell, for giving him an opportunity of explaining his conduct on the Union question. He bitterly regretted it: and his only consolation was that he had acted from honest motives, however mistaken. The mistake was occasioned by the grossest and most unexpected violation of good faith: he had been induced to vote for the Union by the solemn pledge of the British Cabinet to attend to the rights and happiness of the Irish people. *Lord Cornwallis had shown him a distinct promise, written and signed by Mr. Pitt, in which it was expressly and unconditionally stated that the Union should be followed by a total and unqualified emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, and by an entire and radical alteration of the Tithe system, by substituting a different provision for the Established clergy.*"

proposed to be cured by a Union," wrote Lord Castlereagh, in one of his letters to the Duke of Portland, "are religious divisions. * * Additional motives in favour of the measure have arisen, from an expectation that it would lead to a regulation in respect to *tithes*, *the most comprehensive cause of public discontent in Ireland*, and an arrangement in favour of the Catholic and Dissenting Clergy."

It would appear, however, that the evil, *par excellence*, to be cured by a Union was the rapidly increasing prosperity of Ireland. Mr. Cooke committed to paper, at the request of Lord Castlereagh, some of his most cogent arguments in favour of this measure. They appear in the third volume of the Castlereagh Papers (p. 54), and commence as follow:—

"Will a Union make Ireland quiet? Who can judge for the future? Yet, although we cannot command futurity, we are to act as if futurity were in our power. We must argue from moral causes to moral effects. If, then, we are in a disadvantageous situation, we must look to these causes which have brought us into that situation. What are they? First, the local independent acting of the Legislature. Second, *the general prosperity of the country, which has produced great activity and energy.*"

There is no denying that a certain amount of progress was made by Ireland after the Union. We allude to that sort of progress which is exemplified in the precipitate descent of a body down an inclined plane. Every month brought fresh tidings to England of the misery of the country. In 1801, famine stalked through the land, and thinned the ranks of the people. So fearfully scarce did wheat and other grain became, that Lord Cornwallis circulated a proclamation forbidding, under pain of governmental displeasure, the use of flour in patties, pies, and puddings! Lord Moira set the example; none but food of the commonest quality he permitted on his table.

The withdrawal of wealth from Ireland, by the system of absenteeism, produced, in very few years, a grim display of bankruptcies. No calculation has, we believe, been made to ascertain their relative proportion, before and after the Union, except one. In 1810, a liberal

movement, headed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, started into active vitality, and demanded, in no craven phraseology, an immediate repeal of the Legislative Union. Mr. F. W. Conway, afterwards editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, and whose correspondence with Lord Cloncurry we will have occasion to use before the termination of this work, acted as Secretary. Amongst other statements tending to prove the destruction of trade, by the Union, he gave the following:—

Bankrupts in 1799, *and Bankrupts in* 1810.

Jan., 1799, ...	0	Jan., 1810, ...	10
Feb., 1799, ...	2	Feb., 1810, ...	18
March, 1799, ...	1	March, 1810, ...	18
April, 1799, ...	0	April, 1810, ...	23
May, 1799, ...	2	May, 1810, ...	47
June, 1799, ...	1	June, 1810, ...	36
	6		152

From the Parliamentary Reports it may be seen that insolvency in Dublin has since been on the increase. And, when the seat of Government has gone so sadly to decay, how much must not Ireland, in general, have suffered by the operation of the Union. In one year alone, 5,000 names appeared on the Bankrupt list. In the course of five years, 20,000 took, in every sense of the word, the benefit of the Act; and, to the citizens of Dublin, the Act of Union and the Insolvent Act very soon became convertible terms.

When Lord Cloncurry returned to Ireland, in November, 1805, her downward progress became glaringly apparent to his lordship, and filled him with feelings of the most exquisitely painful nature. Every prognostication expressed by him in "Thoughts on the Union" was sadly verified. He wept in the contemplation of his country's ruin. Sickened at the scene of hunger and destitution, the rich moved off, in myriads, to England. Thus, absenteeism, with its ill-effects, became daily on the increase. Lord Cloncurry saw the evils which that system was productive of, and resolved that he, at all events, would live and die in the bosom of his country;

and thus, by setting a good example, check, in some degree, the vast outflood of aristocracy.

Full of the idea of devoting the remainder of his life to the unostentatious discharge of his duty as a quiet country gentleman, Lord Cloncurry returned, with his wife and family, to Ireland. He built large additions to Lyons House, and commenced active operations as an agricultural improver. Being desirous of becoming a magistrate, as the neighbourhood possessed but comparatively few, a communication was addressed by Counsellor Burne to Lord Chancellor Redesdale, expressive of his lordship's willingness to accept the commission of the peace. Redesdale succeeded Lord Clare as Guardian of the Irish Seals. He was successively Solicitor and Attorney-General of England, at the time that Lord Cloncurry lay immured in his Tower dungeon, and probably owed him a little of that extraordinary pique celebrated in the lines:—

> "Those who injure us we freely may forgive,
> But those we injure, never while we live."

The Chancellor replied in a stiff and sneering communication, stating, that when one of the law officers of the Crown, his duty compelled him particularly to attend to the conduct of Lord Cloncurry, and that he could not think himself justified in putting any power into the hands of such a "*person.*" He added, that if he had seen the errors of his conduct, the application should come immediately from himself, with a candid avowal of the change wrought in his sentiments. Cloncurry saw this letter, and his answer was one of withering force. "I own," said he, "I considered that a peer might, when he pleased, become an acting magistrate; and, if respect be no longer due to the Irish peerage, my property in the country made it your duty to comply with my desire, unless I had forfeited my rights by ill conduct, which, I believe, *you* know I never did. I think it necessary to state, that I have not changed my sentiments, and I hope I never shall. They are, and always were, loyal and patriotic sentiments, full of abhorrence for the men and the measures which, in 1798, drove the unfortunate

people of this country into rebellion—measures for which the minister was indemnified by Parliament, as well as for his treatment of me, the illegality and inhumanity of which are not, I believe, unknown to your lordship." [Here Cloncurry entered into a history of the various steps of that oppression which pursued him so unrelentingly for such a length of time. He likewise vindicated his conduct, and completely refuted the many lying calumnies that sought to crush him beneath their weight.] "I should feel myself debased," said he, in conclusion, "by thus entering into explanation with your lordship, did I not believe that your power is near its end. The reign of bigotry and prejudice is over. I shall remain in my country, from which you would have driven me, and I shall cherish those sentiments you would have me renounce."

In the course of the ensuing month, private communication was made, through influential channels, to the Viceroy (Lord Hardwicke), though without Cloncurry's knowledge, expressive of the noble lord's desire to become a magistrate of the county. His Excellency did not hesitate to pursue that course which his own sense of justice and propriety prompted. Lord Redesdale was forthwith ordered to insert in the commission of the peace the noble applicant's name, whether he (Lord R.) liked it or no; and the Chancellor's letter to Lord Cloncurry, announcing the needful as having been done, forms a strange and amusing contrast, when placed in juxta-position with his previous communication—one so pregnant of asperity, the other overflowing with such obsequious politeness. Cloncurry, however, who was always a very proud, as well as a very vain man, no sooner read the letter, than he sat down and concocted, with the assistance of John Philpot Curran and George Ponsonby, a remarkably trenchant reply to the Chancellor, wherein he emphatically declined to accept of any favour at the hands of that officer.

The Viceroy availed himself of an opportunity, about this period, to assure Lord Cloncurry of his thorough sympathy with him in all the trials he underwent, and

offered, with a view to render some slight compensation for such injustice, to use his great influence across the water in recommending him for promotion in the peerage. This Lord Cloncurry, with characteristic taste, declined. How different from his craven father, who, personally and by letter, supplicated the Viceroys Westmoreland and Fitzwilliam for "promotion in the peerage."

Lord Cloncurry's glimpse into the futurity of Lord Redesdale's political life proved perfectly correct. In less than eight weeks from the date of his insolent refusal, Lord Redesdale was removed from the Irish Chancellorship. One of Cloncurry's best friends succeeded him.* We allude to honest George Ponsonby, to whom the Great Seal was delivered on March 1st, 1806. This appointment formed an element in the composition of Lord Bedford's Administration of "all the talents," which, in 1852, was imitated by the Earl of Aberdeen in his Coalition Cabinet. He was the second scion of the Bedford family that wielded the viceregal sceptre. In 1762, his father was inaugurated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The national party entertained great hopes, upon the accession of John Duke of Bedford to power, that some boons of importance would be conceded to Ireland. Their expectations, however, were doomed to be disappointed. In 1807, on the recall of his Grace, the Duke of Richmond assumed the helm of Government. His

* The usually impartial Plowden, in his "History of Ireland" (vol. ii. p. 288), speaking of the removal of Lord Redesdale from the Chancery bench, at Fox's instance, writes:—"It was an inchoate act of justice to the Irish population to put an early and an unequivocal mark of reprobation on the man who had calumniated and insulted them with an ignorant and malignant bigotry, which has not been experienced on any European theatre for centuries." On the 4th March, 1806, his lordship appeared in court for the last time, and took advantage of that opportunity to assure the Bar, that when he came over to Ireland he thought he should probably have spent the remainder of his days there. "I proudly hoped," said he, "to have lived and died amongst you, but that has not been permitted. * * * I have been informed that *a peremptory order has come to the Lord Lieutenant not to suffer a moment to elapse in preventing the Great Seal longer remaining in my hands.* I know not whence this jealousy of me has arisen." Lord Redesdale was much chagrined and agitated, and burst into tears several times in the course of his address.

heraldic motto—"*En la rose je fleuris*"—was an applicable one. In opinion and sentiments he was English to the back bone. He, however, possessed an easy grace and familiar suavity—qualities which have ever characterized the house of Lenox, although never very strikingly the English as a people. In short, to use the words of Captain Mulligan, in reference to his friend Pendennis, he was a viceroy of "polite manners, engaging affability, and princely fortune."

Had the Duke of Bedford continued as Viceroy, Dublin would, no doubt, have derived much benefit from his presence. Few men entertained a more sovereign contempt for money.* He scattered it with a lavish hand, but he economized promotion—a grievous offence in certain dead and gone conceptions.

Lord and Lady Cloncurry were frequent visitors at the Bedford Court. The beauty of the one, and the dignity of the other, soon obtained for both a large circle of admirers. Lord Cloncurry spared no expense on the decoration of his lovely wife. Folk who would otherwise have remained at home, hurried to the Castle ball-room, in order to catch a glimpse of the exquisite enchantress. Rich in gold, in precious gems and jewels—rich in the halo of her own natural magnificence, Georgiana Cloncurry leant gracefully on her lord. The light of the throne-room—the theme of every tongue; at home the loving mother†—the domestic wife, Lord Cloncurry felt the inestimable value of the possession, as proudly he gazed on the companion of his life.

* As an instance of his liberality in England, we may mention that upwards of £40,000 was expended by him in rebuilding Covent-garden Market.

† It was on the morning following one of the Castle balls, that a venerable friend of the author's met Lady Cloncurry and her two children at the house of Dr. Clarke, an eminent physician, whither she had gone in order to consult him on the propriety of weaning the youngest, afterwards Baroness de Roebeck. Our informant was much struck at the interesting affection of the young mother for her child, and the evidence it gave of such solid domestic virtues.

CHAPTER XII.

A TRAGEDY.

"The woman who deliberates is lost."—Addison.

Early in the year 1806, the greatest calamity that could possibly befall a young and honourable man fell upon the home of Lord Cloncurry. He lost the idolized partner of his existence—*not* by the visitation of God, but by a death infinitely more awful. With the history of this mournful transaction many men still living are familiar. Gladly would we drop the veil of oblivion over its details, could we think that in doing so we were discharging our duties as a faithful biographer.

Sir J—n P—— (in mercy to his descendants we suppress the name) was educated at the same school with Lord Cloncurry, and both baron and baronet appear to have been connected with each other by the bonds of close and early friendship. P——, though a man of large fortune, contrived about the year 1800 to involve himself, owing to his habitual improvidence, in embarrassments of a pecuniary nature. He had heard of the proverbial generosity of his noble friend, and he resolved to put it practically to the test. To Lord Cloncurry he accordingly applied for a sum, which it is unnecessary to assure the reader, was no sooner asked than granted. It was considerable, and Sir J—n P—— gave Lord Cloncurry his bonds for the amount. In 1802, when Lord Cloncurry was about to leave with his sisters for the Continent, he deposited P——'s bonds in the hands of Mr. Willoughby, his lordship's law agent, with positive injunctions never to incommode Sir J—n by the slightest application for the payment of them.

Some breasts would have been animated by a sense of gratitude for such favours; but, alas! Sir J—n P——'s was not of the number.

During the two years' residence of Lord and Lady Cloncurry at Rome, nothing could exceed in ardour the mutual attachment which subsisted. The climax of this world's joy was reached by the connubial felicity which illumed their souls. In April, 1803, they had been married; in 1805 they bade adieu to Rome. During that interval two lovely children sanctified their alliance. Those Lady Cloncurry nursed herself. In fact, few in her exalted station possessed more remarkable or more solid domestic virtues.

The noble example she set in devoting to these, and other domestic duties, the most brilliant moments of her youth and beauty, excited the admiration of all who knew her. Amongst those who were particularly struck with it may be mentioned the Earl of Montcashel and the Hon. William Moore. Both gentlemen resided, for the entire time that Lord and Lady Cloncurry remained at Rome, in the immediate vicinity of their dwelling. On the memorable trial of February 19, 1807, Lord Montcashel was summoned as a witness. A portion of his evidence we subjoin, as it redounded to the credit of Lord and Lady Cloncurry:—

Q. Were you in habits of familiar intercourse in the family of Lord Cloncurry while he remained in Italy?

A. I was, very much. I saw them constantly. There were not many English there, and we were much together.

Q. Had they any children at Rome?

A. They had two children.

Q. Can you state, my Lord, from the intercourse which you had with Lord Cloncurry's family, upon what terms they appeared to live?

A. They appeared to live upon the most happy terms. He was very much attached to her—shewed her every attention possible, and she appeared fond of him and sensible of his kindness.

Q. They were happy together?

A. Exceedingly so: and for a young woman, she was extremely domestic and attentive to her husband and her children.

Q. Are you able to say that they appeared a peculiarly happy couple?

A. *They appeared as happy as a couple considered happy could possibly be. I never could hear of any difference between them.*

Q. Do you recollect whether Lady Cloncurry happened to have any severe illness during the time you were at Rome?

A. I recollect her *accouchement*, but nothing more.

Q. Had you an opportunity of observing the attention of Lord Cloncurry to his lady upon that occasion?

A. I observed it to be that of an affectionate husband to his wife.

Q. Had you an opportunity of observing Lady Cloncurry's deportment in public and in private?

A. I had, in the familiar intercourse that friends have, and I saw nothing but what was perfectly and uniformly correct.

The Hon. Mr. Moore, who had similar opportunities of witnessing Lord and Lady Cloncurry's general demeanour during their sojourn in the Eternal City, was also interrogated. Among other questions he was asked:—

Q. Upon what terms did they appear to you to live together?

A. Perfectly happy; very much attached to each other.

Q. What was Lord Cloncurry's conduct towards his lady?

A. Extremely attentive and affectionate.

Q. What was the conduct of both towards their children?

A. They were both very fond of their children.

The Hon. Colonel Burton was next examined. The evidence of this gentleman went principally to show that after Lord and Lady Cloncurry's arrival in Ireland, the same affection and happiness continued to exist between them.

Q. Were you frequently at Lyons since that time?

A. Very frequently.

Q. Were they often at your house?

A. Very often.

Q. Had you an opportunity of observing the conduct of Lord and Lady Cloncurry to each other?

A. I had. * * * *

Q. As far as you observed, was, or was not, the conduct and disposition of Lord Cloncurry that of a man remarkably fond of his wife?

A. He was remarkably fond of her.

Q. Were they during that time what you would call an *extremely* happy couple?

A. They were so, to the best of my judgment.

John Joseph Henry, one of Lord Cloncurry's most intimate friends, gave similar evidence. "They were extremely happy," he said, "and could not possibly be more so."

Q. Did you happen to see Lord Cloncurry after the affliction had befallen him?

A. I did.

Q. How soon after?
A. I cannot particularly state the day, but as nearly as I can recollect it was a fortnight.
Q. Did it appear to make much impression upon his mind?
A. Very much. He was in deep distress.
Q. What was the state of his mind?
A. I will not call it distraction, but it was a debility of intellect, as well as I can express it.
Q. You visited him after hearing of this matter?
A. I did, at Lyons.
Q. Was your intimacy such as induced Lord Cloncurry to communicate with you on the subject?
A. He did, most freely.
(The counsel for the defendant objected to the witness being interrogated relative to what passed between him and Lord Cloncurry.)

Gaspar Gabrielli, the artist whom his lordship brought from Rome, was also examined. Among other questions he was asked:—

Q. Have you dined at Lord Cloncurry's table at Lyons?
A. Every day.
Q. What was the state in which Lord and Lady Cloncurry lived together
A. The greatest felicity in all extents.

Her ladyship's maid was next summoned. She had been in General Morgan's family for many years, and lived with Lord and Lady Cloncurry since the period of their marriage. In the course of a rigid examination, she was asked, what was Lord Cloncurry's general conduct as a husband? "There never was a man more attached," she exclaimed, "and he was one of the best husbands I ever saw." Other answers given by her to the Solicitor-General reflected equal honour on Lady Cloncurry's character, as a wife and a mother.

Our motive for introducing the foregoing extracts from the evidence is, or ought to be, obvious. Repeatedly have we heard it alleged, and, peradventure, the reader too, that his lordship soon, very soon, indeed, had cause to regret his alliance with Miss Morgan. A blacker calumny was never uttered. From April, 1803, to April, 1806, there could not exist on the face of the globe a happier or more devoted couple. Had the thousand tongues of rumour which so industriously circulated the above, ceased to wag its slanderous aspersions here, it might have spared some pain to the already deeply

wounded feelings of Lord Cloncurry. But it could not. The itching inclination of *concanniers* to erect a plausible story on so tempting a basis, must needs be gratified. Cloncurry—so said they—repenting of his hasty and ill-judged alliance, suddenly bethought him of an expedient to dissever it. He invited Sir J—n P—— to his house (albeit that he knew him to be a dangerous man); invited him again—yea! after Lady Cloncurry had conjured him to let him come no more; and, finally, unaccompanied by his wife, left Lyons for Dublin.

For nearly half a century this wretched slander has possessed a dull, irresolute vitality. Although repeatedly contradicted, it has not yet died out. The body of a worm, chopped and re-chopped into a hundred particles, could not be more difficult to deprive of life. Within the last few months we have heard the vile calumny of 1807 sent adrift once more upon the world, with its primitive deformity so much concealed by decoration, as to lose in a great degree the repulsive aspect of its first appearance, but nevertheless possessing beneath a plausible exterior all the intrinsic hideousness of the original.

On the arrival of Lord and Lady Cloncurry in Ireland, their society was immediately courted by the first aristocracy of the country. Lady Cloncurry was admired—he was beloved. The wooded domain of Lyons was a blissful region. The two long years of cruel persecution which his lordship but a short time previously passed within the cold grasp of a humid dungeon, lent an additional zest to his present felicity. How marked the contrast!—how complete the transition! What a happy life was his!

Rejoice, ye fiends and devils of darkness, for the eyes of the lord of Lyons will soon be bathed in tears, and his nuptial couch hung in mourning!

The old schoolfellow and early friend of Valentine Lawless, who erst had tasted the sweets of his salutary advice and munificent generosity, contemplated with envious eye the happiness we have described, and like a wolf hungering for prey, yearned to have even a particle

of the elements of such felicity in his clutches. A more unlikely person than Lady Cloncurry to prove unfaithful to him whom she had vowed to "love, honour, and obey," did not exist perhaps in Christendom. Can it be believed that such was the character which Sir J—n P—— resolved by every art of hell to wither and destroy. A bet, or agreement, was entered into, as we have heard, between the monster and some kindred spirit, that in the event of the utter and complete ruin of Lord and Lady Cloncurry's domestic happiness, a sum of money would be placed to the credit of his (P——'s) account in a certain Dublin bank. In case of failure, the operation was, of course, to be reversed.

We freely confess that so consummately diabolical and deliberate does this proceeding appear to us, that we can hardly bring ourselves to credit it. More than one party, however, has vouched for its veracity. * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

We cannot follow the destroyer through the hideous paths of his progress. We essayed to do so, but have turned back in horror.

We, therefore, gladly pass over the repeated visits of Sir J—n P—— to the house of his benefactor. Gladly do we refrain from portraying the studied dissimulation of the serpent previous to effecting his murderous design.

When forbidden the house by Lady Cloncurry, P—— sought means to importune her with letters. Instead of treating these with silent indifference, Lady Cloncurry foolishly, we might say madly, replied to them. What she, in her youthful innocence, considered most calculated to repel the insidious advances of the libertine, only had the effect of giving him renewed encouragement. Her letters to him teemed with virtuous indignation. She spurned his vile overtures. Her attachment to her husband she declared to be inalienable. She was the happy mother of two children—the happy wife of an honest man.

O blind, deluded, headstrong creature! what consum-

mate infatuation to keep from the knowledge of your natural protector the advances made by this assassin of your peace!

It behoves us to touch this portion of his lordship's life with as light a pencil as possible. Let it suffice to say, that a very few weeks witnessed the utter annihilation of Lord and Lady Cloncurry's domestic felicity. We cannot, however, in common justice to his lordship, refrain from giving Charles Kendal Bushe's eloquent description of his generous conduct on hearing from Lady Cloncurry the confession of her criminality. We extract it from a work in very extensive circulation, and one that has passed through several editions—"Curran and his Contemporaries," by Charles Philipps:—

"Gentlemen, it requires obdurate and habitual vice, and practised depravity, to overbear the natural workings of the human heart. This unfortunate woman had not strength further to resist. She had been seduced—she had been depraved—her soul was burdened with a guilty secret; but she was young in crime, and true to nature. She could no longer bear the load of her own conscience; she was overpowered by the generosity of an injured husband, more keen than any reproaches; she was incapacitated from any further dissimulation; she flung herself at his feet—'I am unworthy,' she exclaimed, 'of such tenderness and such goodness: it is too late—the villain has ruined me, and dishonoured you: I am guilty.' Gentlemen, I told you I should confine myself to facts. I have scarcely made an observation, and will not affront my client's case, nor your feelings, nor my own, by common-placing upon the topic of the plaintiff's sufferings. You are Christians—men; your hearts must describe for me,—I cannot. I affect not humility in saying that I cannot—no advocate can: as I told you, your hearts must be the advocates. Conceive this unhappy nobleman, in the bloom of life, surrounded with every comfort, exalted by high honour and distinctions, enjoying great property, the proud proprietor of an elevated rank and a magnificent mansion—the prouder proprietor, a few hours before, of what he thought an innocent and an amiable woman—the happy father of children whom he loved, and loved the more as children of the wife whom he adored—precipitated in one hour into an abyss of misery, which no language can represent—loathing his rank, despising his wealth, cursing the youth and health that promised nothing but the protraction of a wretched existence—looking round upon every worldly object with disgust and despair, and finding in this complicated woe no principle of consolation, except the consciousness of not having deserved it. Smote to the earth, this unhappy man forgot not his character: he raised the guilty and lost penitent from his feet; he left her punishment to her conscience and to heaven—her pardon he reserved to himself. The tenderness and generosity of his nature prompted him to instant mercy,* he forgave her—he prayed to

* We believe there can be no necessity for longer withholding the fact, that Lord Cloncurry *would* have forgotten and forgiven, and reinstated Lady

God to forgive her. He told her she should be restored to the protection of her father—that until then her secret should be preserved and her feelings respected, and that her fall from honour should be as easy as it might. But there was a forgiveness which she supplicated, and which he sternly refused. He refused that forgiveness which implies the meanness of the person who dispenses it, and which renders the clemency valueless, because it makes the man despicable; he refused to take back to his arms the tainted and faithless woman who had betrayed him. He refused to expose himself to the scorn of the world and his own contempt: he submitted to misery; he could not brook dishonour."

Lord Cloncurry lost no time in writing to General Morgan. Lady Cloncurry continued to be received at the table of her lord; and every one, save themselves, remained in complete ignorance of what had passed. Not even Lady Bruton, his lordship's sister, who was stopping at the time at Lyons, received even a hint of the catastrophe. In a few days Colonel Kyd, Lady Cloncurry's uncle, arrived from England by her father's desire. She immediately left Ireland under the protection of that gentleman, and, to use the words of Bushe, "her broken-hearted husband took leave of her for evermore."

We have said much on this subject, but much more might, with propriety, be said. When the prevalence of the wretched slander, already adverted to, is taken into consideration, the most fastidious ought not to complain either of the prolixity of these details, or the unreserved nature of their language. So far from his lordship encouraging the visits of Sir J—n P—— to Lyons after having heard that his manner was offensively familiar towards Lady Cloncurry, he pursued a course diametrically opposed to it. Early one morning, during the visit of P—— to Lyons, his lordship awoke, and to his surprise found Lady Cloncurry weeping. He at first imagined that this was merely occasioned by a frightful dream, and thought nothing of it; but soon the existence of a substantial sorrow became apparent to him. Lady Cloncurry besought him (and this she did for the first

Cloncurry in that position, which through her foolishness, she had forfeited, would not for his well-beloved friend, J——n P——t C——n, who urged him, in strong and persuasive language, to the contrary.—W. J. F.

time) to close the door of his hospitality against P—— for ever. Although the hour was only half-past four, he rushed like a maniac from his chamber to that occupied by Sir J—n P——. He thundered at the door, entered the room, but found it empty. A fowling-piece, which usually remained behind the door, was gone—the baronet must therefore be out shooting. Cloncurry descended the stairs, and, quivering with agitation, left the house. Aided by the grey dawn of a summer's morning,* he searched the thickly wooded demesne of Lyons. At length, in a retired part of the grounds, Sir J—n P——, gun in hand, rose before him. Ere Lord Cloncurry gave expression to his feelings, he procured, with admirable presence of mind, the fowling-piece† from P——, lest the hot and ungovernable temper of his false friend should lead him, in a moment of revengeful impulse, to discharge it.

With a breast heaving with indignation, and eyes heavily charged with big hot tears, Cloncurry gazed upon the form of his deadly enemy. At length he spoke; P—— quivered like an aspen leaf before him. Cloncurry was calm. "If you value the reputation of Lady Cloncurry," exclaimed his lordship, "you will begone from our sight for evermore. May God forgive you, P——; I did not look for this."‡

At this time Cloncurry was totally unconscious of the extent of his false friend's criminality. He firmly believed that Lady Cloncurry was innocent, and that Sir J—n P—— had merely, on one or two occasions, for-

* It was the morning of the 25th May.

† Lord Cloncurry procured the fowling-piece from P—— on the pretext of desiring to fire at a rabbit.

‡ Some ultra-moralists may possibly censure the writer of these pages for introducing a subject of such delicacy into the life of Lord Cloncurry. But we heed not their animadversion. Should this book be sufficiently fortunate as to reach a second edition, we promise them the details shall be repeated, and in all probability some new ones added.

It is our duty to do justice, and to see justice done, to the character of Lord Cloncurry. We are not aware how this could be effected, and omit the refutation of a calumny, which, if permitted to circulate uncontradicted, could not fail to compromise seriously his lordship's personal honour.

gotten himself, by an extreme of *gallantrie*, in casual drawing-room conversation.

After a few turgidly-articulated expressions of injured innocence, the guilty, confounded, self-convicted* criminal fled. "Lord Cloncurry," says Bushe, "returned to the chamber where he had left his wife. With warm tenderness and noble generosity he besought her to be tranquil, soothed her by his caresses, and assured her that the villain who had disturbed her repose was banished for ever."

All this, it must be borne in mind, occurred previous to the scene described in "Curran and his Cotemporaries."

Lord Cloncurry, it is true, permitted Sir J—n P—— to pay more than one, two, three, or even four visits to Lyons. Nay, with his characteristic hospitality, he invited him to come. Lord Cloncurry had not the slightest suspicion of him; he had no reason to suspect his wife—he had none to suspect his friend. He had no conception that the man with whom he had been intimate from his childhood, who was under personal obligations to him, who had ever been hospitably and cordially received and treated in his family, would violate every moral duty and honourable principle. In his lady Lord Cloncurry had the utmost, and, as he thought, the most deserved confidence. Her excellent education, her extreme youth, her devotion to her children, her antecedent passion for her husband, the rank to which he had exalted her, the distinction by which she was honoured, the happiness of every kind by which she was surrounded, would appear to the most suspicious and jealous mind sufficient security for her innocence.†

Aspiring to add the blood of the husband to the ruin

* The letters addressed by Sir J—n P—— to Lady Cloncurry, and afterwards to his lordship, on discovery having ensued, could not fail to prove intensely interesting to a certain class of readers. *Verbatim* copies of those letters remain in our possession, but little inclination have we to pander to prurient tastes and vicious curiosity, by making this work the vehicle of their dissemination. We do not conceive that any good object could be gained by doing so.

† See the Solicitor-General's speech in the Court of King's Bench, Feb. 19, 1807.

of the wife, Sir J—n P—— wrote to Lord Cloncurry to say, that he would be ready and willing to engage him in mortal combat at any moment's notice, should he so desire it. The baronet knew enough of law to know that he had subjected himself to an action, the consequences of which could not fail to affect both his character and his pocket. If Lord Cloncurry fell, which was not improbable (P—— being a practised duellist), the lawsuit would, as a natural sequence, fall to the ground likewise.

This aggravated aggression on the part of Sir J—n P—— having become known, informations were sworn, and the baronet was arrested. He entertained some rather natural feelings of distaste to "durance vile," and offered bail in a considerable sum. This Chief Justice Downes accepted, and the roaring lion was once more let loose upon the world. But haunted by the near approach of retribution, he packed his portmanteau, and precipitately fled to that *refugium peccatorum*—the Isle of Man. By this proceeding his recognizances became, of course, forfeited to the Crown.

By permission of the Court, Lord Cloncurry filed his declaration, upon a common appearance, against him as a fugitive, and on the 19th February, 1807, the memorable trial of "Cloncurry *versus* P——" came on before Lord Chief Justice Downes and a respectable jury of Dublin citizens. Lord Cloncurry had a strong bar retained in his favour. Amongst them stood Charles Kendal Bushe, afterwards Chief Justice, Sergeant Ball, John Burne, K.C. (the old lawyer of the Cloncurry family), Mr. Quin, K.C., Mr. Burton, K.C. (afterwards judge), and John Philpot Curran, subsequently Master of the Rolls. Foremost in the ranks of Sir J—n P——'s counsel stood the redoubtable Peter Borrowes, and Mr., afterwards Baron, Joy. Messrs. Scriven and Johnston completed the bar. The trial extended over two days. Damages were laid at £100,000. The utmost interest prevailed. The court, each day, was crowded to suffocation. Not for years had there been seen an equal array of learned advocates. The speeches of Bushe and Borrowes, the antagonistic counsel, were

masterpieces of eloquence and forensic argument.* Burrowes made the very most of the defence. He endeavoured, in the first place, to prove that a host of prejudices against Sir J—n P——'s character had been raised by calumny and misrepresentation for the purpose of preoccupying the mind of the jury with a persuasion of his guilt. This, he said, combined with the artful statement of Mr. Bushe, acted but too successfully. Peter Burrowes, however, had not the *aplomb* to defend the character of the baronet. His conduct he admitted to be in itself highly reprehensible. Any lawyer will readily understand the delicate nature of the defence into which Burrowes entered after that preamble. It was the defence usually made on such occasions. We do not consider ourselves called upon, for many reasons, to examine it.

Lord Downes, towards the conclusion of his charge, leant heavily on P——. He declared himself to be "totally unable to point out a single circumstance in the defendant's conduct to go in mitigation of damages"—a strong declaration coming from such a judge.

On the other hand, he extolled the conduct of Lord Cloncurry. From beginning to end, he pronounced it to be full of kindness and considerateness towards Lady Cloncurry; that the whole history of their married state, until the evil eye of Sir J—n P—— alighted on her, had been one continued, uninterrupted current of mutual affection. He called upon the jury to estimate the injury which the noble plaintiff had sustained, and to compensate him, as far as that could, in reason, be done.

The jury left the box, and returned, after half an hour's conference, with a verdict for the plaintiff of £20,000 damages, and 6d. costs.

Having been, at length, secured by the strong arm of the law, Sir J—n P—— gave what he could (but reluctantly enough), and his bond for the remainder. Up

* Two full reports of the trial were, in the spring of 1807, printed and published in pamphlet shape, by two rival Dublin publishers. Their sale was immense.

to the year 1837, the damages do not appear to have been entirely paid off.

On Wednesday, 8th March, 1837, we find a motion made in the Rolls Court, by Mr. Litton, applying to have the receiver extended over the defendant's estates, as the sum of £7,250 15s. was due to Lord Cloncurry. The following report of the proceedings appears in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, of March 10, 1837:—

"Mr. Warren, K.C., objected to the application, and contended that Lord Cloncurry, having accepted a deed for the sum of £5,000, could not go back upon the original judgment, which he had abandoned. * *

"The Master of the Rolls decided that the receiver should be extended; but the creditors of Sir J—n P——, who opposed the motion, get their costs."

One of the Tory journals of the day,* in reference to this motion, discharged a rather offensive leader at Lord Cloncurry. Had it confined itself to honest abuse, we should not have considered the matter worthy of notice; but it descended to an unworthy and unwarrantable falsehood. The damages, said this print, "were £5,000, and the balance is an accumulation of *interest* arising out of *principle!*"

Thomes Ryan, J.P., of Ballinakill, County Kildare, Esq., succeeded Mr. Braughall as the confidential agent of Lord Cloncurry. For years after Lady Cloncurry's separation from her husband and her children, she was in the habit of addressing, to this gentleman, most anxious letters of inquiry respecting them. Of this circumstance, we believe, Lord Cloncurry was, to the day of his death, ignorant. Mr. Ryan died in 1814, but his papers are still in existence, and, amongst them, may be found the interesting correspondence referred to. Were we permitted to make historical use of it, nothing would more completely redound to the honour and credit of Lady Cloncurry; but a mistaken feeling of propriety pre-

* In consequence of Lord Cloncurry's unfashionable politics, the journal referred to opposed him, on all occasions, virulently. We allude mainly to the four-and-twenty years during which R—— S—— continued to edit it. Mr. S—— was originally a Roman Catholic.

vents the representatives of Mr. Ryan from sanctioning its publicity, and the reader must, therefore, for the present, make up his mind to the loss. In some future edition of this work we hope to be in a position to give it.

Nothing can be more painfully interesting than this correspondence. Our eyes suffused with tears as we read it. It breathes the holiest sentiments from the first to the last, fond inquiries after the health of her children, their juvenile progress in knowledge and religion; whether they ever speak of their poor, poor mother; anxious aspirations that they may be good and happy. Such is the tenor of a correspondence which appears to have extended over several years. In more than one letter, Lady Cloncurry beseeches Mr. Ryan to endeavour to steal for her a lock or two of Valentine's* and Mary's† hair, in order that she may place it next her heart, and sigh and cry over it.

On returning to England, Lady Cloncurry at once assumed her maiden name of Morgan. She associated with her family, and a select circle of acquaintances, who loved her for her sweetness and amiability of disposition. About the year 1812, on the death of her uncle, Colonel Kyd, who never had any issue, Miss Morgan became entitled to a considerable property. Of this, a large portion was disbursed by her in ministering to the wants of the poor, who prayed that God would make her life a long and happy one.

In 1819‡ (her marriage with Lord Cloncurry having been previously dissolved by Act of Parliament) the Rev. John Sanford, Rector of Nynehead, Somerset, made an offer to Miss Morgan, of his hand and heart. He was accepted, and the nuptials took place on the 2nd June, 1819. It is with no small pleasure we have it in our power

* The Hon. Valentine Anne Lawless. He died in 1825, aged twenty.

† Afterwards Baroness de Roebeck.

‡ The dissolution of the marriage, by Act of Parliament, took place on April 7th, 1811, the birth day, singular to say, of her first born child, by Lord Cloncurry. We allude to Valentine Anne, born in Rome, April 7th, 1805.

to say, that uninterrupted happiness and serenity have crowned this alliance. One child, a daughter, sanctified it. In 1844, Miss Anna Horatia Caroline Sanford was led to the Hymeneal altar by Frederick Henry, Lord M——n, an English nobleman of much worth, and considerable fortune. His lordship is now (1854) the happy father of nine blooming children.

Sir J—n P—— survived until the 20th July, 1845. Although twice married, he left no son to inherit his title.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Duke of Richmond Viceroy of Ireland—Lord Cloncurry's Hospitality—Anecdote—His Lordship's Second Marriage—Foundation of the Catholic Association in 1747, and its progressive Gradations from that Date—John Keogh—Protestant Co-operation—Lord Fingal—Lord Cloncurry's Speech at the Kildare Meeting of 1811—Wogan Browne—Dr. Duigenan made a Privy Councillor—Lord Cloncurry's Speech at the Catholic Banquet of Dec. 17, 1811—He sets in Motion the Machinery of Petty Sessions—Letter to the Author—Narrow-minded Bigotry of Lord Chancellor Manners—Lord Cloncurry subjected to a studied Insult—Banquet to Tom Moore in 1818—Moore's Father—Amusing Anecdote—Death of the Hon. Charlotte Lawless—Sir Thomas M'Kenny—The Iron Duke and the Tin Case—General Devereux's Mission to Ireland in 1819—Lord Cloncurry's Address to his Recruits—The venal Flatterers of George IV. in 1820—Sir Richard Steele—Exciting Scene at Kilmainham—Spirited Behaviour of Lord Cloncurry—The Hon. Mary Lawless allied in Marriage to the Baron de Roebeck—George IV. visits Ireland in 1821—Infatuation of the People—An Orange Lord Mayor—Lord Cloncurry's Letter on Police—Robert Owen's Philanthropic Mission to Ireland in 1823—Lord Cloncurry's Private Letters to him—Martial Law—Anecdote—The Kildare-place Society—Lord Cloncurry a watchful Sentinel over the Interests of the Irish Catholic Church—His Project for the Reclamation of Bogs—Letters to Messrs. O'Beirne and O'Connell—Death of Lord Cloncurry's eldest Son—Lord Cloncurry's Letter to the Catholic Association in 1824—Letters to O'Connell, Father Sheehan, and Mr. Coppinger—The Wellesley Administration—Extraordinary Advertisement—Lord Cloncurry's Donation of £100 to the distressed Weavers of the Liberty—Forged Letter from Lord Cloncurry—Its History—Lord Cloncurry's Labours to establish Inland Navigation—Birth of the Society for the Improvement of Ireland—His Lordship's Speech at the Inauguration—Dinner to Lord Killeen—"The Poor Man's Magistrate"—Letters from Lord Cloncurry to the Duke of Manchester and others.

Lord Cloncurry frequented the Bedford Court, but on the arrival of the Duke of Richmond, his visits to the Castle ceased. He appears to have been prejudiced on political, *not* personal grounds, against that vivacious Viceroy. His Excellency, however, for what motive we know not, insisted upon making the acquaintance of Lord Cloncurry, and privately came to the determination, that

in the event of the mountain declining to come to Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain. Accordingly, having previously met his lordship visiting at Mr. Henry's, of Lodge Park, the Viceroy, with that entire absence of formality for which he was remarkable, signified his intention of calling next morning upon the hospitable occupant of Lyons Castle. This he did, and from that day henceforth both Duke and Baron continued on terms of friendly intimacy. Little his lordship thought in 1807, when shunning the Viceregal Court and person of the Duke of Richmond, that a few years after would find him standing in the relationship of father-in-law to his Grace's brother, Lord Sussex Lennox.

The duties of hospitality, conjointly with those of the magistracy, may be said to have engrossed the greater part of his lordship's time for four or five years after his return from Italy. In politics he did not, to any extent, interfere.

Amongst the wits and worthies whom Lord Cloncurry collected round him at this period, may be mentioned Henry Grattan, Patrick Lattin, John Philpot Curran, Chenevix the chemist, and Robert Jephson. When the opinions of the two celebrated wits, Curran and Lattin, clashed together in conversation, the shower of sparks that fell was brilliant and electrical. In the society of such men time passed swiftly, and certainly not unprofitably.

Those whom we have named above as the frequent guests of Lord Cloncurry at Lyons were, we believe, all members of the Protestant Church. His lordship's hospitality, however, appears to have been equally extended to Catholics. The president and professors of Maynooth College, the neighbouring pastors and prelates of the Church of Rome oftentimes passed days, occasionally weeks, within the castle. Connected with one of the Maynooth "visitations," there is an amusing anecdote related. We find it reported in the *Dublin Evening Post* of January 12, 1811:—"At a time," said that journal, "when it is so much the fashion to calumniate our unhappy and persecuted country, and to make her appear

to strangers in the most disadvantageous light, this true and recent anecdote will be read with pleasure by all good Irishmen." Dr. Everard, President of Maynooth College, and afterward R. C. Archbishop of Cashel, was, in December, 1810, together with four of the professors, on a visit with Lord Cloncurry. "Although a good Irishman," proceeded the *Post*, "the Rev. Doctor had lived too long in England not to give some credit to the stories so plausibly related to the prejudice of his countrymen, and was deeply engaged in an argument with Bishop Delaney on the subject of our inferiority to the sister kingdom, when Messrs. Atkinson, the great manufacturers of Celbridge, waited on this much-esteemed and highly respected nobleman, to inform him of their severe losses by the fire which recently destroyed a portion of their extensive factory. His lordship inquired particularly into the cause of the conflagration, and the conduct of the townspeople on the occasion. 'Although we were strangers in the town,' replied Mr. Atkinson, 'the whole people left their beds in the dead of night, and assisted us with the zeal and anxiety of brothers. To their activity and honesty we are indebted for the large portion of our property which *has* been saved. When a similar misfortune befel our great establishment in our own country (England), the people were indifferent, or rather joyful spectators.'"

The triumphant aspect of Bishop Delaney's countenance at this intelligence may be imagined. "Ah! generous and maligned people," exclaims the *Post*, in conclusion, "is it not enough to rob you of your rights, without daily adding insult to the injury?"

At this time (1811) the Grand Canal, then regarded as a Herculean undertaking, was set on foot. Lord Cloncurry laboured warmly to advance its objects. On the 11th February we find him, amidst shouts of acclamation, elected one of its directors.

Thomas Moore observes in reference to Brinsley Sheridan, that he paid that sort of tribute to the happiness of first marriage which is implied by entering on a second. In Lord Cloncurry's case this observation is

hardly applicable. That his first alliance was unhappy in its most extended sense there cannot exist a doubt; yet, nevertheless, in the summer of 1811, we find his lordship becoming a Benedict again, by allying himself in marriage to Mrs. Emily Leeson, mother of Joseph, present Earl of Miltown. Mrs. Leeson was an old flame of Lord Cloncurry's. Previously even to his acquaintance with Mary Ryal, he knew her and loved her. Whether, however, he entertained at that time any serious matrimonial thoughts has not transpired. The year 1811 found Valentine Lord Cloncurry without a wife, and the quondam* Emily Douglas without a husband. On the 20th June of that year (the union of 1803 having been two months previously dissolved by Act of Parliament), his lordship considered himself free to marry whom he pleased, and accordingly led to the Hymeneal altar his youthful love, Mrs. Emily Leeson.

Immediately after this auspicious event, his lordship appears to have been filled with renewed hope for Ireland. During the Tower martyrdom, his heart had sunk within him, and for the ten years which succeeded it, he felt but little hope in the regeneration of his countrymen. With a fervent aspiration to heaven for success in the good work, he now plunged heart and soul into the sacred cause of Ireland. In October, 1811, we find his spirited speech at the great Kildare Catholic meeting, and on the 17th December following, another at the grand banquet to the friends of civil and religious liberty, in the Rotundo. Before submitting either to the reader, it will not be out of place to glance at the previous progress made in the bloodless struggle for Catholic Emancipation.

In 1747 the germ of the subsequently powerful Catholic Association was sown by Dr. Curry, Thomas Wyse, and Charles O'Connor, of Ballinagar. Nothing could be, at first, more paltry and vapid than their elements for

* Her father was Archibald Douglas, Esq., of Darnock, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Douglas, who represented Dumfries in Parliament for some time. To Charles Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry, he stood in the relationship of cousin.

organizing a formidable agitation. The Catholic aristocracy sneered at their efforts as wild and chimerical. The clergy, pious, moral, and resigned, declined to interfere. They had seen worse days, and feared lest any act of indiscretion on their part should bring a return of them. Well they remembered the time, when in the sight of the gibbet, they disseminated the Gospel, and notwithstanding its terror, instructed their flocks. It only appeared as yesterday since bloodhounds pursued them to their mountainous retreats, and dragged them forth bleeding at the call of the exterminator. They trembled at the possibility of plunging still more deeply into persecution the suffering Church of Ireland, and bowed their heads meekly to the passing visitation.

Both clergy and aristocracy not only held aloof from the movement, but deprecated it as idle and visionary. Had it not been for that powerful and wealthy body, the Catholic mercantile men of Dublin, Emancipation would probably still remain secure in the hands of the obdurate and defiant minister. Place-hunting in the eighteenth century was, amongst Catholics, an unheard-of, because an impossible recreation. Moneyless Papists had no alternative but to plunge into honourable business, and, by the sweat of their brow, earn for themselves a substantial competence. Men of the first Catholic families were reduced to this necessity. Under God it was the means of accomplishing the regeneration of their race. Having no favour to expect at ministerial hands, the Catholic mercantile classes of Dublin, towards the end of the last century, flung themselves into the existence of the Association, and swelled it with their strength. Day by day they hurled their massive reclamation at the Government. Volley after volley poured against them, until at length, in 1793, a breach was made, and Catholic grand jurors, barristers, and justices rushed eagerly through it amid shouts of exultation.

Foremost in the ranks of the mercantile agitators stood John Keogh, of Mount Jerome. Singularly gifted by nature, bold, deliberative, and judicious, he guided the movement with a master-hand, and may be said to have

wrung from Mr. Pitt the first of that series of small concessions which, in 1793, gradually restored the hopes of the Catholics. Just at the time when age and bodily infirmities rendered Keogh's visits to the Association few and far between, Daniel O'Connell marched opportunely to the rescue, and from that day became the leader of the Irish Catholics.

Under the auspices of the giant agitator, the Catholic cause daily assumed a more defined and formidable complexion. The aristocracy, who, from contemptuously sneering, suddenly admired and revered, began one by one to drop into its ranks. If some prominent members of that body merit to be spoken of slightingly, the Earl of Fingal must not be included in the number. If O'Connell was the animating spirit of the Board, the Earl of Fingal may be said to have been its substance. Never was the good peer known to have been absent from his post. As chairman of the Association, his respected name ever lent an air of dignity and importance to their councils. Heart and soul he devoted himself to that sacred cause, and if, some years afterwards, he should have advocated a modification of the Veto, it undoubtedly arose from a conviction that it was the wisest and the best course of policy to pursue under the very peculiar and trying circumstances of the time.

To the Catholic bar of Ireland the Association also owed much. Knowing that promotion was impossible, no mercenary feeling of slavish timidity or homage startled into pestilential life within the healthy organization of their fresh, young minds. As eloquent speakers, logical debaters, and vast repositories of Celtic lore, their influence was tremendous, and the effect of their declamation startling. Several Protestant barristers, too, to their eternal honour be it spoken—men who felt acutely for the unjust treatment to which their Roman Catholic brethren were subjected—who saw them robbed deliberately of their rights, and their humble petitions for restoration spurned contemptuously, advanced in a column one morning to the Association, and declared themselves, from that day, labourers in the good work. With what

joy were they received! What a *cead mille failthe* was theirs! Amongst those single-minded Irishmen who, spurning the allurements of place, pension, or promotion, rallied to the relief of their suffering fellow-countrymen, we should not be justified in omitting to make particular mention of John Finlay and Denis Scully. Had they and others slavishly fawned upon the Anglo-Irish administrations, instead of fearlessly asserting the wrongs of their countrymen, horse hair and ermine would probably have long since dignified their heads and decorated their shoulders.

The oratorical thunder of the Catholic Committee so far operated on the nervous system of ministers, as to draw forth a pompous Government proclamation, stigmatizing it as a treasonable and illegal convention. On the 12th February, 1811, this document appeared, and letters, addressed to every sheriff and magistrate in Ireland, calling upon them thenceforward to disperse all branch meetings of the Catholic Committee, were forwarded by the Irish Secretary, Mr. Wellesley Pole. The Catholic body had incautiously nominated county delegates to draw up and present a petition to the King. Eighteen years before, Lord Clare introduced and passed his Convention Act, in order to effect the disorganization of the United Irishmen. Never for a moment dreaming that Government would dare to assimilate the objects of the two confederacies—one being for many years as notoriously treasonable as the other was legal—the Catholics met, and unhesitatingly expressed their views on the propriety of forming a *corps* of delegates. Lord Fingal took a prominent part in the debate, and was, finally, himself elected, with several others, to the office under discussion. Warrants having been issued, five delegates, including his lordship, were brought before Chief Justice Downes,* who, on the receipt of large bail for their

* This event occasioned considerable noise at the time. Several squibs on the subject appeared. The following was the *Dublin Evening Post's*:—

"Five delegates are taken UP. In Merrion-square,
Judge DOWNES, accepting bail, soon ends the strife.
At what the d—l, then, do people stare?
These are the common UPS and DOWNS of life."

appearance when called upon, allowed them, unattended, to depart. Their trials soon came on, and delegation was, from that day, annihilated.

Government considered that, by the suppression of the Catholic Committee, the strength and voices of its elements would be effectually stifled. Not so, however. Lord Whitworth had accomplished nothing beyond altering the name of the confederacy from Catholic Committee to that of Catholic Board. Many new adhesions thronged forward. County meetings, sympathetic with the parent one in Dublin, were holden. Amongst those, that of the County Kildare freemen and magistracy, in 1811, deserves particular mention. Here Lord Cloncurry made his *debût* as a Catholic Emancipator. The triumph of the people and of the popular press, at his adhesion, was exuberant.

Several Protestant gentlemen of great respectability were present. We have only to mention the names of Wogan Browne, Robert Latouche, M.P.; Col. Fitzgerald, of Geraldine; and of John Joseph Henry, to substantiate this assertion. It was at first intended that the meeting should take place in one of the hotels of Naas; but so great was the number of those in attendance, that they soon found it necessary to assemble in the Courthouse.

Dominick William O'Reilly, of Kildangan Castle, Esq., occupied the chair. He no sooner observed Lord Cloncurry (whose appearance was quite unexpected) enter the room, than an ill-disguised expression of consternation completely mastered his countenance. In fact, Lord Cloncurry had become so notorious as a victim to governmental persecution, that Mr. O'Reilly entertained grave apprehensions lest his lordship's presence at the meeting should bring down on his (Mr. O'R.'s) head a State prosecution for participation in treason. It will be observed, that Lord Cloncurry, in his speech, endeavoured to remove the feeling of alarm from the chairman's mind.

Mr. Henry, of O'Coigly memory, was one of the first speakers, and deprecated an expression which had fallen from Mr. Wogan Browne. Mr. Browne, in his speech,

contended that, as the claims of his Roman Catholic countrymen were founded upon strict right and justice, "*restoration*," and not "*concession*," was the proper word to be employed. This appears to have given some umbrage to Mr. Henry. He maintained that it would be quite impossible, except through mild and conciliatory language, to obtain the great object of their wishes.

"Lord Cloncurry rose and said—Mr. Chairman, I did not come hither intending to take any share in your debate, nor am I a person who would countenance any improper proceedings. This meeting was convened for the purpose of claiming those rights, of which the Catholics have been deprived, and sorry I am to find that one of the best men, whom I, and every person who know him, most highly esteem, has cavilled at the expression of my respected friend, Mr. Browne. I concur in his sentiment, and I say, '*Do not call it concession, but demand your right.*' It may be said, Would you use compulsion? I am not a man likely to be disposed to agitate the people. My stake in the country would prevent me from disturbing the peace of that country in which I am so deeply interested; but I will maintain, that a man demanding his rights cannot be said to use compulsion. [Hear, hear.] The Catholics had that right confirmed by the treaty of Limerick. THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND WERE ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHTS. [Loud applause for several minutes.] With the greatest humility, with modest respect, they have often approached the Legislature for a restoration of their rights. Their petitions were sometimes unheeded, sometimes listened to, sometimes rejected with the greatest indignity; and those few privileges which they now possess were given *through fear rather than a sense of justice.* [Hear, hear.] The expression of my friend (Wogan Browne) is justifiable when the insult he sustained is considered. I know not Lord Manners; I do not wish to know him. I do not aspire to know that man, one of whose first official acts was to remove from the Commission of the Peace one of the most enlightened, most correct, and most respectable resident magistrates in Ireland, to make room, I suppose, for what HE considered *genuine loyalty.* I hope that my heart cannot be exceeded in that spirit of genuine loyalty. *But what is now called loyalty is the seeking after place to satiate avarice, men obtaining office to tyrannize over their fellow-citizens, to pillage their neighbours,—that is loyalty.* [Peals of applause for several minutes.] Here his lordship adverted to the recent proceedings of the Catholics, and asked—Did not the history of every country point out the policy of suffering the discontent of the people to evaporate in freedom of speech, instead of resorting to restraint, which only increased, not removed, the danger. 'I think,' continued his lordship, 'the Government proclamation unjustifiable, and that it is only worthy of such a man as Dr. Duigenan.* It certainly showed bad taste to make a Privy

* Doctor Patrick Duigenan was, beyond all doubt, the most ruffianly of that formidable band of no-Popery denunciators which, under the maternal wing of Castle patronage, poured forth volumes of insult and invective, when the Catholic Committee was beginning to assume an aspect of importance. One of the Duke of Richmond's first acts, upon becoming Viceroy, was to make a Privy Councillor of "Paddy Duigenan." The popular indignation

Councillor of him. It was worse to put his name to the proclamation. But look to the persons who signed it. There are but few who are not living on the industry of the people. [Hear, hear.] As an individual I shall support the Catholic cause, and I am happy to think that the time is not far distant when the complete emancipation of my countrymen will take place. [Repeated peals of applause.]

In explanation of Lord Cloncurry's observations relative to his friend Browne's ill-treatment by Government, a few words are necessary. Wogan Browne, of Castle Browne (now the Jesuit College of Clongowes), was a magistrate of three counties, until Lord Chancellor Clare visited him with a *supersedeas*, for having, on one occasion, kicked foot-ball with a party of peasantry, of whom the greater number were tenants of his own. Chancing to pass a field where this harmless amusement was going forward, he alighted from his horse, and, in a moment of good-natured impulse, gave the ball one or two energetic kicks. The chief offence was, we believe, that it happened on a Sunday. Browne, although an exemplary Protestant, had very little of the Biblical in his composition, and thought that his tenantry might do much worse upon the Sabbath than pass an hour in so innocent a recreation. Chancellor Ponsonby, during the Bedford Administration, restored Browne to his old position; but that blind and rampant bigot, Lord Manners, had no sooner squatted his person on the Woolsack, than resolving to follow punctiliously in the footsteps of Lord Clare, he visited Browne with a second *supersedeas*. Death snatched away poor Wogan Browne at a trying moment. He died almost immediately previous to the achievement of Emancipation.

at this insulting appointment was only equalled by that which, in 1830, convulsed each grade of Catholic society, on the elevation of "Long Jack Doherty" (as O'Connell used to call him) to the Irish Bench. The Right Hon. Doctor Paddy Duigenan did not long enjoy his Privy Councillorship. He died in the act of sucking an orange, at his lodgings, in Parliament-street, London, on the 12th April, 1816. It is a singular fact, that this man, one of the most violent denouncers of Catholicity that ever lived, led to the Hymeneal altar a staunch Roman Catholic, in the person of Miss Mary Cusack, of the County Galway. In appearance, Doctor Duigenan was coarse, vulgar, and ruffianly. An excellent likeness of him appears in Sir Jonah Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."

The grand banquet given by the Catholics of Ireland to the friends of civil and religious liberty in the Round Room of the Rotundo, on December 17, 1811, is an epoch in the annals of the Catholic Emancipation struggle. Upwards of eight hundred sat down to dinner. Amongst the company were, Meath, Dunsany, Downshire, Granard, Rossmore, and, though last not least, CLONCURRY. Henry Grattan was, of course, present, as also Sir George Cockburne and General Mahon. The following is the best report of Lord Cloncurry's speech on this occasion:—

"I do not know that I ever, in my life, felt so happy as in being thus kindly noticed by so great a number of my beloved and very dear countrymen. When I address my Catholic brethren, I feel that I address the people of Ireland, as they have just been appropriately termed by an honourable and enlightened gentleman [Mr. Stanhope]. I have heard this day the firing of guns for the taking of Java, and will venture to assert, that its first article of capitulation is a security for the free exercise of the religion of the conquered; and if this be the case, why not extend the same benefits to the conquerors [loud applause]? Had the Catholics of Ireland, instead of five millions, been but five hundred thousand, and lent themselves as an instrument to oppose the welfare of their country, their religion would have been left the religion of the State, but as a whole people could not be traitors to themselves, the Catholics have been excluded; the strong arm of power has been uplifted to depress you, but if you are true to yourselves, fear nothing. Your cause is the cause of the empire [loud applause]. I am happy to hear such deserved testimony borne to your merits and long-sufferings; but my advice is, that you shall never for any man, or set of men, relax in your exertions. Persevere firmly and constantly, for by such means only you will succeed [applause]. Perseverance, too, would accomplish a Repeal of that infamous measure, the UNION [unbounded applause]. No man should have influence to induce you to desist from a powerful constitutional application until you are released from civil degradation. Much, I believe, is expected from that excellent nobleman, and distinguished Irishman, Lord Moira; but, surely, you cannot forget the Administration of Lord Fitzwilliam [hear, hear]. You must remember how that respected nobleman was duped; may not, then, the good, unsuspecting nature of Lord Moira be also deceived? It is, then, to your own persevering constitutional exertions, supported as you are by the Protestants of Ireland, that you are to look for triumph. But whatever may be your lot, *I will be found to the end of my life your affectionate and attached friend and countryman. And never will I, in any peril, or under any circumstances, desert the cause of my Catholic countrymen.*—[This speech was received with enthusiastic applause.]"—*Evening Post.*

The experience of near half a century has shown the people of Ireland that Lord Cloncurry's noble and patriotic promise was no oratorical squib of the moment; no empty, vapid, prismatic bubble, swelling magnificently

this minute, and bursting into nothingness the next. Oh, ye modern perjured pseudo-patriots, compare those broken vows of yours, which stifle, like broken fœtid eggs, the nostrils of all virtuous men, with the pure and incorruptible ones of Lord Cloncurry. We have often heard of consistent patriots, but none appear to us so deserving of the title as the naturally ennobled nobleman who forms the subject of these pages.

It may not be generally known that the system of petty sessions, which, during the last thirty years, has been so extensively adopted throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, owes its origin mainly to the exertions of Lord Cloncurry. On his return from the Continent, in 1806, he spared no pains to remedy, as far as in him lay, some of the many abuses which polluted the administration of justice in Ireland. Until placed in the commission of the peace, however, by Chancellor Ponsonby, in 1807, his lordship had few opportunities of effecting any radical improvement. None of the abuses alluded to appeared to him more urgently to demand reform than the practice of magistrates adjudicating singly in their own closets and sitting-rooms. It is tolerably well known that the constant occupations of such chancellors as Redesdale and Manners consisted in superseding liberally disposed magistrates, and investing bigoted ones with the commission of the peace. Their authority, thus delegated for party purposes, produced, too often, results of the most fatal and vexatious nature to the interests of the poor man, and of the country which gave him birth. Secure from the indignant frowns of virtuous men, and proof against judicial interference of any kind, those partisan magistrates pronounced what decisions they chose in the tranquil seclusion of their own closets. The issuing of summonses was a formula, in those days, altogether unknown. Should a labouring man receive ill-treatment from a master, he had no means of securing his presence, for an investigation into the case, but by obtaining a note from one of the said master's brother magistrates, requesting that he (the master) would kindly favour him with the honour of his company for

the space of ten or fifteen minutes, whenever it would suit his convenience to attend. The letter was, in many instances, thrown aside unnoticed, and thus the unfortunate complainant lost both his time and temper in dancing attendance, day after day, on him whose business it should have been to watch over and protect the interests of the poor. There were many variations in the inconveniences attendant on the absence of a public sessions-house. "When a poor man was ignored," said Lord Cloncurry, at the Irish Council, on June 22, 1847, "he went to the nearest magistrate, and, perhaps, was obliged to walk up and down for several hours before his hall-door ere he could obtain an interview; and when he did make his complaint, there was very often great difficulty in obtaining justice, the magistrate, perhaps, being a friend of the person of whom the poor man complained." Magisterial interference, so far from being a disinterested duty, was, in the majority of instances, a matter of favour and affection. No sort of honour or regularity characterized the commission. Every man to his humour appeared to be their motto.

Such a state of things could not continue, and Lord Cloncurry's was the first blow which fell upon the rotten but leviathan fabric. By dint of indefatigable labour, he contrived to get as many abuses abolished as improvements introduced. After one or two nights' lucubration, he devised the admirable system of petty sessions,* the machinery of which his lordship was the first to set in motion, at the village of Celbridge, in the County Kildare. Lord Cloncurry experienced some difficulty at first in prevailing on his brother-magistrates to co-operate with him in the good work; but soon the depth and wisdom of his project became evident to all thinking men. They dropped in one by one, and, stimulated by the good example of Augustus Duke of Leinster (who

* "The merit of introducing this system," says the *University Magazine* of Oct., 1849, "Lord Cloncurry claims. If he be correct in this—and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the claim—he may confidently assert his title to be considered as the author of the greatest and most important reform in the law."

on reaching his majority, in 1812, at once joined Lord Cloncurry at the weekly sessions), they attended with regularity, and conducted themselves with uniform temper and impartiality* Forty-three years have since elapsed, but throughout that long period his Grace was rarely missed from the Monday meeting of magistrates at Celbridge. Lord Cloncurry, however, was always regarded as the Father of the Court; and often would the Duke jokingly address his notes to him as the Lord Chief Justice of Celbridge and Lyons.

To expatiate on the advantages of open court investitigations would be a waste of time and paper. They are well known and appreciated. Since the establishment by Lord Cloncurry of the system of petty sessions, less than half-a-dozen magistrates rarely sit and adjudicate together. Those red-hot bigots who, in cases of a party or sectarian nature, would fain pronounce a partial opinion, hesitate to do so from the sense of public shame. That malevolent Orange bigotry, which would rage unchecked in the closet, is, in common decency, suppressed before a public tribunal. Some one has said that the presence of an enlightened auditory, swallowing with eagerness the words that fall, operates more powerfully in keeping the unpaid justice in order than the scrutinizing eye of an invisible Almighty. The saying is a startling one, but not altogether devoid of truth.

Soon after the establishment of Lord Cloncurry's system of petty sessions in Celbridge, he had the satisfaction of seeing it authorized and ratified by several successive Acts of Parliament. The stamp of governmental approval having thus been placed upon the budding tree, its branches soon rapidly extended through the land, producing, as they did so, salutary fruits. The vineyard, however, will probably require to be watched by the eye of a Cloncurry, lest weeds may, from neglect,

* Lord Cloncurry, in a letter to Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, Esq., Q.C., dated Dec. 25, 1824, says that, when the magistrates first held the petty sessions at Celbridge, their conduct was much animadverted on by certain parties, for "giving a ready hearing to the complaints of the vulgar."

creep into it, or its crop of good fruit gradually degenerate.

Lord Cloncurry long entertained another project on the petty sessions principle, which he never had the happiness of seeing realized. He much wished that all agreements between landlord and tenant should be made in open court—in short, at the weekly petty sessions of the district. In presence of those magisterial landholders, who should necessarily be in court, the landlord would hardly have sufficient brass to ask an unreasonably large rent, or the tenant to offer an unreasonably low one. In Scotland, if we mistake not, all agreements between servants and masters are made in open court. The following letter from Lord Cloncurry, although not chronologically in place here, we insert, because of its immediate reference to the subject in question:—

[No. 10.] TO DR. RICHARD GRATTAN, EX-KING'S PROFESSOR OF THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

"*Maretimo, April 9th*, 1848.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,— * * * The subject of Tenant Right is chiefly discussed by middlemen, and by those who don't understand it. Why should not bargains of land be made like any other bargains? During fifty years, I have had no disputes with tenants, and never refused a lease, or charged for their improvements. *If all lettings took place in open court, landlords would be ashamed to charge too much, and tenants to break their engagements.* And then a law to prevent a lessee from sub-letting at a higher rent than he himself paid, would protect those who most want protection, viz.: the poor cottiers and the labouring classes. In open court, the landlord and the proposed tenant could state what buildings and improvements were wanted on the farm, and what each was to pay towards them. If neither had the necessary funds, a third party might lend them, making this loan a first charge on the farm, and let the entire arrangement be registered by the Clerk of the Peace. You could easily prepare a bill which would protect all parties, and cover the land with decent homesteads. * *

"Your faithful servant,

"CLONCURRY."

From the year 1812 to 1818, Lord Cloncurry does not appear to have taken any prominent part in politics. His reasons for pursuing this course will be found in the speech delivered by him at the Moore Banquet, in 1818. The exercise of his magisterial duties, his princely hospitality, his agricultural tastes, and his munificent private

charity, engrossed his almost entire attention. With respect to hospitality, his lordship carried it to a true Hibernian pitch. In a letter, which shall presently follow, the reader will see that, at this period, less than forty individuals (servants, of course, included) rarely sat down to dinner at Lyons Castle.

At Clondalkin, within four miles of Lyons, stands the well known monastery and collegiate school of Mount St. Joseph. Lord Cloncurry is identified with its early history. As the following letter to the author, from the respected prior, is illustrative of his lordship's philanthropic life at this period, we make no apology for introducing it:—

[No. 11.]

"Dear Sir,—It is praiseworthy to hand down to posterity the name and virtues of such a character as the late Lord Cloncurry. It is to be regretted that he has left no one of his class to take his place in asserting the rights of poor Ireland. When this establishment was commenced, in 1813, Lord Cloncurry took an active part in every way which was calculated to promote its interest by his own liberal donation, and his influence with the public. At that time there was no school nor opportunity for the poor in this district to be educated, nor indeed for miles around it. In the course of a short time this school was in full operation; his lordship was elected, and consented to act as president. After a short time he had the satisfaction of seeing two hundred boys attending the school, and a hundred and five of the most destitute and deserving clothed. The good peer was known frequently in public and in private to remark with satisfaction the improvement he perceived in the people of the neighbourhood. He laid the first stone of the chapel attached to this monastery, and subscribed liberally towards its erection. His lordship has also frequently sent pupils to our seminary and boarding school. You can make use of any part of this communication you might wish, and believe me, dear sir, yours sincerely, "George H. Lyons."

In 1814, his lordship, conjointly with the Duke of Leinster and some of the resident gentry, established that excellent institution, "the County Kildare Farming Society." Its object was to excite a profuse spirit of emulation amongst the farmers, and to remove those prejudices in favour of a bad system of husbandry still so fatally prevalent throughout Ireland. In a field near Monasterevan the society was in the habit of occasionally giving some agricultural fetes. Ploughing matches took place, and a handsome silver cup was declared the property of the winner. This, at that time novel sight, excited great

merriment and wonder. Farmers came from all quarters to witness it, and at the conclusion of the day's performance, returned home buoyant with satisfaction, and determined to profit by the agricultural improvements they had witnessed.

The Grand Canal, from Dublin to Ballinasloe, of which Lord Cloncurry was early a director and proprietor, may be regarded as one of the most useful and national undertakings that had been for many years set on foot in Ireland. Just as it had begun to make some return on the vast pecuniary outlay which its formation occasioned, his Majesty's ministers announced their intention of establishing a parallel canal, which was calculated to withdraw much strength and substance from the national undertaking. In the following letter Lord Cloncurry speaks of its powerful rival as an "unnecessary canal;" and, so far as we are capable of judging, his lordship was correct in that assertion. In some parts of the country—Lucan for instance—the distance between them did not exceed three-quarters of a mile. Anxious, as usual, to consult the native resources of his country, the good peer devotes a portion of his letter to panegyrizing the Queen's County collieries. "It were much to be wished," observed a paper of the day, "that these noblemen and gentlemen, who hold estates in Ireland, and spend their income out of it, neglecting and *impoverishing* the country from which that income is derived, would imitate the example set them by the noble writer of the following letter, with whose consistent patriotism the Irish public are well acquainted:"—

[No. 12.] "TO THE EDITOR OF CARRICK'S MORNING POST.

"*Lyons, August*, 1816.

"SIR,— * * I think it not only the duty, but the interest of every Irishman, as well as of every canal proprietor, to encourage the national work; and I am sincere when I assert, that the Queen's County coal, brought by the canal, is better, and, if well managed, much cheaper, than any brought from England. In my kitchen, constructed by our very intelligent countryman, Mr. Bellingham, and where dinner for thirty or forty persons is daily provided, the smallest quantity answers every purpose.

"The carriage of all goods by the canal is now as safe and expeditious as it is cheap; this is, indeed, more owing to the spirit and energy of the Messrs.

Berry than to any regulations or laws we could make. Laws are very good things, but without the exertions of resident and national gentry, they will either be abused or evaded. As a mode of conveyance, I have travelled in every part of Europe, and do not know of any so safe or pleasant, and so cheap, as our boats, with so much cleanliness, civility, and good cheer.

"The canal, like all other property, must feel the effects of a twenty-three years' war against the rights of humanity; it is also much injured by the Government carrying on a parallel and unnecessary rival within a few miles, at the public expense; but in the canal the creditor will have some security for his money in the worst of times, which may not be the case with other debentures.—Sir, your humble servant, "CLONCURRY."

Reader! we see you comfortably reclining on the amply-cushioned seats of a first-class railway carriage as you skim the sentences of his lordship's letter. We see you smile at the consummate absurdity of your fathers for thinking the canal boat, in point of comfort, cleanliness, speed, and good cheer, superior to any other mode of conveyance, not only in Great Britain, but on the Continent of Europe. We see you laughing heartily, at the everlasting security of canal share debentures.

It will be remembered that Lord Cloncurry, in 1811, allied himself in marriage to Emily, third daughter of Mr. Archibald Douglas. This lady, who was a widow, married, on April 28, 1798, the Hon. Joseph Leeson, son of Brice, Earl of Miltown. Their alliance, though fruitful, was of short duration. It pleased Providence, in the year 1800, to summon to eternity Mr. Joseph Leeson ere he inherited the honours of his father's peerage. Although the period of their married life did not exceed twenty months, three children sanctified the alliance. The youngest (Cecilia Charlotte) did not appear until 1801. The two others were boys,—Joseph, now Earl of Miltown, and Henry Talbot, a cornet in the Guards. Both resided with Lord Cloncurry, who treated them with uniform tenderness and affection. As their father had died before succeeding to the peerage, they were not, strictly speaking, entitled to enjoy the honours of earl's children. Lady Cloncurry, naturally anxious to see them take that place in society to which, by every principle of equity, they were entitled, deputed Mrs. Douglas, her ladyship's mother, conjointly with the Countess Dowager of Miltown, to wait personally on Lord Chancellor Man-

ners, who it was considered durst not hesitate to concede the coveted indulgence. Mrs. Douglas obtained an interview with his lordship, and requested that, as their guardian, he would kindly interfere in favour of the Messrs. Leeson with the Viceroy, whose acquiescence in the matter was now alone necessary, as the English Government had already expressed themselves disposed to further, as far as possible, the wishes of Lord Miltown's family.

The Lord of the Great Seals listened for some minutes to Mrs. Douglas's statement, and at length replied, much to the astonishment of his fair visitors—"Madam, I can do nothing in this business; Lord Cloncurry is a Catholic Emancipator, an enemy to the Protestant ascendancy, and a most violent opposer of the Government." "But, my lord," she expostulated, "the favour is not for Lord Cloncurry, but for the minor Earl of Miltown." "Lord Miltown, madam," rejoined the Chancellor, "is under Baron Cloncurry's protection; the favour would therefore be granted to him." "Permit me to state it, as my opinion," continued Mrs. Douglas, "that Lord Cloncurry would not give a crown piece for the indulgence, as it is natural to suppose he would not particularly enjoy the notion of his wife's children being placed above his own." "The public," said Lord Manners, "are not to know that. The favour would still appear as granted to him. Government would be happy to oblige Lord Miltown, but as he is at present living under the protection of Lord Cloncurry, it would seem as though the obligation were conferred upon *him*." Disgusted at the spirit of narrow-minded bigotry displayed by Lord Manners, Mrs. Douglas was about to withdraw hastily from the room, when the Countess of Miltown addressed his lordship, and referred to the very unpleasant situation wherein she had left Lady Cloncurry, from illness brought on through anxiety of mind on her children's account. "When a woman," said the gallant old nobleman, warmly, "marries to injure her children's prospects for life, she must submit to the consequences."

Lord Cloncurry was outrageous when apprised by Mrs. Douglas of the Chancellor's avowed disinclination to grant

any favour to so "violent an enemy to Protestant ascendancy. Of all men he was perhaps the least disposed to solicit favours from a Government constituted as the Earl of Whitworth's. Smarting beneath the cutting retort, his lordship addressed a long letter to Lord Manners, wherein he observed that the only way he could account for his marked hostility towards him was the fact of his (Lord C.) having alluded, at the County Kildare meeting, to the arbitrary and insulting removal of Wogan Browne from the commission of the peace. Lord Cloncurry, in conclusion, eloquently but trenchantly remonstrated with the Chancellor on the gross injustice and extreme offensiveness of his observations. This drew forth a rather warm reply from Lord Manners. Lord Cloncurry's letter, he said, was in the matter of it so utterly unfounded, and in the manner of it so extremely offensive, that he did not feel himself called upon to take any further notice of it than by pronouncing it to be a gross misrepresentation! His veracity thus deliberately impugned, Lord Cloncurry saw no other course open to him but to get Mrs. Douglas, who previously informed him of what had passed at the interview, to certify by affidavit the truth of her allegations. The singular dialogue already detailed was accordingly, under Mrs. Douglas's direction, committed to paper, and that lady felt no hesitation in making oath before Lord Cloncurry, in his magisterial capacity, as to the general accuracy of her statement. Duly signed and attested, a copy of the affidavit was forwarded, under cover, to the Chancellor.

Those who had the felicity of knowing the late Lord Manners are, we believe, in a position to affirm, that he was not a man likely to withdraw an assertion, or apologise for language spoken in the heat of passion. "I stated," said his lordship, "that the language imputed to me, in a conversation with Mrs. Douglas, was a gross misrepresentation, and I persist in that assertion, notwithstanding the affidavit made before your lordship, as a magistrate, by Mrs. Douglas."

These, and other observations of the Chancellor, Lord Cloncurry communicated to Lord Donoughmore,

the well known friend of the Catholic claims. The countenance of the honest old peer flushed with indignation when he heard them. "To have an opportunity," said he, "of giving vent to those feelings, in my place in Parliament, would be to me most gratifying; but, alas! *cui bono?* In this high prerogative time it is a worse than fruitless task to kick against power. I therefore advise you not to go to the trouble of striving to interest Parliament, in any case of individual oppression, where the party playing the tyrant, or the mis-administrator of justice, happens to be an Orangeman, and a member of the faction who have so long held the reins of power in their hands."

Lady Cloncurry, nothing daunted by these defeats, made application to Lord Aylmer, a friend of her's, and a nephew of his Excellency, to request that he would kindly exert himself in her favour. Lord Aylmer cheerfully undertook to do so, and full of hope, departed on his mission. After a short absence he returned to Lyons with the dispiriting intelligence, that owing to Lord Cloncurry's "d——d politics," the application had failed. Not until a somewhat juster Viceroy, Earl Talbot, took up his position in Dublin Castle was the empty compliment conceded to the children. Although a Tory in principle, he did not consider it necessary to be avenged on Lord Miltown's unoffending grandchildren, because their step-father happened to be a Catholic Emancipator, and an enemy to Protestant ascendancy.

On Monday, 8th June, 1818, Thomas Moore, then in the zenith of his popularity, was entertained at a public dinner in Morrison's Hotel, Dublin. Lord Charlemont presided as Chairman. Some of the highest in the land, as well as the most gifted, assembled to do honour to Ireland's bard. In the latter category were Richard L. Sheil, Charles Phillips, Daniel O'Connell, Peter Burrowes, Charles Maturin, W. H. Curran, and Michael Staunton.* Lord Cloncurry was, of course, present, and

* Moore's father was present, and sat between the distinguished guest and Michael Staunton, Esq., then Editor and Proprietor of the *Weekly Register*, and now well known and respected as the Collector-General of Taxes. Mr. Staunton has recently told us an amusing anecdote respecting a saying of

responded eloquently to that high panegyric passed upon him by Lord Charlemont, which serves to adorn the title-page of this volume. His health having been drunk enthusiastically, with three times three,

"Lord Cloncurry rose to return thanks. He said:—My Lord and Gentlemen, I feel at once distressed and gratified by this unexpected mark of your kindness. To receive such a tribute from such hands, I feel to be an honour of no ordinary character. I am grateful for it; I shall ever cherish in my memory the recollection of this night. Your generous partiality binds me, if possible, closer to a country for whose good I would think no sacrifice too great. Lord Cloncurry then went on to say that he professed and he felt a warm attachment to Ireland. It was a sentiment he had cherished through life, and would sedulously retain, until the curtain of death fell upon his labours. Of late years he rarely, if ever, mixed in public meetings, lest his motives might be misrepresented, and his presence prove an injury to the object sought; but his wish was decidedly to join heart and hand with his countrymen, in paying a tribute of respect and affection to the poet whose genius shed so much glory on the literature of his country, and to the man whose exalted patriotism* could sympathize with no party but the ardent friends of Ireland. He was happy to see around him so much of the talent, worth, and patriotism of the country. His lordship concluded a concise and animated address by proposing the health of the noble chairman and the company."

Little did Cloncurry think, when participating in the festivities of the Moore banquet, on June 8, 1818, that his idolized sister, Charlotte Louisa, lay at that moment dangerously ill at Pisa in Italy. The Hon. Charlotte Lawless was, from her earliest youth, the favourite sister of Cloncurry. His senior by four years, she may be said

the old gentleman's on this occasion. Throughout the entire evening compliments and congratulations from rank and talent ceased not to pour on Mr. Moore, senior. Unmoved and impassive as a statue he received them. The keen eye of a Lavater might have vainly endeavoured to catch the slightest movement of a facial muscle. His health was drunk; but had Mr. Moore been composed of Carrara marble, instead of Irish flesh and blood, he could not have received it with greater imperturbability. Mr. Staunton, amongst the rest, expressed to the father how proud and happy he ought to feel at seeing his son so distinguished and so honoured. To these and other compliments he listened unmoved for some time, and at length enunciated in slow and measured accents, and with the utmost gravity, "*He's a daycint boy, sir—a daycint boy*" The well-written letters which appear from Mr. Moore, senior, in the Memoirs of his son, and the occasional traits of his tact and address, related of him by the bard, must elicit a smile when Mr. Staunton's amusing anecdote is recollected.

* Had it been in Lord Cloncurry's power at this period to glance over the leaves of Moore's Diary, he would hardly, we think, have given expression to this sentiment.

to have given him his first instruction, and to have directed his youthful ambition by the wisdom of her precepts. The active and discreet part taken by Charlotte Lawless to relieve the sufferings of a persecuted brother, and to throw her father's deranged affairs into some sort of order, will be in the recollection of the reader. Her affection for Valentine Lawless was reciprocated. As already said, he idolized her, and to the day of his death remembered her advice and her exertions in his regard with mingled feelings of pride and gratitude. In 1803 Charlotte Lawless became the wife of Colonel Plunket, eldest son of Lord Dunsany. She never lived to enjoy the honours of the peerage. On June 10, 1818, death snatched her away, and in April, 1821, Plunket succeeded his father as Baron Dunsany.

On the 11th February, 1819, a great Protestant meeting was held in the Rotunda, in order to petition Parliament to extend to Roman Catholics "an equal participation in the privileges of this free constitution." Sir Thomas M'Kenny, Lord Mayor of Dublin, a man universally respected and esteemed, was called to the chair. On his arrival, a deputation, consisting of the Duke of Leinster, Lords Cloncurry, Charlemont, and Meath, and the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, advanced to meet and welcome him. The cause of Catholic Emancipation was eloquently advocated on this occasion. Thousands filled the Round Room, and applauded the speakers enthusiastically. An attempt was made by a few infatuated bigots to disturb the harmony of the meeting. Prominent in their ranks stood two police magistrates, and a Master in Chancery, who, by their exertions, succeeded in raising a perfect hurricane of opposition. Few Lord Mayors in those days ventured to espouse the popular cause—perhaps none, with the exception of Sir Thomas M'Kenny. His conduct throughout the storm was admirable. Attempts were made to compel him to vacate the chair; but, "Truth prevailed, and virtue was triumphant." Defeated ultimately, the vile disturbers withdrew in a body. Lord Cloncurry pronounced a brilliant eulogium on Sir Thomas M'Kenny at this meeting, and

concluded by saying that it must be considered a rather extraordinary circumstance, that while the people of England were petitioning the Legislature for a revision of the penal code, in order to ameliorate the condition of the *guilty*, they should never cast a look to this country with a feeling of kindness, or with a wish to relieve the *innocent*.

The meeting here dissolved. Sir Thomas M'Kenny found himself necessitated to leave by a private door, as the people, in gratitude to his lordship for past services, were congregated around the chief entrance for the avowed purpose of taking the horses from the carriage, and by the strength of their own muscles conveying him home. The Lord Mayor, who was a man of quiet habits, disliked this boisterous formula, and gave his friends the slip most dexterously, by retreating through Rutland-square. It fell to the Duke of Leinster's lot to transmit to Government the petition agreed to at this meeting, and, in order to preserve it from injury, a tin box enclosed it. The Duke of Wellington, with characteristic curtness, acknowledged the enclosure. "I have received," said his Grace, "your petition, accompanied by a tin case." Whether this, or a counterfeit letter from his Grace, which appeared in *Punch*, many years after, were the most ludicrous, it would be difficult to decide. "I have received," wrote the Duke, "your letter, as also the envelope in which that letter was enclosed."

In October, 1819, Lord Cloncurry published the first of that excellent series of political letters which, throughout his after life, he was in the habit of throwing off periodically. A certain evening paper attempted, by a sneering analysis, to bring the noble writer into disrespect. Amongst other offensive epithets it accused Lord Cloncurry of "an obliquity of understanding," and with being "coarse, vulgar, and malevolent." It further asserted, that his letter was "libellous of past times, slanderous of times present, and absurd of times to come;" that it had "nothing of a gentleman's sense or feeling; but, on the contrary, breathed the spirit of a mechanic." The letter, which was an address to the English Reformers, displayed

considerable tact and ability. His lordship could not avoid referring to the corrupt practices of Government in effecting a Union, and thereby drew down upon himself the slanderous outpour of the Government print. During this year Lord Cloncurry generously erected, at his own expense, a Roman Catholic chapel and schoolhouse at Lyons.

In 1819, an Irish legion, under the auspices of General Devereux, who had been deputed to this country to organize it, started into vitality and vigour. Its object was to aid the patriotic exertions of South America in endeavouring to shake off the Spanish yoke. Devereux, notwithstanding that his name savoured somewhat of Gallic orthography, was an Irishman born and bred. His appearance was hailed with enthusiasm, and hundreds of stalwart young Celts, with beating heart and kindling eye, flocked to his standard. The General appeared in all but regal splendour. Levees were daily holden in Morrison's Hotel, and never does he appear to have left his quarters without the attendance of an ample staff of *aides-de-camp*. General Devereux was one of "Liberator Bolivar's" most distinguished officers.

On Monday, July 19th, 1819, a grand banquet was given in Dublin, with a view to compliment Devereux and the cause of South American freedom. Lord Cloncurry presided as Chairman, Counsellors O'Connell, Finlay, M'Nally, Phillips, and Scully were present, and delivered, in the course of the evening, eloquent addresses. Several of the General's Irish recruits were also present. His lordship had a long list of toasts to propose. Each of them he prefaced by a concise and animated speech. Among the first was that of "Major General Devereux, and may success crown his exertions to promote the freedom of another hemisphere." The General returned thanks, and concluded a long oration on the noble work which he and Bolivar had in hand by proposing the health of Lord Cloncurry. It would be needless for him to attempt to pronounce any eulogium on the virtuous and patriotic nobleman who presided. "His

claim to our respect," said General Devereux, emphatically, "is not that he is a lord, but a *noble man*."

"Lord Cloncurry rose—He said that it had ever been his first thought how best to serve his country, and it was a source of the greatest satisfaction to him to reflect, that however humble his efforts, they were not altogether without effect. He preferred a residence in Ireland to all the allurements which the most favoured foreign countries could possibly hold out, 'and,' said his lordship, 'I have been doubly repaid in the regard and affection of my countrymen testified on this, and, indeed, on many other occasions.' He was highly flattered at being called on to preside at so festive a meeting as the present, where so large a portion of the talent, virtue, and respectability of his countrymen were concentrated; but it was particularly grateful to him from the occasion of it. The object which they had met to celebrate was one which should have called him from his tomb, were it possible for the mouldering clay to be reanimated—it was the cause of liberty; it was to forward and sanction the endeavours now making by the youth of his country to promote the liberties of another hemisphere. Here his lordship referred to a measure recently introduced to check the spirit of enterprise in his brave fellow-countrymen—the Foreign Enlistment Bill. 'Born a peer of this realm,' said his lordship, 'I have been robbed of my birthright, and of the privileges which the British constitution guarantee to the peerage, otherwise I should have raised my voice in the Legislature against the passing of this law.' * * Lord Cloncurry concluded by addressing a few words to the young men of Ireland, who had embarked in the cause of South American freedom. 'Inculcate,' exclaimed his lordship, emphatically, 'upon the minds of the inexperienced people you are going to assist the necessity of UNION amongst themselves—without it they perish. We have, alas! seen and experienced the fatal consequences of disunion in our own green isle. Do *you* warn them, from such an example, to avoid the causes which it has produced. If, unfortunately, your efforts be unsuccessful, if they will not themselves preserve the freedom of their country, remember that you are countrymen and freemen, be true to one another, be united, and preserve that liberty for them, which they cannot do for themselves.' Lord Cloncurry resumed his seat amid whirlwinds of applause."

In 1820 Grattan died. Soon after this sad event the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and other friends of the gifted patriot, assembled in the Exchange, and came to the resolution, that "as the life of Henry Grattan was devoted exclusively to the public good, his immortal services during half a century, as the first patriot of his country, and founder of her liberties, should be commemorated by a permanent testimonial." A subscription list was opened, and Lord Cloncurry, as might have been expected, contributed handsomely to the fund.

George IV. was, during the existence of his regency,

in high favour with the Irish people, because of the countenance which it was supposed he gave to the Catholic claims; but from the moment that he instituted legal proceedings against his wife, he fell rapidly and ignobly into well-merited unpopularity. This observation applies mainly to the feeling prevalent amongst the national party in Ireland. Hungry placemen and venal flatterers abounded quite as much in 1820 as in 1855. Ere the judicial proceeding against Queen Caroline had been well concluded, the daily papers teemed with flattering adulatory addresses to his Majesty. Nothing could be more transparent or fulsome. It smelt in the nostrils of all virtuous and honourable men, and excited feelings of disgust and indignation. Expecting to reap a golden harvest they laid it on heavily, like agriculturists spreading manure.

In December, 1820, a few days subsequent to what Lord Liverpool designated "the delicate investigation," Sir Richard Steele, High Sheriff of Dublin, convened a meeting for the purpose of complimenting his gracious Majesty. The place of assembly was Kilmainham Courthouse. He left no means unemployed to fill it with partisan friends; but a large number, nevertheless, of the popular party, including Lord Cloncurry, contrived to take up position too. Their object was to move a counter-address, pregnant with truth, but not necessarily with disloyalty.

The High Sheriff, in a deep, sonorous voice, opened the proceedings by reading and proposing his sycophantic address. This was the signal for the popular party to appear with theirs, and John Burne, K.C., begged leave to move it. It is unnecessary to insert this document. It condemned the late proceedings in the House of Lords as dangerous and unconstitutional; censured the civil councils of his Majesty's ministers, but expressed every sentiment of loyalty towards the King himself. Sir Richard Steele rather rudely interrupted Mr. Burne, and with some warmth declared that he would hear no more from him. He would put the question on his own address and dissolve the meeting.

We regret that it is only in our power to give a mere outline of the proceedings on this interesting occasion. The report loses much of its effect from the rather unmerciful mutilation we have given it:—

"Messrs. Burne, O'Connell, and several other gentlemen insisted upon addressing the meeting ere the question could be put. But the Sheriff was inexorable, and exclaimed—'As many as are of opinion that this address do pass, say aye!' A few voices shrieked forth 'aye;' but each was instantly drowned beneath at least a hundred noes. The Sheriff, however, declared that he did not put the question in the alternative, and announced the meeting as dissolved. All the ultra-loyalists accordingly withdrew, but strange to say, the meeting, in point of numbers, appeared to suffer little diminution.

"Mr. O'Connell observed that the chairman had abdicated his post. He had no right to dissolve the meeting until they had completed the business for which they were convened, for which purpose he should move that Lord Cloncurry do take the chair. The motion was immediately seconded, and put and carried with acclamation.

"Lord Cloncurry came forward, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the freeholders.

"The Sheriff said he would oppose Lord Cloncurry's taking the chair.

"Lord Cloncurry.—The freeholders of the county of Dublin have done me the honour to call me to the chair, and I will cheerfully obey their commands. I most solemnly protest against the illegal and unconstitutional conduct of the Sheriff this day; he has assumed to himself the controul of the meeting at which he was merely ministerial: he has endeavoured to stifle the public voice and public opinion; his conduct is inconsistent with every notion of law or liberty, and I am happy to obey the call which directs me to give all the resistance in my power to proceedings so arbitrary and unconstitutional.

"Here the Sheriff was understood to threaten to commit Lord Cloncurry if he persisted in keeping the chair.

"Mr. O'Connell.—Prepare your prison, then, if it be large enough to contain us all; we will all accompany him. * *

"The Sheriff intimated that he would call in the military. He called upon Lord Cloncurry at once to withdraw.

"Lord Cloncurry.—I will not withdraw; this is the freeholders' house, built with the freeholders' money; at their call I have taken the chair; I am a magistrate of this county; no man shall use illegal violence in my presence, unless he has a force superior to the law. In support of the law I am ready to perish in this chair, and nothing but force shall tear me from it.

"The Sheriff said that the meeting was an illegal meeting, and that he would disperse it.

"Mr. O'Connell.—The meeting is a perfectly legal meeting; let every freeholder who values his rights remain, and if any man is prosecuted for remaining here, let me be that man, for I have, and shall everywhere avow that I have, advised and counselled you to continue the meeting.

"The Sheriff here withdrew; the most perfect order and decorum still prevailed. The Courthouse then exhibited one of the most crowded and respectable meetings we have ever witnessed.

"Mr. Burne addressed the chair, but had not uttered many sentences when a side door was thrown in with a violent crash. Soldiers, commanded by one officer, entered, and were soon seen at every side of the meeting. They

ordered the freeholders, in the most peremptory manner, to disperse. Violence was offered to some individuals.

"Lord Cloncurry kept his seat; Mr. Curran placed himself by his side; two soldiers, with bayonets in their hands, ascended the bench close to Mr. Curran, who goodhumouredly, but firmly, put the weapons aside. The officer, standing on the table, ordered Lord Cloncurry to withdraw.

"Lord Cloncurry replied that he was a magistrate, presiding over a legal meeting of the King's subjects, that he would remain until the proceedings were regularly brought to a close, unless he were removed by actual force.

"The officer said he must use force, and drew his sword, and force was actually applied to Lord Cloncurry's person before he left the chair.

"The freeholders being thus dispersed by open violence, assembled in immense numbers in the hotel opposite. A chair was procured for Lord Cloncurry. Mr. Burne moved the address, which was read and seconded by Mr. O'Connell. The question was then put upon it by Lord Cloncurry, when it was adopted amidst the acclamations of the freeholders that filled and surrounded the house.

"Mr. O'Connell then moved that a committee should be appointed to lay before the Lord Lieutenant the outrageous and illegal conduct of the Sheriff on that day. He prefaced the motion in a short and animated speech, in which he congratulated the freeholders on their triumph, which the very violence of their opponents was the strongest proof of their having obtained * * The motion was seconded and carried with acclamation.

"It was then moved that Counsellor Burne should take the chair, and the thanks of the meeting were voted, amidst the most enthusiastic cheering, to Lord Cloncurry for his resolute, manly, and constitutional conduct that day, and for the uniform and undeviating patriotism of his whole life. The meeting then broke up.

"As Lord Cloncurry was departing there was an universal cry to chair him into town, and he was surrounded for that purpose by a large group of gentlemen near the gate of the Old Man's Hospital; but his lordship succeeded in preventing them from carrying their intention into execution by addressing them in a short speech.

"He entreated them to forbear. They owed him no compliment, or, if they did, their thanks amply repaid him. The approbation they had uniformly bestowed upon his conduct was, to his mind, a reward superior to any monarch could bestow. He would always live in Ireland. He was early attached to the principles of liberty, the foundation of the British constitution. The miseries of his native land only rendered those principles more dear to him, and the events of that day served but the more to convince him of the value of law and liberty, by showing how abject was the state of man when deprived of those blessings. A chairing, however innocent, might be construed into a riot, and that construction might be written in blood. 'Let us,' said his lordship, 'by our orderly conduct, furnish the strongest contrast to our opponents, and not tarnish the victory we have gained this day by affording them the slightest pretence for censure. Let us, my friends, depart in peace, and not give a handle to our enemies for any additional act of violence.' The people then gave his lordship three cheers, and retired, exclaiming, 'Your advice shall ever be considered by us as a command.'"

The indignation of the people at this daring attempt on the part of Sir Richard Steele to outrage their feelings with impunity knew no bounds. Lord Cloncurry and

his friends, who had been driven from the Courthouse at the bayonet's point, were advised to take law proceedings against the Sheriff. In March, 1821, his lordship published an address to the freeholders of Dublin, wherein he explained his reasons for not considering such a course advisable:—"First," said he, "the proceedings might easily be protracted for two years, at an enormous expense to you or me, whilst the taxes would probably furnish means to defend the Sheriff. Secondly, it must be recollected that juries are selected by sheriffs, and they have not lately been in the habit of trying constitutional questions, and to force such a study on any judge in his old age would be altogether ill-natured. Suppose some sly lawyer was to make the following defence, how could I rebut it:—'Either Lord Cloncurry is a good or a bad man; if the former, it was right of the Sheriff to wish him out of this troublesome world; if the latter, it would be his *duty* to free the world from him. I remember such a defence once made in a case of murder, and the defendant was acquitted."* Other reasons, expressed in a more serious spirit, followed. He observed that if he thought it could at all tend to any good result, he would straightway commence legal proceedings against the Sheriff at his own sole expense and inconvenience.

So much for politics and public meetings. An occurrence connected with the private life of Lord Cloncurry now claims our attention. On the 30th September, 1820, the hand of his lordship's favourite daughter, Mary Margaret, by Eliza Georgiana, first Lady Cloncurry, was clasped in wedlock by John Joseph Henry, Baron de Roebeck. The nuptials took place at Lyons, and were celebrated with much pomp and solemnity. After the ceremony, the happy pair started for the Continent. While spending the honeymoon in Paris it was the good fortune of Tom Moore to meet them at the house of Mr. Archibald Douglas, a relation by marriage of Lord Cloncurry's. We are informed by the bard, in his Diary

* Lord Cloncurry alluded to Toler's extraordinary charge on the trial of Captain Frazer and his orderly for the murder of Dixon in 1799. See page 140 of this work.

of January 24th, 1821, that himself and Mrs. Moore, Washington Irving, and Lord Miltown, were present at dinner, and that the Baroness de Roebeck joined them in the evening. "She is a young bride of seventeen," writes Tom, "with the most perfect Hebe eyes and cheeks I have seen for a long time"—a great deal from Mr. Moore, who was a profound connoisseur in female beauty. Little it was then supposed that three years more would see an Act of Parliament dissevering that union which appeared in 1820 so pregnant with the elements of present and future happiness.

Meanwhile George the Fourth's popularity was rapidly on the ebb. His English subjects began literally to loathe him. Regarding Queen Caroline as a maligned and persecuted woman, they looked upon *him* as the maligner and persecutor. His Majesty felt the English ground slipping from under him, and as a *dernier resort*, he announced his intention of establishing at least a firm footing upon Irish soil. That the royal visit to Ireland in 1821 was more from motives of policy than affection, is as evident as the day. Full well he knew the impulsive disposition of the Irish people, and how easy it would be to deceive them by plausible acting. His Majesty's advent was heralded across the Channel by ten thousand trumpets, and the announcement was received with shouts of enthusiasm and delight. The heart of every Catholic beat quick and loudly, in the firm conviction that his visit was the harbinger of great and happy political changes. No English monarch had, since the days of King James, visited poor Ireland, and George IV. was the first who came to her in the spirit of of conciliation. Joy was universal—unanimity animated every heart. Setting the hope of political amelioration aside, nothing was thought of but how to give his Majesty a genuine Irish *cead mille failthe*. Triumphal arches were erected, processions organized, deputations rehearsed, and glowing accounts of his arrival written in advance for the newspapers. At length he came. Booming of cannon tore the air. His public entry was unquestionably the most magnificent spectacle ever witnessed in Ireland. The warm autumnal air resounded with the cheers of a

warmer hearted people. A sea of heads surged around on every side. Poor people! One of the most finished actors that ever played upon the credulity of mankind appears amongst you! With a countenance radiant with smiles, and to all appearance beaming with philanthropy, George, King of England, received the plaudits of his subjects. In the royal button-hole an enormous bunch of shamrocks—almost equal in dimensions to a head of cabbage—was ostentatiously inserted. Anon he would point to it and smile urbanely on the people.

On his arrival in the Phœnix Park, a deputation of well-oiled marrow-bones at once prostrated themselves before him. Addresses were read, and congratulations offered on his Majesty's safe arrival. The royal hypocrite smiled, expressed an innate affection for his Irish Catholic subjects, and declared that in return for their kindness he would drink their healths collectively in a glass of good Irish whiskey punch! The people, dazzled with his splendour—captivated with his urbanity, forgot all grievances and dissension, and effervescing with loyalty, invoked blessings on his head. Never were people more dexterously cajoled. No one appeared to be exempt from the contagion. Even O'Connell—perhaps the most clear-sighted intellect that ever shone upon Ireland—was deceived. He offered pecuniary assistance towards the erection of an Irish palace for His Majesty, which, in the madness of the hour, the Irish public seriously proposed to undertake. He suggested the formation of a "Loyal Georgian Club," panegyrized the king for his benevolent intentions towards us; and, when the hour of his Majesty's departure arrived, whom do we find presenting a crown of laurels *à genoux* to the monarch, but the future Liberator of Catholic Ireland—Daniel O'Connell.*

The royal yacht glided from the harbour. "He stood upon the deck," said Sheil, "and thence looked back and saw the hills by which he was encompassed crowded to the tops by hundreds of thousands who sent their bene-

* See "Fagan's Life of Daniel O'Connell," vol. i. p. 266.

dictions along with him. Is it possible that at such a moment his heart should not have melted within him? Did not the tears of a generous sensibility rush into his eyes; and as the shouts of his people came from the receding shores across the waters, did he not exclaim—'I *will* do something for Ireland.'" All, however, he did for her was a letter from Lord Sidmouth, written by command, wherein conciliation was recommended, and nothing promised. Ah! poor deluded Irish people, when will sad experience teach you sense?

Lord Cloncurry, although he expressed every feeling of loyalty towards his Majesty, refused to join in the subscription to erect an Irish palace. Ireland was in a state of the greatest misery at the time, and his lordship, when applied to, said, that if he had any money to spend, without going into debt, it would, he was sure, best accord with the wishes of the King if he were to give useful employment to his starving people. "There are now near £12,000 collected," said his lordship, "from the officers of the Preventive Service and others. I would recommend three ways of employing it; the two first would do permanent good, and give bread for a year to five or six hundred people; the third would much tend to restore peace to the country. First," said he, "remove the fords in the Shannon, and make it a river instead of a chain of lakes, bottling up the water within the country. Secondly, make main drains through the Bog of Allen. And, thirdly, build a palace on the Gold Coast for the —— and the ——,* and by a proceeding the reverse of ostracism, get them to inhabit it."

A most flattering address from the High Sheriff, the Lady Ponsonby, the gentlemen, clergy, freeholders, and landholders of Kildare, was presented to Lord Cloncurry in June, 1821. Men of all parties, who were eye-witnesses to the important services conferred by his lordship on the poor, in his capacity of magistrate, employer, and resident

* In the autograph letter of Lord Cloncurry's, which furnished us with materials for this paragraph, his lordship makes use of blanks precisely as they occur in the text.

landlord, eagerly affixed their signatures to the document. Lord Cloncurry's countenance glowed with satisfaction. "Accept my warmest thanks," said he, "for your affectionate and truly gratifying address. A man who is loved by all his neighbours, of all ranks and of all persuasions, may well be proud; he must have some good in him. He might be covered with ribands and orders, and be worse than worthless."

In December, 1821, Lord Cloncurry was induced to accept an invitation to the grand inaugural banquet of Sir J. K. James, Lord Mayor of Dublin, who thought fit, in the course of the evening, to propose, notwithstanding the presence of several Roman Catholic guests, a certain well-known Orange toast, eulogistic of the memory of William III. Cloncurry, disgusted at the bad taste of this proceeding, turned down his glass and remained seated. In acting thus, his lordship drew upon himself a fierce discharge of vituperation from the Conservative press, which he vainly endeavoured to lighten by the publication of a moderate but argumentative public letter. Individually he respected William III., as he was a liberal Dutchman, and intended much good to Ireland, but as corporators are not necessarily historians, they generally give this toast from party motives, and hence he disapproved of it.

In January, 1822, Lord Cloncurry addressed his celebrated letter to the Duke of Leinster, "On a Stipendiary Police, and the present State of Ireland." Not being, at that time, a representative peer, he had no more respectable a mode of communicating his opinions to the Legislature than through the medium of a public letter. It appeared in all the newspapers of the day, and was afterwards, if we mistake not, reprinted as a pamphlet. A more elaborate document had never before emanated from his lordship. Having begun by exposing the hitherto but too successfully concealed corruption, and inconsistencies, existing in a large portion of the then system of Irish law administration, from the barony constable and tithe proctor to the custos rotulorum and justice of the peace, his lordship entered into a careful investigation of various

minutiæ, requiring correction, and interwoven with the commission, that would hardly have occurred to other than a profound thinker, and one who had the advantage of his country and countrymen entirely at heart. Unlike those empty, spouting demagogues, who pour forth denunciations by wholesale on the working of certain systems, of which they may chance professedly to disapprove, but, at the same time, respectfully decline the trouble of suggesting such modifications as would effectually remove the objection, his lordship, for every grievance and abuse exposed, pointed out a safe and easy remedy. To attempt an enumeration of them would be impossible. We do not think they were less than thirty.

A senseless panic pervaded, at this time, the ranks of his Majesty's Government, in England and Ireland, owing to some grossly exaggerated reports that had reached them, relative to the spread of Ribbonism. They firmly believed three-forths of the country to be in an actual state of organized revolt. Although a crime had not been committed for many years within its limits, the Lord Lieutenant thought fit to place his lordship's county (Kildare) under the operation of the Insurrection Act. Lord Cloncurry referred to this aggression, and, by means of irrefragable proof, succeeded in convincing every unprejudiced understanding, that crime never prevailed to a less extent, not only in Kildare, but throughout Ireland generally.

Who were the peasantry indebted to for having circulated these slanders? Orange squireen magistrates in quest of Castle favour. "No person," observed his lordship, "not in the secret, can imagine the love our inferior magistrates have for the Castle yard. Though the secret service money can no longer be so freely lavished on the contriver of a good plot, there still remains a SMELL of it which possesses most attractive properties. Nothing tends so much to keep away English capital, and to increase the number of absentees, than the lies told of the country by those who fatten on its misery and degradation."

The plan which his lordship carefully outlined for the

establishment of a stipendiary police, or constabulary, in country parishes, their number, the style and formation of their barracks, &c., excited much admiration. Towards the close of his letter, he took a rapid but searching glance at the wretched post office regulations, the tithe,* absentee, taxing, and excise systems, the objectionable Education Society of Kildare-place, and other institutions long since either abolished or modified. Altogether, a more able or a more useful letter had not, for a considerable time, appeared. The greatest proof of the success attending it was the shower of official reactionary paragraphs and pamphlets that greeted its appearance. Their vulgar and scurrilous tone could not fail to disgust any dispassionate reader. Lord Cloncurry headed his letter with a Latin motto—a frequent habit with him.† This was clumsily satirized by a Government pamphleteer, who offered "Some Remarks on Lord Cloncurry's Letter on Police." "Where," he says, "Lord Cloncurry found the motto he made use of, or whether it is not one of his own creation, it is impossible not to give him credit for its very close connexion with the letter which it heads. '*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*'—on everything and something else—was a well-chosen miscellany in which his lordship appears to have emptied his lumber-room for the purpose of presenting a new year's gift to his Grace of Leinster."

The visit to Ireland, in 1823, of the celebrated English philanthropist, Robert Owen, is, doubtless, in the recollection of our Irish readers. The peculiar views of this most kind-hearted and benevolent man are so well known that to more than allude to them would be unnecessary here. Mr. Owen is now in the eighty-fifth year of his

* In connexion with this subject his lordship strongly condemned the increased power recently given to the magistracy of hearing tithe cases. The bloodshed which constantly took place, when endeavouring to enforce payment of that cruel tax, is well known. Clerical magistrates adjudicating in favour of their own tithe proctors was, for years after, of lamentably frequent occurrence. Full particulars of the anti-tithe movement, in 1831-35, will be found in their proper place.

† "*Jam satis Iræ*" surmounted his letter to Smith O'Brien, in 1847. Similar instances might be cited.

age, and for nearly sixty of that period he has been periodically pressing under the notice of a prejudiced world, his mighty but somewhat Utopian project, for the establishment of a "new existence of man upon the earth." Mr. Owen is of opinion, that men should labour in hundreds together, on the principle of the bee, or the ant. In endeavouring to realize this scheme, Mr. Owen expended nearly half his fortune at New Lanark, in Scotland. The result gave him cause to hope that his vast machinery and plan of working might, with beneficial effects, be extended to Ireland. At that period, and for long anterior to it, she was overwhelmed with poverty, oppressed with discontent, and torn by party animosities. An immense quantity of unproductive waste land, and a superfluity of good soil, existed in the country. There were labourers *galore;* Mr. Owen addressed them, and proved that capital was created by labour judiciously applied to land. He produced his authorities for the allegation, that 1,000 people, by healthy and pleasant employment, when their powers and industry were properly combined and directed, could produce a most comfortable living, in all respects, for 3,000. "A stranger," said Mr. Owen, "possessing an experience of more than thirty years practically devoted to the subject, offers to assist you with his time and his money; and he offers this assistance without even the desire of any return, except the satisfaction of seeing or knowing that you are in the actual possession of the happiness which it is his highest wish you should permanently enjoy." Many shrewd intellects approved of Mr. Owen's scheme. Aided by them he established the Hibernian Philanthropic Society. General Brown and Mr. Owen contributed each £1,000 to its funds. Others offered tracts of land for the purposes of the Society. Lord Cloncurry was fascinated with Mr. Owen's project. He drew a cheque in favour of the Society for £500. Hamilton Rowan, Sir C. Molyneux, Sir F. Flood, Sir W. Brabazon and Dr. Macartney, put down their names for £100 each.

Previously, however, to the first meeting of the "Hibernian Philanthropic Society," in May, 1823, Mr. Owen

visited Ireland, with a view, mainly, to sound the opinions of Lord Cloncurry and other influential patriots, in reference to the practicability of his scheme. He came to Ireland for the first time in October, 1822. He had frequent interviews with Lord Cloncurry, who gave him much and cheering encouragement. Whatever correspondence passed between them, from that period until 1848, Mr. Owen has kindly placed at our disposal. The first letter in the collection runs as follows:—

[No. 13.] LORD CLONCURRY TO ROBERT OWEN, ESQ.

"20*th October*, 1822.

"DR. SIR,—I forgot to ask you where you are to be waited on in Dublin in order that I may join my friends in paying our respects to you next Wednesday, which I shall do with great sincerity.

"I am to preside at a charity dinner in Dublin, on the 25th. Any time after that, suiting your convenience and that of Captain M'Donnell to give me the pleasure of your company for a few days at Lyons, I shall endeavour to present to you a few gentlemen well acquainted with the state of this fine but unhappy island.

"With great respect, your humble Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

Mr. Owen accepted the invitation, and passed a week with his lordship at Lyons. Soon after, he left for England, but not until Lord Cloncurry promised to watch over the young institution with a fatherly eye. The following interesting letter will serve to show how warm an interest his lordship took in its welfare and growth:—

[No. 14.] LORD CLONCURRY TO ROBERT OWEN, ESQ.

"*Poor Ireland! Lyons, Celbridge, January 2nd*, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Our progress is slow—I wish I could add, sure. We have been at considerable expense printing and distributing. We have met some extraordinary instances of good sense and zeal amongst the middle and lower orders. Some of their letters, descriptive of the present state of the wretched peasantry, we will publish. Of our noble or wealthy subscribers, the number has not increased *one*: yet to them it is of the greatest and most vital importance to alter the condition and the feelings of the country at large. Depravity, and a determined spirit of vengeance, seem to have taken firm root in the breasts of the despairing multitude. Our rulers think of no other remedy than the sword and the halter. The whole revenue of the country will be swallowed up to maintain a force which, after all, is totally inadequate to the end in view. One would suppose that you would have been hailed in Ireland as the *true prophet*, that you would have aided the saints in mitigating Popery, the Catholics in blunting the fury of Orange insolence and cruelty, half converting each to good will and industry. But, as yet, our parties only

think how they can injure their opponents, not how they can serve themselves or their country. You have zealous and grateful friends, but unless Parliamentary or private munificence of the British public assist us, nothing effectual can be done, and ruin stares us in the face. When you were here, the country was quiet for some miles round Lyons. It is now proclaimed to a short distance of my hall-door. I was in Connaught since I saw you. There the military were giving out small portions of potatoes to the starving multitude, at the same time the bayonet ready to prevent a rush. All this in a country the powers and the facilities of which you well know.

"Our petition went on as you directed. You, of course, have it before now. I trust it may produce something; but Goulburne will oppose. He prefers giving £50,000 or £60,000 to convert our Papists, not one of whom is converted, and the money is divided amongst the saints and the hypocrites. Not a penny is expended to educate the ignorant Papist unless he be first converted—not a penny to promote industry or useful labour, in a country where each penny so expended would repay tenfold. You know I am in less danger than most others, yet am I full of fears, if not for myself, at least for my children and grandchildren.

"All unite in best wishes for you and yours with your affectionate Friend,

"CLONCURRY.

"P.S.— Mr. Secretary Groves is very attentive and useful—the committee seldom well attended—Alderman M'Kenny, Sir Wm. Brabazon, Hamilton Rowan, and Dr. Macartney the chief labourers. Circulars have been sent out pretty generally."

In the foregoing letter, Lord Cloncurry informs Mr. Owen that, since he last had the pleasure of seeing him, the County Kildare was proclaimed to within a short distance of his own hall-door. In connexion with the arbitrary law that trampled down a peaceable people in 1823, there has been an interesting anecdote related by Lord Cloncurry, which we should not consider ourselves justified in altogether overlooking. In May, 1846, the Irish Coercion Bill passed through both Houses. Lord Cloncurry, in the earlier stages of its progress, published a public letter, from which we cull the following extracts:—"It was my fate, as a magistrate," wrote his lordship, "to be obliged to assist in the administration of a law of nearly equal atrocity, some years ago. I will mention one or two circumstances which occurred during the first Administration of Lord Wellesley, not only a great statesman, but a scholar of a most cultivated and enlarged understanding, and a man of experience and humanity, no way inclined to deny or to despise our country. The barony of North Naas happened to be proclaimed about 1823. It joined the barony in which

I resided, and of which I was the only magistrate. It was, however, not proclaimed. The demesne lands of Bishopscourt, where Lady Ponsonby resided, were in my unproclaimed barony; and amongst her ladyship's tenantry was a very respectable man named Kenny. He was employed in hay-making on a summer's evening; and wanting change to pay his men, Kenny left his own unproclaimed barony, and while in the act of getting the change, the police came in and arrested him for being out of his house after sunset, though at that time broad daylight. He was brought before me. I immediately bailed him, though I doubted my right to do so. He was tried at the next special sessions of Naas, before a full bench of justices, Mr. George Bennett presiding. Only one magistrate joined me in refusing to convict. Mr. Bennett told me how important it was that the magistrates should act with unanimity—that, *strictly* speaking, Kenny was from home after sunset; and that, if I would preserve the unanimity of the court, he would wait on the Lord Lieutenant, and have the prisoner liberated. He did wait on his Excellency; but Lord Wellesley, instead of using his prerogative, reprobated the verdict, said that it was contrary to the spirit of the law and to common sense, and that they must reconsider it. Meantime, Schoales, Assistant-Barrister, went his circuit to the North, and next special sessions did not take place for many weeks. When they did come on, the magistrates refused to alter their verdict, and poor Kenny remained in jail, and there might have stayed, had not his good fortune brought Lord Fitzwilliam to Bishopscourt. He accompanied me to the Castle, and we obtained the liberation of Kenny. I write this to show what can be done, even in *a good county*. I believe I have accurately stated what had occurred, not even suppressing my own shameful cowardice: *mais* (as my friend Judge Perrin knows) *il faut hurler avec les loups*.

"That event took place many years ago, and I am still ashamed of it. At the same sessions, an old tailor was sentenced to transportation for being out of his own

dwelling at night. It was proved that, according to the custom of his trade, he was boarding and lodging at the house of an employer, a respectable person. He would have been acquitted, only some magistrate recollected his having been active in 1798, twenty-five years before."

Meanwhile we must not forget to look after Mr. Owen. In February, 1823, he returned to Dublin, and found to his satisfaction that, under the auspices of Lord Cloncurry, much work had been done. He at once made arrangements for an aggregate meeting to be held in the Rotundo, for the purpose of fully expressing and explaining his views. This came off on the 18th March. The Duke of Leinster was present, as also Lords Cloncurry and Meath, Archbishops Troy and Murray, Sir P. Crampton, Lady Rossmore, and the Lord Mayor. It was intended that the meeting should have been promptly followed up by a banquet, but some unforeseen circumstance occurred to prevent it. Apropos to this *contre-temps* we find the following amongst Mr. Owen's letters:—

[No. 15.] LORD CLONCURRY TO ROBERT OWEN, ESQ.

"31*st March*, 1823.

"My dear Sir,—I am, on the whole, better pleased that the dinner should be postponed; but I hope that it will take place with triumphant unanimity after the 12th. The Duke's engagements, I fear, render his stay impossible. Will you cool yourself by breathing the fresh air of Lyons for a while before or after the meeting? It will much oblige your sincere and very attached Friend, "Cloncurry."

Like all public men, Mr. Owen was soon abused to his heart's content. The priesthood, Protestant and Catholic, protested that his system of amelioration would strike at the root of revealed religion, and ought, in consequence, to be reprobated by all virtuous men. Secular sages asserted that his scheme was wild and visionary. Lord Cloncurry gave the subject deep and anxious consideration, and vainly endeavoured to see the grounds on which those mighty objections were erected. He was now much attached to Mr. Owen. Boldly he came forward before an indignant public, and on his own buckler received many of the blows originally intended for that gentleman. Several clergymen, especially Dr. Singer,

afterwards one of the Protestant Episcopacy, expressed themselves in very harsh language against Mr. Owen, while endeavouring at the Rotundo meeting to develope his plans for the amelioration of the labouring and other classes. Lord Cloncurry was indignant at what he conceived to be an unseemly interruption, and with some warmth observed that Mr. Owen's conduct appeared to him more consonant to the Word of God than that of the reverend gentlemen who attacked him. On the 7th April, 1823, his lordship addressed an excellent public letter to the *Dublin Evening Herald*, calculated to mitigate, if not allay, the storm of wrath which had now begun to assail Mr. Owen with peculiar potency. "I have had many conversations," said Lord Cloncurry, "with that excellent individual, and as few persons are more conversant than myself with the situation of the people of Ireland, I think I may venture to give some opinion as to the practicability of his system. The age of theory, of enthusiasm, and of ardent hope, is pretty well over with me—not so the love of country, the desire of serving her, or the deepest gratitude to those who wish her well. My first sentiment, therefore, towards Mr. Owen, is that of respect and thankfulness. He had heard of our almost hopeless misery; of our divisions, and our blind and factious violence; he left his happy home, not to profit of our folly, or to live on our labour, our tithes, or our taxes, but to give, according to his means, relief, advice, and (he hopes) a remedy. I have seen him inquire, with patient and earnest solicitude, into the circumstances of the poor and the industrious, and I have observed the liberality with which he ministered to their wants." Lord Cloncurry went on to say that it is impossible for any man to turn his entire thoughts for a length of years to one particular project, without mingling a little enthusiasm with judgment, and theory with practice. Some of Mr. Owen's views, he admitted, were open to objection, but the greater number of those intended to confer a benefit on Ireland had been practically proved, and bore the test of close and arithmetical examination. Lord Cloncurry concluded with

an elaborate but simple exposition of Mr. Owen's plans for the amelioration of Ireland. Mr. Owen presided at three successive meetings in the Rotundo, previous to the formation of his "Irish Philanthropic Society." The crowds who congregated within and around that capacious edifice, in order to hear him develope his plans for popular amelioration, baffle all description. Hundreds were obliged to return to their homes without being able to obtain a glimpse of the platform. Ladies fainted even in the reserved seats, and were obliged to be removed on chairs through the windows and skylight. The first meeting of the society was well attended. Numbers solicited the honour of becoming life members, and spoke warmly in favour of Mr. Owen's plans. At the close of the proceedings Lord Cloncurry rose, and in a most feeling and impressive speech entreated every lady and gentleman present, who had been admitted members of the Philanthropic Society, to diffuse in their respective circles a knowledge of its principles, and of those vast and permanent advantages which the labouring classes must derive from its success.

In the foregoing pages we have adverted to many benevolent, public and private, acts of Lord Cloncurry; but a vast number in the latter category will probably never come to the knowledge of his biographer. We have reason to know that a day never passed without witnessing some generous and philanthropic proceeding on the part of his lordship, which might vainly be searched for among newspaper records. A few come to light by chance occasionally. Thomas Moore, on August 21, 1823, dined at Lady Morgan's, in Dublin. Lord Cloncurry and his brother-in-law, Dunsany, were present, as also Hamilton Rowan, and John Burne, the barrister. "Lord Cloncurry," writes Moore, in his Diary, "mentioned his having (successfully) interceded with Lord Wellesley for the pardon of a man who had been, with several others, found guilty of a murder at Athy, but who, there was every reason to believe, was completely innocent. A priest riding up to Dublin, for the same purpose of intercession, died on his arrival from the over-

haste with which he had travelled." This little trait, accidentally disclosed, is doubtless merely a specimen of many million acts of humanity and benevolence which characterized the routine of Lord Cloncurry's daily life, and which, except to a few parties, have not been made public. Were we as fond of exaggerated metaphor as a certain Irish orator, laughed at by Moore in his Diary, we would probably add that the trait alluded to may be regarded as the accidental falling of a stone from the invisible summit of that lofty column of private charity which the good man built to elevate his soul to heaven.

In 1820 the machinery of the once celebrated Kildare Place Society was set in motion. Professing to instruct for nominal remuneration the humbler classes of the Irish people, it was the forerunner and basis of the National System of education. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, on condition that the religious tenets of the pupils were in nowise to be tampered with, cheerfully gave the society their countenance and support. Thousands of schools at once started into existence. A large Parliamentary grant crowned the institution. For a time its proceedings gave very general satisfaction, but at length the Catholic clergy were reduced to the necessity of raising their voices against the *modus operandi* of Kildare Place. Some time previously the heads of that society thought fit to pass a resolution expressive of their determination, that the schools to which they extended aid should have the Bible, without note or comment, daily read aloud by the pupils, or else cease to receive support. That Roman Catholics emphatically disapprove of the system of interpreting the Bible according to individual fancy and caprice is, we believe, notorious. They insist upon the authorized interpretation of the Church. Having heard of the startling decision come to at Kildare Place, it is hardly matter of wonder that the Catholic pastors of those parishes wherein the schools were situated should have declared on their part that the Bible, from its occasional ambiguity of tone, was not the book exactly suited to the simple and undeveloped intellect of a schoolboy. The priesthood strongly expressed their disapproval

of Catholic pupils continuing to attend these schools. The children obeyed, and thus the poor Catholic, for whom the legislature designed its benefaction, ceased to derive benefit from a grant given for the general purposes of education.

The objections at that time urged against the indiscriminate circulation of the Bible, and its private interpretation, were not confined exclusively to Roman Catholics. Several dignitaries of the Established Church, with the Lord Primate at their head, withdrew from the councils of Kildare Place. They felt that the daily multiplication of sects in Great Britain, almost beyond the number of texts in the Scripture, was mainly attributable to its indiscriminate circulation, and the capricious interpretation of ignorant and unreasoning intellects.

Disgusted at the gross violation of the promises expressly made by the heads of Kildare Place, a few disinterested and upright men opened a subscription list for the establishment of an Irish National Society, which would diffuse the blessings of moral education without interfering with the religious tenets of those whom it instructed. The list of subscribers was published in the newspapers, and we find the name of Lord Cloncurry heading the list with the munificent donation of £50. Not, however, for many years after did Government place the coping-stone on this philanthropic undertaking.

On Tuesday, May 7, 1824, was held the first great meeting of the Irish National Society. Lord Cloncurry, Archbishop Troy, Sir T. Esmonde, O'Connell, Hamilton Rowan, and others, were present, and protested eloquently and forcibly against the gross inconsistencies of Kildare Place. Lord Cloncurry delivered an excellent speech at this meeting. He observed that it was sometimes customary with him to read aloud the Bible for the edification of his family. From the fact of having repeatedly on such occasions been necessitated either to close the sacred volume, or pass on to another chapter, in consequence of the likelihood of its language sometimes to prove offensive to modest ears, he argued the unfitness

of placing it as a school-book in the hands of youth. Having expressed his disgust at the breach of agreement already referred to, and the insolent unfairness of the society in attempting to vindicate so disgraceful a proceeding, his lordship descanted on the inutility, not to say the danger, of even adults deducing their own conclusions from scriptural language. In the following extract we find his lordship calling upon Government to establish the National System of education. His cries, although for eight years unheeded, were ultimately not in vain.

"I have great hope that Parliament will do something towards the education of the poorer classes in this country. It is melancholy to contemplate the state of wretchedness of a large portion of the Irish peasantry; and I am fully convinced that the great expense which Government is put to for the maintenance of an armed force in this country would be totally unnecessary, if Catholic clergymen had the facilities of imparting the blessings of education to their respective flocks. Well I know the benefits to be derived from education, for in the neighbourhood where I reside an address of Mr. O'Connell's was published and circulated among the peasantry, with the best possible effect. Reason will do much with the Irish people. Kindness will do everything—violence or cruelty nothing. A system of violence and cruelty has been too long pursued towards Ireland."

Lord Cloncurry, on the first establishment of the Kildare Place Society, desirous of giving it every support, applotted a portion of his estate for the purpose of erecting thereon as many of their new schools as possible. Having soon, however, understood that the Bible was ordered to be read aloud during school-time,* without note or comment,

* Lord Cloncurry appears to have watched over the interests of the Roman Catholic Church at this period, like a wary sentinel. O'Connell, who always enjoyed the reputation of being quite *au fait* in this capacity, knew nothing of the breach of faith, on the part of Kildare Place, until his attention was called to it by Lord Cloncurry. On 8th March, 1824, the future Liberator spoke as follows, in the Catholic Association:—"I was myself a subscriber for many years without attending the meetings, because they put forward a notice, that their object was to facilitate education, without interfering

and that such was in antagonism to the principles of Roman Catholics, he applied to the Committee of Kildare Place to know whether this extraordinary order had really been issued. The gentlemen composing that body replied that a recently introduced rule enforced the observance of Bible-reading in schools. "If Roman Catholics," said his lordship, "consider private scriptural perusal dangerous for adults, how much more so would they for children. To obey your rule would be to violate one of their own." A few days subsequent to this, Lord Cloncurry, accompanied by the late Earl of Fingal, and Mr. Randal M'Donnell, proceeded to the society's house, and pointed out to the assembled Biblicals one of their own resolutions, which declared that the benefits of education should be extended to all Christians, without interference with their religious principles, and another ordering the Bible to be used as a school-book, at certain hours every day. "The one," said Lord Cloncurry, "appears to me incompatible with the other. May I beg that you will expunge this offensive regulation, and promise not to interfere with the religious principles of the children." His lordship reasoned, for some time, with the Biblical Committee, but soon was obliged to give up the argument in despair, as, like Hudibras, for every why they had a wherefore.

In the course of a few days, however, he felt himself filled with renewed courage. Lord Cloncurry again waited on the members of the Committee. He calmly explained to them the regulations of the Catholic Church, in respect to the private interpretation of Scripture, and requested that, once for all, they would adhere to the original agreement. The Committee begged leave to assure Lord Cloncurry, that Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, approved of the system. Lord Cloncurry, astonished, withdrew, and, accompanied by the

with the religious tenets of any. My attention was at last aroused by the best of Irishmen, and one far beyond my eulogism. Lord Cloncurry informed me, that in his neighbourhood the institution was perfectly useless, relief having been refused to any school in which the Bible was not received as a school book, without note or comment."

Duke of Leinster, waited on Dr. Troy, in order to ascertain from that prelate whether such an opinion had really been expressed by him. Dr. Troy, in reply, distinctly assured his noble visitors that he neither gave, nor durst give, any such approbation. Lord Cloncurry returned to the Committee, and stated the result of his visit to Dr. Troy. Judge of his astonishment at being informed that it was not Dr. Troy, but another Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Everard, who sanctioned their system. Lord Cloncurry again withdrew. As Dr. Everard resided in Waterford, a personal interview was, of course, out of the question, and, under these circumstances, his lordship requested O'Connell to write to him on the subject. "The answer," said Lord Cloncurry,* "denying, most positively, the assertions of the Committee, was produced to them, to the Duke of Leinster, and to myself. After such equivocal conduct, I thought it my duty to state the case at a general meeting of the society. The persons employed by the Committee on that occasion, and their conduct, is in the recollection of the public; as also, that a scurrilous and indecent pamphlet, abusing me, was offered at the door of the school-house to all persons who attended the meeting. That this infamous libel was printed with the funds of the society, I cannot say, but as it was distributed within their precincts, it is natural to suppose it had the approbation of the Committee, whom I had very unintentionally convicted of falsehood." Disgusted at their inconsistency, their duplicity, and their cant, Lord Cloncurry at once proffered his resignation as a member. The

* See Lord Cloncurry's letter to the Catholic Association, dated December 25, 1824. His lordship concluded in the following words:—"I conclude by reiterating my opinion, that common fair play is all that is necessary to secure the peace and good conduct of the people of Ireland. As the Union has taken away all the chief proprietors, their absence must, as far as possible, be compensated by furnishing employment and food to the people, by a system of drainage and tillage, the building of villages, the institution of modified poor-rates, the abolition of tithes, of corporation laws, of every society giving a power to the few to oppress the many for religion sake. Let the rudiments of education be put within the reach of the poorest, on moderate terms, and in accordance with the religious feelings of their parents. By such regulations peace will be secured, and what is called our overgrown population will be our greatest blessing."

Duke of Leinster, who had been, for two years, president of the institution, withdrew from the same causes. Numbers imitated their example.

Lord Cloncurry's name was much before the public in 1824. On February 16th, he wrote a letter to the High Sheriff of Dublin, on the subject of city tolls, which he considered "to the full as oppressive in their nature, and the mode of collection, as tithes." On 13th March, we find him convening a meeting in the Commercial Buildings, to inquire into the practicability of draining and cultivating the several bogs of Ireland. The resolutions passed at the conclusion of the proceedings show us that nearly three million acres of unproductive bog soil existed, which might, at a moderate expense, be converted into the purposes of agriculture, pasturage, or planting. Furthermore, there appeared to be two millions of acres of waste lands, comprehended chiefly in mountain districts, and convertible to similar purposes. At the conclusion of the meeting it was resolved—"That the reclamation and improvement of these immense tracts would afford an extensive field for the profitable outlay of capital; for the useful occupation of a redundant, growing, and unemployed population, and would mainly contribute to the tranquillity and prosperity of the country."

Impressed by these considerations, and in the hope of receiving the sanction of Parliament, and a helping hand from Government, Lord Cloncurry and his colleagues commenced the formation of a Joint Stock Company, for the purpose of reclaiming the bog soil and waste lands of Ireland. They decided that their capital stock should be £500,000 in 20,000 shares of £25 each; and that no person should subscribe for more than twenty. A committee, consisting of Lord Cloncurry, Baron de Roebeck (his son-in-law), William Murphy, John Burne, K.C., Peter Brophy, and other men of practical experience, was formed in order to carry out the object of the meeting.

For a time nothing could progress with steadier prospects of success, but the British Government declined extending towards it a helping hand, and after a deter-

mined resistance this laudable and ingenious project fell, vanquished, to the ground.

In April, 1824, we find it announced by the public papers that Lord Cloncurry had just offered a premium of £20 to the first person who should bring one hundred tons of potatoes by canal and the Shannon to Limerick; and to a second (conveying a similar quantity) £10. "Why," said the *Evening Post*, "does not Lord Cloncurry find more imitators? Government will lend the money if they can get security." The counties of Limerick and Clare were at this time in a fearful state of destitution.

In 1823 the old Catholic Board underwent an entire remodelling by O'Connell and Shiel. To the massive intellect of O'Connell the Association may be considered as mainly indebted for its strength. The men of Ireland, who appreciated his invaluable services, resolving to show him some mark of their esteem and admiration, decided upon entertaining their gifted countryman at a public dinner. Lord Cloncurry took an active part in the arrangements, and at once consented to occupy the chair. But in consequence of a sudden and grievous domestic calamity—we believe the unhappy married life of his only daughter—Lord Cloncurry was obliged at the eleventh hour to send an apology to his friend, Michael O'Brien:—

[No. 16.] "*June* 1, 1824.

"My dear Sir,—A very heavy and unexpected domestic calamity will prevent my meeting our respected friends on Thursday. Pray apologise for me.

"At the best I felt very unequal to the situation in which their kindness would have placed me, and which nothing but my paramount love for Ireland could have induced me to accept. Feelings, if possible, more strong and more painful, render me now incapable of the exertion. Dear Sir, your faithful Servant, "Cloncurry."

The dinner took place, nevertheless. Three hundred sat down, and Colonel Butler occupied the chair.

Towards the close of the year 1824 Lord Cloncurry left Ireland for Devonshire, where he passed some weeks very pleasantly in the house of a noble and respected friend. Ireland was still the all-engrossing subject of his thoughts. As a souvenir of Lord Cloncurry's visit to

Devon we print the following short note, which we find amongst a large body of correspondence sent to us for publication:—

[No. 17.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

"*Torquay, Devon, December* 24, 1824.

"MY DEAR O'CONNELL,—I have received a letter from London to say, that some friends of Ireland, of high rank, wish to meet you in that city, and they pay me the compliment of asking me to be of the party. Tell me when you are likely to be in London, and nothing shall prevent my meeting you. Perhaps you will visit Devon. The Cliffords, Currys, &c., &c., of this county, are amongst the oldest and most respectable Catholic families in England, and have truly Irish feelings. Ever most truly yours,

"CLONCURRY."

O'Connell took the hint. He, together with Sir Thomas Esmonde, The O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. N. P. O'Gorman, Mr. Richard Lalor Shiel, and some others, formed a deputation and proceeded to London. The Catholic Association had been much calumniated, and their main object in undertaking the pilgrimage was to furnish any member of either House of Parliament with information who might favour them with his inquiries respecting the object, origin, and general proceedings of the Catholic Association of Ireland. The deputation had interviews with Sir Francis Burdett, Henry Brougham, and many other influential men, and was altogether productive of the best results.

On Lord Cloncurry's return from Devon a sad scene presented itself to his view. Valentine Anne Lawless, his first-born son, lay dangerously ill at Baron de Roebeck's residence, near Leixlip. In this manly youth the fondest hopes of the venerable parent were concentrated. His mind appeared completely fashioned after that of his father. His soul glowed with patriotism, and as the vital spark gradually died out, the white flame of nationality blazed the stronger within him. In college he had distinguished himself by the pursuit and attainment of prizes seldom sought by the *nobiles* of Alma Mater. His habits were domestic, and unstained by any of those fashionable vices which too frequently dilapidate the fortunes and destroy the character of the rising aristocracy. After a resolute resistance against the encroaching grasp of death,

Valentine Anne Lawless at length yielded up his spirit to Him who gave it on January 24th, 1825.

"Our readers, on learning this melancholy event," observed the *Evening Post*, while recording his death, "will mingle with their sympathies for the excellent and worthy father, thus severely stricken, a personal regret for the loss of one whose inheritance was patriotism, and whose talents and assiduity promised to give effect to his love of Ireland. To him we were accustomed to look with hopes not unmixed with pride, as to one reared and nurtured in principles and practices favourable alike to the political and economic regeneration of our country. In this heavy and unexpected affliction, we trust that Lord Cloncurry will find some consolation and support in the recollection, that not one genuine friend of truth, honour, or integrity in the land will be insensible to his sufferings, or indifferent to the event which he has such peculiar cause to deplore."

A few weeks previously to his departure for Devon, Lord Cloncurry addressed that celebrated letter to the Catholic Association, in which he recommended O'Connell and Shiel to cease their agitation of the Catholic question for a time, and join in a universal demand for Legislative Independence. "If all Ireland," said his lordship, "were polled, I do not believe, that out of the seven millions one hundred votes would be against the repeal of that finishing act of Ireland's degradation. In that repeal I place my best, my almost only hope, of her regeneration." For some time anterior to the achievement of Emancipation, Lord Cloncurry was of opinion that no Parliament but an Irish one would ever concede either it or a modification of the tithe system. He did not consider it possible that the greatest warrior statesman of the age would tremble on the pinnacle of his power lest the indignant clamour of the Catholics around him should bring him prostrate to the earth. Emancipation was granted in a moment of panic. The trembling minister flung it as he would a lump of meat to a ferocious dog. The concession arose from fear, *not* from a generous or benevolent feeling. "To have withheld it longer," confessed the

great captain of his age, "would have cost me a civil war."

Of the course of policy counselled by Lord Cloncurry in 1824 we cannot approve. O'Connell would not hear of acceding to his proposal; neither would Shiel. Less than five years more sufficed to show them that Lord Cloncurry was wrong, and that *they* were right.

In the letter, however, to which we have referred, Lord Cloncurry took occasion to assure the Association that "a more constant or ardent friend to Emancipation" did not exist. In proof of the sincerity of his sympathy, he enclosed a generous subscription, but at the same time expressed a hope that the Catholic rent and Association would be employed in giving equal happiness to the Protestant and the Catholic, to the liberal Dissenter, and even to the often honest, but ever mistaken Orangeman.

On the recall of Lord Talbot, in 1822, his Excellency, the Marquis of Wellesley, assumed the reins of Irish government. Of all the viceroys that had exercised sway in Dublin Castle since the gentle, but wily Administration of Lord Cornwallis, none were so popular as the Marquis of Wellesley. From him the rampant Orange faction received little encouragement. He was a calm, moderate, clear-sighted man, and saw with one glance the evil results which their fanatical demonstrations and atrocities had so repeatedly provoked. The Orange party were outrageous at this novel line of policy. They nursed a deadly enmity against their Viceroy, and whenever opportunity favoured, squirted at his Excellency some unmistakeable samples of a large existing supply within. On December 14, 1822, he visited the Theatre Royal in state. By the great bulk of the audience, his Excellency's reception was warm and enthusiastic; but with the Orange faction, who constituted the minor portion, the case was different. From groans and hisses, and thunders of Kentish fire, the malcontents proceeded to open violence, and a large quart bottle was hurled at the person of Lord Wellesley. This attempted assault was followed up by another. A watchman's rattle flew, groaning, into the Viceregal box. Both missiles fortunately missed their object.

Four years went over, and 1826 still found the noble Marquis an object of contempt and hatred with the Orange ascendancy. On February 17th, the following hoax advertisement appeared in the *Dublin Evening Mail*.* We transcribe it verbatim:—

✠ "PRIVATE CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE,
"PHŒNIX PARK, FEB. 17, 1826.

"THERE WILL BE A 'ROSARY' AT THE LODGE ON THE EVENING OF MONDAY, THE 20TH INST.

"THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WHO ATTEND ARE REQUESTED TO BRING THEIR OWN BEADS, MUCH CONFUSION HAVING ARISEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF THEIR NEGLECTING TO BRING THESE NECESSARY ARTICLES ON FORMER OCCASIONS."

With Lord Wellesley, throughout the six years of his viceroyalty, Lord Cloncurry was on terms of close intimacy. The noble Marquis had been long known to his lordship, as also to Nicholas, first Lord Cloncurry. Well he loved to pass a day in the rustic seclusion of Lyons or Maretimo, discussing with his hospitable host the various political events of the time. Their communications were not merely oral. The noble lords corresponded extensively.

Lord Cloncurry meanwhile was not altogether oblivious of his friend, Robert Owen's projects for ameliorating the Irish popular condition. He now clearly saw, however, that some Utopianism existed in the scheme, but nevertheless not enough to sink it. By a little judicious modification he entertained great hopes that one of Mr. Owen's

* The *Evening Mail* was first started in 1823. One of its prospectuses has just come into our possession. Amongst other absurd, but plausible promises, it vows to support the Administration of Lord Wellesley, whom it dignifies by the term of excellent "Chief Governor." "Our business," it then goes on to say, "shall be to soften all political asperities, not to provoke the acerbity of party. We shall not excite the passions of one class, nor awaken the dormant prejudices of another. We would unite, not divide, a people whose hearts are naturally susceptible of every social and benevolent impression." What amount of truth animated these promises time has shown. From the first day of its appearance until a comparatively late period, the course pursued by the *Evening Mail* has been quite the opposite. Irishmen will probably not soon forget the truculence of pronouncing the lamentable tithe massacres of 1831 "salutary blood-letting," with a host of other phrases calculated to "unite, not divide," Irishmen, and to completely soften down "the acerbity of party."

co-operation plans could be made subservient to the welfare of an impoverished population. On the 28th Feb., 1826, we find him addressing the Dublin Co-operation Society as follows:—"Without adopting in their full extent the almost Utopian ideas of the benevolent Owen, I am now more fully convinced than I was four years ago of the great advantage it would be to Ireland to establish co-operation villages on his plan. * *

"I know by long experience that our people only require remunerative labour to be a most contented, industrious, and well-regulated people; I know that for their comfort, for the purposes of education, of police, and of improvement, they should be gathered into villages; and I know of no villages so well contrived as those projected by Owen; and I am certain that the population collected in such would, by spade husbandry alone, support themselves and pay a fair rent for land, with interest for the money expended in their establishment. * * When we consider the nature of our soil, the absence of all great proprietors, and the present situation of our abundant and scattered population, it is to me a matter of astonishment that the Government don't prefer an experiment of the kind, to the system of colonization, or to intrusting large sums of money to *pretended* education societies, consisting of *fanatical* dissenters, who perpetuate the ignorance and irritation of the people."

Famine at this time strode through the land. On April 25, a meeting of the inhabitants of Dublin was held in the Royal Exchange, in order to devise some measures to alleviate the appalling distress which so generally prevailed. After stalking through the provinces, and consigning body upon body to the hungry jaws of the graveyard, the awful apparition marched straight on Dublin, and proceeded to enthrone itself in the poorest part of that impoverished city. Hunger and pestilence ravaged the Liberties of Dublin. Messrs. O'Connell, Rowan, Grattan, Latouche, &c., attended the meeting, but Lord Cloncurry was the only peer present. His lordship spoke at some length. He thought the Irish the most suffering people in the universe, and the most undeserving of that

cruel fate. Ireland, so far from only possessing sufficient resources for the support of seven millions, it could, if fairly worked, give ample support to twenty millions. Lord Cloncurry adverted to the English poor laws. They were, he said, no doubt abused; but still he would go on his knees for their introduction into this country. He would lose one-third of his rent by the repeal of the corn laws, still he would willingly accede to the repeal of these laws, to keep the food of Ireland within the bounds of Ireland.

It is easy to spout forth sympathy for the distressed. While famine decimated the land in 1826, the tongues of demagogues wagged in every direction, denunciating England, and expressing frothy sympathy with Ireland. The actual contributors of pecuniary relief were comparatively few. On the morning subsequent to his appearance at the Exchange meeting, Lord Cloncurry addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor, which, according to the *Evening Post* of that day, "contained much invaluable information on the best means of affording permanent employment to the Irish people." What was the satisfaction of the worthy Mayor upon turning over the leaf of his lordship's letter to find a Bank of Ireland note for £100. "Though small," wrote Cloncurry, "in comparison to the exigencies of the sufferers, a similar contribution from the peers of Ireland, proportioned to their rank, will secure present relief."

In August, we find Lord Cloncurry again active. After attending a dinner with the Earls of Leitrim and Bective, given by the Catholics of Ireland to their Protestant advocates, he convenes a public meeting for the purpose of raising funds to support the unemployed and destitute weavers of the Liberty. In his lordship's speech on that occasion, he dwelt at much length on the impositions practised on the people in consequence of the recent change of currency.

In 1825, a general election took place in Ireland. Mr. Henry Grattan, junior, then a very young man, announced himself a candidate for the city of Dublin. The name of Grattan acted like a talisman upon the people.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

They remembered the glorious triumphs which were identified with it; and with one acclaim they cheered the young patriot on to victory. He was returned, but with only a trifling majority; and, to the delight of the whole country, succeeded to his father's constituency.

By one of those irregular, unlooked-for twists which occasionally occur in the machinery of Government, Parliament was, in 1826, dissolved, and a general election became once more necessary. Orangeland, during the interval, foreseeing the probable course of things, spared no labour to increase, by fair means and foul, the number of its electors and freemen. Mr. Grattan, on his part, was not inactive. He had recourse to every allowable expedient for bettering his chances in the forthcoming contest.

Mr. Patrick Andrews, of Dublin, was an old partisan of Henry Grattan. He could bring five freemen (dependents of his) to the poll at a moment's warning. Mr. Grattan, junior, knew and appreciated his value. In the election of the previous year he experienced some service at his hands; and it was a source now of more or less awkwardness to the young commoner when a slight misunderstanding between them led to the estrangement of Mr. Andrews' support. In 1826, on the approach of the second general election, Mr. Grattan made application to Mr. Andrews for his vote and interest. This the latter refused to give, and as six votes at that particular juncture were of no trifling importance, Mr. Grattan felt himself awkwardly and unpleasantly situated.

Mr. Andrews and his father held, in the County Kildare, a tract of land under Lord Cloncurry. As a benevolent, and considerate landlord, both entertained a high respect for his lordship. Lord Cloncurry was well known to be a staunch supporter of the Grattan family; and, considering this, it did not much surprise Mr. Andrews to receive the following letter, duly signed and sealed *à la* Cloncurry. Mr. Grattan's partisans were numerous —some of them most active and persevering; and from one who knew every iota that passed calculated to affect, however remotely, Mr. Grattan's prospects of success in

the coming struggle, the forgery we allude to must be presumed to have come. It was delivered to Mr. Andrews soon after his refusal to assist Mr. Grattan with his vote and interest:—

[No. 18.] LETTER PURPORTING TO BE FROM LORD CLONCURRY TO PATRICK ANDREWS, ESQ.

"*Merrion-square, 8th June*, 1826.

"My dear Sir.—I beg leave to trouble you for your interest and support at Green-street, on Saturday next, on behalf of Mr. Henry Grattan. Your kind compliance shall be always gratefully recollected and *acknowledged* to *you* and *your father*, by, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"Cloncurry."

That this letter never came from Lord Cloncurry the reader, doubtless, needs not to be told. It was an audacious and daring forgery. Mr. Andrews, however, did not view it in this light; and, fearful of provoking the displeasure of a benevolent landlord, at once mustered together the automaton freemen whose votes he commanded, and, on the day specified by his imaginary lordship, proceeded to Green-street and voted for Grattan. On his return home, he addressed the following letter to Lord Cloncurry, with whom, although connected by the ties of landlord and tenant, he never was on terms of the slightest intimacy:—

[No. 19.] MR. ANDREWS TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"5, *Usher's Island, June 15th*, 1826.

"My Lord,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's note of the 8th instant, requiring my interest and support on behalf of Mr. Grattan; in answer to which, I beg leave to say, that your wishes were punctually attended to by me. I now beg to apprise your lordship that I have a similar interest in the County of Dublin, which, if desirable by you, is equally at your command.

"Awaiting your answer, I have the honour to be, my Lord, your lordship's very humble and obedient Servant,

"Patrick Andrews."

His lordship's admirable answer led to an *eclaircissement*. The forgery he alludes to is written in a most unaristocratic, round, caligraphical hand, with the exception of the signature, which has all the appearance of having been affixed by Lord Cloncurry. To counterfeit it so well, the forger must have been well acquainted with his lordship's autograph:—

[No. 20.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. ANDREWS.

"*Lyons, 27th June*, 1826.

"SIR,—In answer to your very obliging favour of the 23rd, I beg leave to thank you for your kindness towards me, and, at the same time, assure you that some person has very improperly used my name to impose on you.

"My wishes in favour of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Talbot* are most sincere and respectful, but I never in my life attempted to influence a tenant of my own in his vote, much less should I do so by a gentleman with whom I have not the honour to be acquainted.

"I love my friends and my country, but I respect the law which forbids peers to interfere in elections to the Commons.

"Sir, your obliged, humble Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

In July, 1826, we find "Honest Jack Lawless" proposing Lord Cloncurry president† of a new political society, entitled the "Liberators of the Forty Shilling Freeholders." The recent electioneering triumphs of that body, no doubt, generated its existence. *Apropos* to it we find the following amongst some letters to Mr. O'Connell. It will be observed that his lordship reiterates the noble sentiment which he expressed, a few weeks previously, to Mr. Andrews:—

[No. 21.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

"*26th July*, 1826.

"MY DEAR O'CONNELL,—I enclose my freehold rent as a mark of my anxious desire to promote the freedom of election.

"Though fond of my rights as a landlord, I never presumed to dictate to a tenant on that subject. On the contrary, I would extend that sacred and necessary privilege, make it of frequent recurrence, and by ballot render unfair influence impossible. I see by the newspapers that I have refused to be one of the order of Liberators, before I was invited to be so—a piece of foppery of which my friends know me to be incapable. When I refuse to join my countrymen in their endeavours to promote general union and happiness, it must be from a consciousness of incapacity, *not* from want of earnest, though very humble, good will.

"Most truly yours,

"CLONCURRY."

As the following letter from Lord Cloncurry, which has been found amongst the papers of the late Father Sheehan of Waterford, is chronologically in place here,

* Mr. Talbot was the candidate for the County of Dublin, and Mr. Grattan for the city.

† His lordship was afterwards elected Knight Grand Master of the same Society.

we insert it. It breathes a fine spirit of patriotism and philanthropy:—

[No. 22.] LORD CLONCURRY TO FATHER JOHN SHEEHAN, P.P.

"*Lyons, August 24th*, 1826.

"Rev. Sir,—I am most grateful for the civility of the Catholics of Munster. There is not an individual who participates more joyfully than I do their approaching emancipation, achieved by their own virtue and constancy, in spite of the hypocritical manœuvres of pretended friends, or the more honourable hostility of sworn foes. At any other time I should most gladly accept the invitation, and join in the patriotic exertions of the Catholics of Munster, and the triumph of the forty-shilling freeholders; but, as a landlord and a citizen, I can now have no thought but of endeavouring to mitigate the dreadful sufferings and more dreadful prospects of the poor people of this deserted land. Of oats and potatoes, the only food which they can aspire to, there is a smaller crop than I have ever known; but it would still be sufficient for their wants if exportation and distillation for the benefit of the absentees and the excise did not enhance the price beyond the means of those even who have employment. Disease and penury extend in every quarter, and without hope of amelioration; even England, to which we have a right to look for assistance—seeing she is the cause of our suffering—even England, that once happy and glorious island, is now paying in wretchedness the debt of Pitt's atrocity and vain desire of extinguishing the spirit of liberty in every quarter of the world, but particularly in Ireland.

"To you, dear Sir, I return my best thanks for the obliging manner in which you communicated the invitation of the Catholics of Munster. 'Unwearied and uncompromising' my exertions have been for near forty years, and, though hitherto unsuccessful, I am more fully than ever convinced of their propriety. England can only be saved by a radical reform, whilst Ireland requires a perfect regeneration—a resident legislature, and a full, fair, and adequate representation of all the people, without religious distinction.* This is, and always was, my panacea; but then, there are good and useful palliatives—emancipation, education, remunerative labour, lopping off sinecures and unmerited pensions, calling in all arrears of the voluntary contributions to the war against France, and equitable adjustment with the fundholders, an absentee tax, and if the hands into which its management might fall did not lead to more oppression, and plunder, a poor rate.

"Ever your faithful Servant,

"Cloncurry."

Lord Cloncurry does not appear to have paid his first visit to the Catholic Association until December, 1826. He was wholly unexpected, and a perfect hurricane of applause greeted him. Mr. Ronayne was deep in the peroration of an eloquent and impassioned speech when the patriotic peer entered the room. "I am rejoiced," said he, "at the interruption. I am glad to see one of

* Lord Cloncurry did not forget, nor was he ashamed of, his United Irishman's oath. See the Union Test, page 68.

the most independent, and decidedly the most honest nobleman in Ireland, come forward amongst us."

The following letter to Counsellor Coppinger forms a good companion to No. 22. The occasion that drew it forth was similar. In tone the letter is not less patriotic; but its views hardly equal in soundness those expressed in the previous communication. The reader will be amused to see that Lord Cloncurry's "unalterable conviction" at this period was, that emancipation never could be obtained, nor would it be worth obtaining, save from an Irish Parliament. In his letter to Mr. Sheehan he congratulates the Catholics on their approaching emancipation. As the following extracts from a letter of Mr. Coppinger's to the author are introductory to his lordship's communication, we subjoin them:—"In the autumn of 1827 a great provincial meeting of the Catholics of Munster was held in Cork, to which I was appointed secretary, and subsequently a grand public dinner at which the present British ambassador at Athens, Mr. Wyse, presided. As secretary, I sent invitations for the meeting and dinner to several Protestant noblemen and gentlemen, M. P.s and others, who were most distinguished for their support of Catholic Emancipation; and, foremost among those friends of civil and religious liberty, was the late patriotic and lamented subject of your forthcoming memoir, to whom I addressed a warm invitation, and received in reply the letter which I now enclose. If, by so doing, I can aid you, in however trifling a degree, in preparing a work which in your hands, I doubt not, will prove highly interesting to the admirers of the late noble *Lord of Lyons*, I shall be gratified."

[No. 23.] LORD CLONCURRY TO S. COPPINGER, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

"*Lyons, Celbridge, 28th August*, 1827.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to be so circumstanced that I cannot avail myself of the kind invitation of the Catholics of Munster for the 30th inst. Pray make my most grateful acknowledgments to them, and assure them of my unalterable devotion to their cause as founded in justice, and vitally essential to the best interests of my country.

"Ireland can no longer be despised; she can no longer be plundered with impunity of her wealth and her rights. Her voice will be heard, and her cause

respected, in every quarter of the globe. How glorious will it be to the Catholics, if to them their country shall owe her restored prosperity! if, forgetting whatever is personal, they demand their own rights as *part only* of what is due to Ireland. Does any man doubt that a resident legislature would long since have emancipated the Catholics? Does any man recollect famine, contagion, or death by starvation in the midst of superabundance, whilst we had to resist Parliament, corrupt as it was?

"I am an enemy to half measures. That they are not only dishonourable but useless is, I am certain, at this moment felt, and will be so by the great statesmen of England, who have lately sacrificed so much to the hope of doing good. Much as I love my Catholic countrymen, I would not have voted for the Union as the price of emancipation; and I am strongly of opinion that emancipation never can be obtained, or be worth obtaining, but from an Irish Parliament.

"These, my unalterable opinions, have, under every circumstance, given me the comfort of an approving conscience, and have gained me what I value above all earthly possessions, the love of my countrymen.

"I beg leave, my dear Sir, to return very many thanks for your most obliging letter, and remain, with great respect, &c.,

"CLONCURRY."

The year 1827 is remarkable in the life of Lord Cloncurry, inasmuch as it was then he made public, for the first time, his justly celebrated project of a ship canal between Galway and Dublin. On the 29th November a most numerous and influential meeting was held for the purpose of considering its practicability and advantages. The peer, the landholder, the merchant, the practical and the professional man, assembled on that occasion. Although some differences of opinion prevailed, all appeared animated by one feeling—an anxiety to benefit the community of which they formed a part. Lord Cloncurry spoke well, and at more than ordinary length. Limited as is the space to which this volume necessarily confines us, we cannot, in justice to the good peer, avoid giving some extracts from his speech:—

"It is generally admitted," said he, "that want of employment, or of honest means of subsistence, is felt by the labouring classes in Ireland more heavily than in any other country with which we are acquainted; and that in spite of a most productive soil, and of a very charitable population, famine is no longer a stranger in our land; but that, Tantalus-like, our poor, though surrounded by abundance, are martyrs to the most abject want. Famines from dearth we have heard of, but a famine in a plentiful country is like some other peculiarities only to be met with in Ireland, and only since the Union." * * Referring to the projected ship canal, his lordship said:—"It will tend to the improvement of the great central boggy district, consisting of 884,000 acres, and nearly half as much waste land in Galway and Mayo. It would, while doubling the fisheries and coasting trade of our western shores, make them entire part and parcel of Great Britain. On the

other hand, it would pay England by giving facility and security to her trade, opening new mines of wealth, by the awakened industry of the people, and by giving a naval station to the windward of all Europe. These are my opinions, and they are not unsupported by other and abler men, many of whom I am happy to see around me. * * I do not pretend to say that, as a speculation, this canal would speedily pay; neither have individuals the capital to venture; but I think that under our unhappy circumstances, seeing that the yearly drain cannot be continued without some return, seeing that misery and consequent insecurity increase yearly and daily, I know no means so likely to palliate the evil as the employment of a large body of the people. The bayonet or the spade being the alternative, I prefer the latter. Let us not imagine that things can go on as they are. The constables now cost one hundred times what they did when I was a boy, yet security is diminished. No man can lament more than I do the necessity of calling on the people of England at this moment for one farthing; but as they favoured us with the Union, they should share its consequences, and give us back, in some shape, a part of the four millions annually sent to our absentees."

Lord Cloncurry then proceeded to demolish some weak objections urged against the practicability of his project, and to read aloud several letters he had received from eminent nautical men, expressive of their opinion that a ship canal was deserving of serious consideration. Lord Cloncurry also submitted the estimate of Mr. Killaly, a distinguished engineer, for erecting the mighty work proposed. Amongst the speakers were Lords Llandaff, Miltown, and Killeen, General Cockburne, the Lord Mayor, Messrs. O'Connell, Finlay, Grattan, Curran, and Leader.

A respectable Committee was at once selected, to consider and report upon the expediency of the scheme. After mature deliberation, they submitted the result of their inquiry to the public. They dwelt upon the advantages of increased intercourse with America, the augmentation of arable and productive land by drainage, the considerable amount of time gained in an American or West Indian voyage by means of the ship canal, the cessation of danger in the Channel, whether arising from storms or privateers, the employment of the starving peasantry in forming the work, and lastly, its importance as affording a most useful resource for national defence in case of war. In conclusion, they solicited Government to award them an annual grant, should the entire sum necessary for its construction prove at that time inconveniently large.

The estimate, which amounted to nearly five millions, alarmed the minister. Deputations waited on him, and petitions were presented, but each was invariably dismissed with an assurance that nothing could be more vague and impracticable than the project. He refused to aid them with one solitary sou, and buttoned his pockets as he bowed each deputation frigidly to the door. Scotland, about this period, received liberal Parliamentary aid towards coast improvement and inland navigation. To the Caledonian Canal alone a million of money was awarded by England. But what right had poor Cinderella Ireland to hope for aught from her haughty sister kingdom?

For some months after the great Dublin meeting, both governmental spokesmen and popular declaimers were busily occupied in giving expression to their respective opinions on the practicability of a ship canal between Galway bay and Kingstown harbour. The ministerial organs do not appear to have been particularly nice in their selection of words relative to Lord Cloncurry and his proceedings. The *Morning Herald*, with a shout of defiance at Johnson's Vocabulary, severely censured Lord Cloncurry for "*bothering*" the public. It was *apropos* to this and other offensive expressions, that his lordship addressed the following letter

[No. 24.] TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MORNING HERALD."

"*Fenton's Hotel, Dec.* 14, 1827.

"SIR,—Will you allow me, in answer to some observations in your paper of Tuesday, to trouble you with a very few lines on the subject of the Dublin and Galway ship canal? When first I endeavoured to turn public attention to that undertaking, I exerted myself to procure the best information in my power from scientific and professional men, engineers, naval officers, and masters of vessels, acquainted with the navigation of the Channel, and of the Atlantic. * *

"I should be sorry 'to bother' any person. No Irishman has ever complained of me on that score. The only object I have in view is to serve my own country, with the least possible cost to England. You know, Sir, by general report, how severe and universal are the distresses of the working classes in Ireland. That distress has increased every year since the Union, and if it be not now checked the most ruinous consequences must result. Ireland can, at present, do nothing for herself. I am heartily sorry to call on England, under her present difficulties, to assist us. She must, however, feel that she is deeply interested, and, perhaps, she may also acknowledge that she is somewhat to blame. Let her consider and determine what remedy, or, if you will, what nostrum she will administer to her suffering

sister—emigration of a million, at a cost of twenty millions; an army of sixty thousand bayonets, with some doubt of its efficiency; or the employment of thirty thousand spades, at the expense of a million, to form the proposed canal. I favour the latter, because I believe it would greatly serve both countries; but I only solicit investigation and inquiry in the first instance. As a speculation, it may be as amusing and more useful than the depth of the Polar Sea, or the generative powers of the elephant.

"In promoting quiet discussion, I have no selfish object in view, and sincerely lament the circumstances which have prompted me either to intrude on the time of the public, or the space of your journal.—I am, Sir, &c.,

"CLONCURRY."

Months elapsed. Lord Cloncurry, ardent and impulsive, still agitated his favourite project, and pressed its advantages on the attention of an unmoved and imperturbable Legislature. His arguments were laughed at, and his petitions spurned. They declared themselves unable, from the extent of the national debt, to bestow the smallest pecuniary trifle on Ireland, and vindicated this proceeding with so much plausibility that even Lord Cloncurry himself saw, or fancied he saw, the impracticability of the ship canal, under existing circumstances. In the *Freeman's Journal* of March 24, 1828, we find an able letter from Lord Cloncurry on this subject, wherein, after defending himself from some aspersions of the *Morning Herald*, which declared that "knaves were goading on his lordship to agitate the ship canal," he writes:—I did hope that so much of it would been begun this very year, as would have connected Dublin with Kingstown, and Galway with Ballinasloe. But, on contemplating the financial embarrassments of England, I ceased to urge the subject, though fully convinced of its paramount importance to both countries; and I gave way to gentlemen of greater talent, who brought forward less costly measures of relief, and of which I entirely approve, without giving up my own opinion as to the greater project. I rejoice, Sir," he continued, "that from my humble endeavours on that subject has arisen the 'Society for the Improvement of Ireland,' and I am not without hope, that from the exertions of that society much good will arise, by pointing out to my countrymen the extent of their own resources, if properly directed; and to the people of England, the advantages she must gain by the prosperity of Ireland."

The project of a ship canal was accordingly abandoned by Lord Cloncurry; but it took such a grasp of some speculators' minds, that, for long after, we find modifications of the idea periodically suggested by them. Perhaps the most ingenious was that mooted by a Mr. Dawson. We may observe that the cost of executing the plans, maps, and surveys connected with the original scheme, amounted to £300, which, with the exception of £50, contributed by the Duke of Leinster, emanated entirely from Lord Cloncurry's private purse.

The Society for the Improvement of Ireland may be regarded as the offspring of Lord Cloncurry's Herculean project, and its birth may be dated from April, 1828. Some of the ablest intellects in the country formed its Committee. They decided that it should sit in Dublin at stated periods, and in particular for some weeks before, and frequently during the sitting of Parliament, so as to be prepared to inform and assist the Legislature and Government upon means of procuring encouragement and relief for the people of Ireland, as might seem best suited to preserve domestic tranquillity, ensure national happiness, increase the strength, and consolidate the resources of the empire at large.

A special Committee of peers and gentlemen, headed by Lord Cloncurry, having drawn up the views of the society, and laid them before the Lord Lieutenant, his Excellency observed that the more comfortable the people could be made, the more the laws would be respected. He hoped that his Administration might be the means of extending domestic tranquillity by adding to the prosperity of the country: and, in conclusion, informed the deputation, that in the event of their excluding politics from their councils, the society should not be interfered with by Government, Nay, more, he promised to promote their object, in any manner consistent with his official station. We may add, that in those days very few associations of a national character were permitted to exist in Ireland.

There was thus a constitutional communication established between the Government and the people, and the

most beneficial results were confidently looked forward to by all true Irishmen. The society at once went to work, and soon devised and recommended such means as might be capable of increasing Irish capital, from new and untouched resources, without having recourse to foreign aid. It was not many weeks in existence when Lord Rossmore addressed a letter to the Committee, on the subject of the Catholic question; but they informed his lordship, in reply, that however important to the permanent improvement of Ireland its settlement might be, the Society considered they were precluded, by their established plan, from entertaining any such political question. Lord Cloncurry knew well, and he declared so, that their only chance of success was in the exclusion of politics. Introduce the Catholic question as one of their topics, and they would become, in algebraic phrase, an evanescent quantity. Those members opposed to Emancipation would resign, and they who were its advocates very soon merge the character of the patriot economist in that of the political partisan. Every week regularly the society met in the Mansion House, Lord Cloncurry almost invariably occupying the chair, and addressing to his colleagues short but animated speeches of shrewd suggestion and able argument. For more than two years Lord Cloncurry was at his post, suggesting to a deaf, but not dumb, minister, such practical measures as were calculated to encourage agriculture, foster and support our manufactures, aid the fisheries, reclaim the waste lands, extend inland navigation, and open communications into remote and hitherto neglected districts.

Lord Cloncurry's speech at the inauguration of the society deserves to be given:—

"Ireland," said his lordship, "wanted no assistance to promote her welfare, unless the union of her own people. It would benefit Ireland, and convey great assistance to England too. He would call the attention of Irishmen to those great sources of wealth which Ireland so pre-eminently possessed—her rich soil, and her navigable rivers and seas. [Cheers.] He would rather call the attention of his countrymen to these, than look to England for the establishment of trades, which she might, as she did, take away at her own pleasure or caprice. There were twelve millions of acres in Ireland; two of these were reclaimable bog, more than two millions were entirely neglected,

and not one acre of the entire was well cultivated or tilled. He had himself, in his own hands, eight hundred acres, and, although he kept one hundred men continually employed, yet he could not say that one acre was properly cultivated. If England gave only fair play, Ireland would remove the necessity of receiving foreign corn. If there were any defalcation in the crops, she would meet the demand. [Cheers.] The poor people who were to be transported, or turned out on the roads, there to rob or die, constituted a mine of wealth that ought to be properly worked. If their exertions tended to produce any good, they would not only be rewarded in this life by an increase of riches, but bring with them, before their Maker hereafter, the consoling reflection of having saved their country. [Loud cheers.]"

To the Society for the Improvement of Ireland we will shortly again have occasion to advert.

Amongst those Englishmen who fearlessly advocated the cause of Catholic Emancipation was Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle. Lord Cloncurry, the Duke of Leinster, and other friends of civil and religious liberty, resolved to entertain him at a public dinner. His Grace presided, and, at the close of the proceedings, proposed, in most complimentary terms, the health of Lord Cloncurry. "I really feel so happy," said his lordship, "as to be unable to speak. I feel, however, that I ought to say a few words in such an assembly of my countrymen. I shall acknowledge some of my political sins, for I remember, on a former occasion, to have said, that England had never considered this country as worthy of any further notice than as an object for plunder, and when left worth little, to be abandoned a prey to men whose interest it was to perpetuate her calamities. We have had two specimens* from the sister country, who are an honour to the land that has given them birth, and whose names will be a tower of strength to the cause of Ireland. Their sympathies for my unfortunate country have entirely won my heart. We must, my Lord, second our English friends, by avoiding everything that may excite the angry passions of those who are opposed to us; but we will continue to say, that we are determined to persevere in calling for the full restoration of those rights which have been so long withheld from Ireland."

At a public banquet to Lord Killeen, a warm advocate

* Lords Anglesey and Morpeth.

of the Catholic claims,* on the 18th February subsequently, Lord Cloncurry took occasion to return the Duke of Leinster's compliment, by proposing, in an animated speech, his Grace's health. "Grattan, Curran, and Ponsonby," said he, "are now in the mansions of bliss; but they have left behind them, on earth, worthy representatives, who will still sustain the character, and defend the rights of old Ireland. When he mentioned the name of Leinster, it would, he was sure, be well received in a company of Irishmen." Lord Cloncurry concluded a long speech with an affectionate allusion to "his dear friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald." "The applause," observed the *Freeman's Journal*, "which ensued at the mention of this name, lasted for several minutes."

To enumerate all the patriotic and philanthropic meetings which Lord Cloncurry attended throughout this year would be impossible. He was continually before the public, as may be ascertained by reference to the journals of the day. Meanwhile the good peer was not idle in endeavouring to extend the benefits of Education. This we may pronounce to have ever been his favourite "hobby;" and rarely was he known to relinquish its reins. The Kildare-place Society was still dragging out a lingering existence; but nevertheless assuming a bold front, and shouting periodically, "Never say die!" In February, 1829, they upbraided Lord Cloncurry for his absence, and vauntingly asserted that he was one of their first associates. His lordship made a good speech in vindication of his conduct. "It has been stated," said he, "that I was an early supporter of this charity. My rule always has been to support every charity that my means will permit, and I should extend that rule equally to the Dissenters of

* Lord Cloncurry's political speech on this occasion was fervent and effective. "It was," he believed, "unnecessary for him to trespass on the meeting, by making many observations. His feelings were too well known; he was long in public life, and his sentiments were not changed. He had, for many years, entertained a bias for liberality and justice—for liberality and freedom were only justice. [Cheers.] He was now in his age, yet he felt all the warmth and enthusiasm of youth in the cause of Ireland. [Cheers.] No Catholic ever was, or could be more anxious, for the Emancipation of Ireland, than he," &c.

Strand-street and to my Catholic neighbours. I cheerfully supported this society at the onset, because I was led to believe, from its name, that it would be productive of great practical utility in the dissemination of education; but if I could have foreseen, that by any regulation the majority of the poor would be prevented from enjoying the blessing it was calculated to afford, that if, instead of being a source of charity and good will, it was to become the prolific cause of religious strife, I certainly should not have given it my countenance."*

While the National School system remained in unpromising embryo, a new education society, on a Catholic basis, started into existence. On the 21st April, 1829, it held its first annual meeting in Marlborough-street Chapel, and unanimously passed a vote of thanks to Lord Cloncurry for his exertions in the cause of secular education. The secretary, on communicating this to his lordship, received the following reply:—

[No. 25.] "*Maretimo, 30th April*, 1829.

"Sir,—I am extremely obliged by the very complimentary allusion of the Education Society, and to you for your expressions of civility. There are few things for which I am now more anxious than for the extension of the blessings of education to the poor of Ireland.

"I have laboured rather successfully in that good cause; but I have now better hopes, from the exertions of the Catholic hierarchy and the good feeling of the Government.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

"Cloncurry."

We have seen, by the observations which fell from Lord Cloncurry at the Exchange meeting, in 1825, that he was a warm advocate for the extension of a system of poor laws to Ireland. Throughout the five following years he continued to speak in their favour. In 1828 his lordship said:—"The prosperity of England arose, in

* One of Lord Cloncurry's ablest pamphlets was apropos to this subject. In 1826 appeared his "Letter to the Marquis of Downshire on the Conduct of the Kildare-place Society and the Employment of the Poor." Of this his lordship presented eight copies to the Dublin Library. The other pamphlets by Lord Cloncurry, exclusive of his "Thoughts on the Union," are—"Suggestions on the Necessity, and on the best Mode of levying Assessments for local Purposes in Ireland," "Letter to the Duke of Leinster on Police and State of Ireland," &c.

my opinion, out of the poor laws. But because there have recently been discovered some abuses in their administration, it is improperly argued that the system is intrinsically bad. If the poor laws were a check on population, I for one would oppose their introduction into Ireland. It is not the population, but the poverty of the population, that is injurious to a country. The rich can now close their gates against the calls of the poor, and they are thus thrown for maintenance on the lower orders. But if there was an equitable system of poor laws, both parties would be more comfortable, and the rich more secure."

The late lamented George Evans, of Portrane, High Sheriff for the Co. Dublin, was a connexion, by marriage, of Lord Cloncurry. General William Lawless, his lordship's cousin, stood in the relation of son-in-law to Mr. Evans. Between the latter and Lord Cloncurry a warm intimacy had long subsisted. They loved to converse upon the political condition of Ireland, and when circumstances rendered that impracticable, they corresponded. By the annexed letter we find that Mr. Evans differed with Lord Cloncurry on the subject of poor laws. The letter is characteristic of its excellent author, and contains many sound views.

[No. 26.] GEORGE EVANS, ESQ., D.L., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Portrane, May 23rd*, 1829.

"DEAR LORD CLONCURRY,— * * Your views do not quite agree with mine. When I differ from a person so distinguished for his attachment to his country, and for his unwearied exertions for its welfare, I should, perhaps, be inclined to mistrust my own opinion and defer to his; but as yet I am not convinced, and I thus inflict on your lordship a view of my scepticism.

"It is an easy task to declaim with warmth and pathetic eloquence on the hardships that the Irish poor endure, and to adduce as further crimes against the Irish landlords the Sub-letting Act and the Disfranchisement of the Forty-shilling Freeholders. To oppose these topics, which naturally excite sympathy, may be invidious, and in some degree difficult, by the excitement produced by the very discussion itself; yet, when so imminent a scourge, as I conceive the Poor Laws to be, are advocated by many well-meaning and influential persons, I did think that perhaps my humble, and, I trust, dispassionate view might not at this time be entirely irrelevant. I believe that public opinion is running in a current too strong to be well directed, and that we lose sight of the disadvantages attending the introduction of the system, which, from English experience, are not problematical, to adopt what in itself is no way adapted to the civil or political state of the country.

"Your society are eagerly employed in furthering what is strictly the work and advantage of the English landlords, who are themselves writhing under the infliction of the Poor Laws. It is certainly not from love and affection that they wish to introduce them into Ireland, but in the vain hope of alleviating their own evils; but I affirm, that they must fail in this, without they are able to impose upon the rental and capital of Ireland a rate equivalent to their own, otherwise the temptation of high wages in England will induce the Irish labourer still to leave the Irish shores. Now, I should be glad you would pause a little, and calculate what amount would be required to raise the price of labour in this country to a par with that in England, and if you think you can afford the introduction on these terms, why then there is an end to my objection. But, you will say, we only want the introduction of the system, such as it was in the time of Queen Elizabeth—we only want to support the old and infirm. I do not think that many are prepared to go further, and would shudder at the idea of introducing the English system; but let us pay due attention to the opinions of the English, both in and out of Parliament. They, no doubt, talk of a provision for the old and infirm, but this is only incidental with their other arguments; they do not rest their advocacy on this point; they do not hesitate to declare, that they want to be relieved from the competition, not of the old and infirm, who never emigrate, and who are maintained by the benevolence of their own countrymen, but from the competition of the able-bodied Irish labourer, to whom, if you do not pay eighteen pence or two shillings a day at home, must still enter into competition with the English labourer. Suppose we are to have the Rates introduced into this country, independent of the expenses I have alluded to, what a system of petty litigation will arise—what myriads of small attorneys will people all the villages in the kingdom. I wish some unbiassed person would pass the summer months in England, and after visiting the different parts of it, report to your society the blessings of the Poor Rates. * * * * * * * *

"With much esteem, &c.

"George Evans."

Lord Cloncurry was, we believe, disappointed at the inadequate relief afforded by the working of the Poor Law machinery when afterwards set in motion. He knew that the Royal Commissioners proved two million three hundred thousand persons to be in a state of destitution, and was much mortified to find, that after all that had been said and promised, the Poor Houses only afforded shelter to 80,000.

The following correspondence, which has recently been forwarded to us, will show how feelingly alive Lord Cloncurry ever was, in his magisterial capacity, to the applications of the poor, and how energetically he exerted himself to serve them, although, as often happened, unknown to him previously, even by name. Well might Lord Charlemont, at the Moore banquet, in 1818, and

O'Connell, at the Catholic Association, in 1824, warmly panegyrize his lordship as "the poor man's magistrate:"—

[No. 27.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

"*Lyons, 12th October*, 1829.

"My Lord Duke,—I solicit your Grace's attention to the enclosed letter, being a copy of one of several written by me in behalf of William Girty, of Dublin, stable-keeper and dealer, who, having embarked at Milford, on the 19th of May last, on board the "Crocodile," post-office steamer, Captain Nuttall, was by him forced to pay state-cabin fare for himself and one Murray, a person in his employ; Nuttall threatening to put them from on board if he did not submit to the imposition.

"Satisfied that the money would have been instantly repaid, on the mistake being ascertained, I wrote, in the first instance, to Secretary Freeling, instead of intruding, on so trifling a matter, on the time of your Grace; and this has given me much trouble, to which I have only submitted in the hope of obtaining redress for a deserving person, who complains to me of a transaction appearing to me arbitrary and oppressive in the extreme, if not dishonest. I have to apologise for thus troubling your Grace, and have the honour to be, with great respect, my Lord, your Grace's faithful Servant,

"Cloncurry.

"Legal fare, Girty, ...	£0	15	0
" Murray, artisan, ...	0	5	0
	£1	0	0
"State cabin fare, ...	£3	0	0

"Girty offered to pay for Murray, being in his employ, the same as for himself."

[No. 28.] LORD CLONCURRY TO SIR FRANCIS FREELING, SECRETARY TO THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE, LONDON.

"*Maretimo, October*, 1829.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd instant, and am happy to think that the correspondence, which I fear must have been troublesome to a person so occupied in the public service as you are, and which has been extremely so to me, is drawing to a close; for I am convinced that, on a review of the case, his Grace the Postmaster-General will order the overcharge of Captain Nuttall to be repaid to the complainant, Mr. William Girty. The affidavits of Girty and of Murray remain uncontradicted, and are probably unanswerable. I went to Dublin purposely to inquire into the truth, and I believe these persons have not in any instance departed from it.

"The case stands thus:—Girty and Murray having crossed in the usual cheapest manner, from Tenby to Milford, sought the captain of the packet; not finding him they went to the agent's office, and described themselves,

Girty as a horse-keeper and dealer, Murray as a mechanic and artisan; they were entitled to their passage, Girty for 15s., Murray for 5s., but Girty having taken Murray in his service, was willing to treat him as he did himself, and to make him a deck passenger at 15s. After they were on board, Captain Nuttall threatened to force them out of the vessel unless they became state cabin passengers, at double the fare agreed to in the office. The reason assigned by the captain is, that from what he heard and saw, he took them for gentlemen. What he heard has been contradicted on oath, and as to what he saw, an old and good sailor is not necessarily *a judge of gentlemen*. He has evidently made a mistake, and thereby deprived these poor men of nearly their last shilling, at above an hundred miles from home. I say nothing as to the oddity of the regulations vesting such power in the captain, nor as to the possibility of the mistake being wilful. Mistakes are every day made—if a letter be overcharged, there is a remedy at the Post-Office: these persons being overcharged, seek from his Grace the redress, which I doubt not he will afford. I am really ashamed to be so troublesome—a sense of justice alone impels me to it—I would rather pay the loss ten times over than take the trouble I have done. Murray I do not recollect to have ever seen. Girty I only know from going occasionally to his stables, or his father's, for very many years. He complained to me as a magistrate, and a person not unwilling to serve the poor; he says he has been arbitrarily and cruelly treated. If by falsehood he has induced me to be unjust to Captain Nuttall, I will apologise; but let the truth be inquired into. I wish to refer the case to an excellent public servant and gentleman, Sir Edward Lees, of the Post Office, or to Captain Skinner, of the Holyhead station. Girty will be found attending his stable in Merrion Row, Dublin, and Murray working as a glazier in the same premises.

"Though it was a high compliment to dub these persons gentlemen, I think Captain Nuttall had no right to charge so highly for his diploma. Many magistrates would interpret it into an extortion of money under false pretences; or to putting into dread and fear; for if they did not submit to the arbitrary and illegal demand, they had no alternative but to spend their few remaining shillings at the Milford Inn, and if they had not credit at Waterford, they must have walked or begged their way to Dublin.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

That the poor men never received compensation will, we think, be evident, upon perusing the following extract from a letter addressed by Lord Cloncurry to Mr. F. W. Conway, exactly one month subsequent to the date of the above:—"An industrious and humble citizen of Dublin," said his lordship, "has been most shamefully defrauded, and redress refused by the salaried servants of the English post-office, both high and low. Has the Duke of Manchester any right to dictate to a traveller what part of the mail or of the packet he is to go in?"

A short time anterior to Lord Cloncurry's diatribe on

the English postal officials generally, some reports of the Irish post-office were, for the first time, published. The London ministerial journals accused the Postmaster and his assistants of gross mismanagement, and endeavoured to prove that reformation was badly wanting in the carriage of the Irish mails. Lord Cloncurry bridled at what he conceived to be an insult, and was not sorry at the opportunity afforded him of retaliating.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Anglesey Administration—His Excellency for Fifty Years a Tory—Catholic Demands to be met, not by Concession, but by Powder and Ball—Three thousand simultaneous Meetings—Lord Anglesey introduced to Lord Cloncurry—Commencement of their Intimacy—Miraculous Conversion of his Excellency—"Billy" Murphy exercises unbounded influence over him—The celebrated Letter to Primate Curtis—Interesting Correspondence between Lord Anglesey and the Duke of Wellington—Letter from Sir Robert Peel—Recall of Lord Anglesey—Lord Cloncurry's Speech on this Event—A universal Gloom throughout Ireland—The People accompany their Viceroy to the Water-Side—Emancipation wrested from the British Minister—Lord Kenyon exhorts his Orange Brethren to Resistance—Brunswick Meeting in Dublin—"Protestants, up now, or sink for ever"—The Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees' extraordinary Petition to Parliament—Death from Politics of the Society for the Improvement of Ireland—O'Connell unfurls, for the first Time, his Standard of Repeal—The Leinster Declaration—Intense Excitement—A Modification of the Union discussed by Ministers—Michael Staunton and the *Morning Register*—Private Letters from Lord Cloncurry to Mr. Staunton—"Honest Jack Lawless"—Letter to J. D. Mullen—The Victory at Ballybay—Lord Cloncurry offers Prizes of £100 each for original Essays on Irish Political Subjects—His Lordship's Address to the Irish Members—Downfall of the Wellington Cabinet—Second Viceroyalty of Lord Anglesey—Unpopular Appointments—Indignation of the People at the Elevation of Mr. John Doherty to the Bench—Letter of the Viceroy to Lord Cloncurry—Miserable Position of the former—Lord Cloncurry refuses to join O'Connell in the Repeal Agitation—Indignation of O'Connell—His three Public Letters to Lord Cloncurry—The Algerine Act—Arrest of O'Connell—Anecdotes—Lord Cloncurry appointed Chairman of the Commissioners of Education—He organizes a Series of Reform Meetings—Created a British Peer and Privy Councillor—His Lordship's Conduct misconstrued—Letters to Mr. Staunton.

The Administration of General Henry William Paget, Marquis of Anglesey, forms an epoch in the history of Ireland. For half a century this nobleman had been a starched and bigoted Tory, averse to the removal of Catholic disabilities, inflated with senseless political prejudices, and filled with some most preposterously false notions concerning Ireland's condition, and the character of her people.

At Waterloo and the Peninsular campaign he learned the art of arms; in the narrow-minded circles of English society he imbibed his prejudices. Displaying his professional passion for the one, while avowing the unhealthy existence of the other, Lord Anglesey went so far as to declare, in the House of Lords, that he would drown the clamour of the Catholic Association beneath the thunder of English artillery, and trample the demagogues of Ireland under the hoofs of his own regiment of hussars. "If the Irish are for war," said he, "the sooner they draw the sword the better." In 1826, his lordship voted against Emancipation, and, with an energetic declaration, that the rebellous threats of the Catholics were to be met, not by concessions, but by powder and ball. To this speech, and that vote, he is said to have owed his elevation to the Irish Viceroyalty.

On the accession of the Red-coated ministry, or as others designated it, the Fighting-cabinet, to office in 1828, Henry Marquis of Anglesey was, at once, selected by the Duke of Wellington, as his Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland. The Catholic organization had, at that time, assumed a most formidable aspect; and the policy of deputing a military Viceroy to the Government of Ireland was recommended, and appreciated by the British Cabinet. Simultaneous meetings, to the number of three thousand, were frequently held, after the sacrifice of the Mass, in every parish church throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Thus, five millions of a brave, determined people demanded, at the same moment, a restoration of those rights of which more than a century before they had been treacherously robbed. The hearts of the Brunswickers beat quick, and terror blanched their countenances, as millions of Catholic aspirations ascended to the Throne of heaven, beseeching the great Omnipotent that He, in His clemency, would promote their cause.

Lord Anglesey arrived with his hand upon his sword hilt. He gazed around upon the long-suffering, long-enduring people, whom he had been deputed to dragoon. He felt his prejudices, one by one, evaporate. The heart

of the old soldier softened; his grasp of the sabre gradually relaxed; and, at length, a smile of benevolence and concord animated his countenance. Soon after the Viceroy's arrival in Ireland it was his good fortune to meet, at the house of Captain Burdett, Valentine Lawless, Lord Cloncurry. What passed between them on this occasion we know not; but, certain it is, their acquaintance speedily ripened into an intimacy that continued cordial and uninterrupted for twenty years after. That Lord Cloncurry succeeded completely in converting the noble Englishman to his own way of thinking there can be, we believe, little doubt. Clearly discerning sincerity in Cloncurry's honest face, and well knowing that he had nothing to expect at his (Lord Anglesey's) hands, the Viceroy, at once, declared himself open to conviction, and anxious for any useful information regarding the interests of Ireland. Lord Cloncurry advised him to form opinions for himself, and not to receive them as all his predecessors, save Lord Wellesley, had done, second-hand from the false reporters who stood between the country and the Castle. After the lapse of a short period, Lord Anglesey informed Lord Cloncurry that he had resolved to set aside the bloated staff of lawyers, jobbers, and privy councillors, usually attached, in more than one sense, to that establishment, and requested his lordship would introduce to him, at once, some person of sound common sense, and practically acquainted with the wants, resources, and evils of the country. Lord Cloncurry advised him to send for the late William Murphy, or as he was better known, Billy Murphy, a gentleman who for intelligence, and thorough knowledge of business, could not possibly be excelled. This his Excellency did, and with the best results. For a considerable time after, Mr. Murphy exercised over Lord Anglesey almost unbounded influence, to the no small annoyance of the Orange clique, the High Church party, and the Castle corruptionists.

Weeks elapsed, and Lord Anglesey still pursued his inquiries. Like the English family of Geraldine, who were said to have soon become more Irish than the Irish themselves, it would be difficult to decide whether Lord

Anglesey or Lord Cloncurry was, in 1828, the greater patriot. After lending his countenance to various patriotic movements, he issued an order that every member of the viceregal household should be clad in Irish manufacture; and publicly announced that the moment the 7th Regiment of Hussars, of which he was colonel, should arrive in Ireland, he would make every man of them clothe himself completely in the product of the Irish loom. What was still more welcome news to the Irish people, he pledged himself that every penny of his viceregal salary should be spent in Ireland.

In 1828 the strength of the Catholic Association reached its climax in the return* of O'Connell for the County Clare, although Roman Catholics were at that time, and for a century before, inadmissible to Parliament. O'Connell, however, who detected loopholes in every law statute that he chanced to go to the trouble of examining, insisted that he could and would get into th Imperial Parliament, notwithstanding certain ministerial teeth which grinned defiance at him across St. George's Channel. And so he did. This great and unexpected triumph terrified the English Government, who knew not where the power of the Association was to end. A scarlet stream of troops poured day after day into the country, until it at length assumed the appearance of one monstrous barrack.

Lord Anglesey, partly from conviction and partly from policy, saw the expediency of granting Catholic Emancipation. The Most Rev. Dr. Curtis, R. C. Primate of all Ireland, having been introduced to his Excellency, communicated with him freely, both personally and by letter, on this now all-important, all-engrossing subject. The Duke of Wellington, in a private letter to Dr. Curtis, recommended that the Catholic question should for a time be buried in oblivion, and gave it as his opinion that under such circumstances he would not despair of seeing it satisfactorily terminated. Dr. Curtis enclosed this

* To defray the expenses of the election, £14,000 were raised in one week among the citizens of Dublin.

extraordinary communication to Lord Anglesey, who appears to have at once seen through the plausible cajolery of his Grace. He addressed a friendly reply to the Primate. "I differ," said he, "from the opinion of the Duke, that an attempt should be made to '*bury in oblivion*' the question for a short time. First, because the thing is utterly impossible; and next, because if it were possible, I fear that advantage might be taken of the pause, by representing it as a panic achieved by the late violent reaction, and by proclaiming that if the Government at once and peremptorily decided against concession, the Catholics would cease to agitate, and then all the miseries of the last years of Ireland will be to be re-enacted. What I recommend is, that the measure should not be for a moment lost sight of, and that anxiety continue to be manifested." Lord Anglesey said much more, but the paragraph we have given will serve as a fair specimen of the general tone of his excellent letter. He expressed his conviction, that a final settlement of the "great question could alone give peace, harmony, and prosperity to all classes of the King's subjects in Ireland." A miraculous conversion, truly! This was the man who, sixteen months before, voted against the question, and declared, that powder and ball, and *not* concessions, ought to silence the Catholic Association.

The Viceroy's letter was headed "private and confidential;" but, like most other letters bearing this superscription, its contents soon became known to more than a third party—possibly owing to what Lord Hatherton called "Lord Anglesey's incautious habit of showing his correspondence." Early in the month of January a *verbatim* copy appeared in every newspaper in the kingdom, and at once occasioned considerable ferment and annoyance at the opposite side of the water. The *Evening Post*, in order to make every line the more emphatic, printed it from beginning to end in italics. This novel and unexpected proceeding on the part of Lord Anglesey, the intimacy that was well known to exist between him and Lord Cloncurry, as well as the manly hesitation of his Excellency to suspend O'Gorman Mahon and Thomas

Steele from the commission of the peace, although dictatorially called upon by the Premier to do so, furnished the ostensible grounds of his recall! But, even previously to the appearance of "the highly improper" letter to Dr. Curtis, Lord Anglesey's Irish Administration had begun to become peculiarly obnoxious to the King and his ministers.

In October, 1828, the subject of these pages visited the Catholic Association, and addressed a short but animated speech to his numerous auditory. On the day preceding, Lord Anglesey paid Lord Cloncurry a friendly visit at Lyons Castle, in company with Sir Anthony Hart, the Irish Chancellor. This short preamble is necessary ere we introduce the following most interesting correspondence between the Duke of Wellington and his Viceroy:—

[No. 29.] THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO LORD ANGLESEY.

"*London, Nov.* 11, 1828.

"My dear Lord Anglesey,—I have been *very* much disappointed by the decision to which you have come, not to take any steps to remove Mr. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele from the commission of the peace. * * They both appeared in Ennis on a day on which a riot was expected, and preparations were made by the High Sheriff to prevent it, or to mitigate it, decorated with green ribbands, known to be the insignia of an order established by the Roman Catholic Association, and followed by a mob. * * I cannot express to you adequately the extent of the difficulties which these and other occurrences in Ireland create in all discussions with his Majesty. He feels that in Ireland the public peace is violated every day with impunity by those whose duty it is to preserve it: and that a formidable conspiracy exists; and that the supposed principal conspirators, those whose language and conduct point them out as the avowed principal agitators of the country, are admitted to the presence of his Majesty's representative in Ireland, and equally well received with the King's most loyal subjects.

"I will not conceal from you, likewise, that your visit and those of the Lord Chancellor to Lord Cloncurry, and the attendance of Lord Cloncurry at the Roman Catholic Association, immediately subsequent to the period at which he had the honour of receiving the King's representative in his house, are not circumstances calculated to give satisfaction to the King, and the public in general. * * *

"Believe me, my dear Lord, &c.,

"Wellington."

[No. 30.] LORD ANGLESEY TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"*Phœnix Park, Nov.* 14, 1828.

"My dear Duke of Wellington,—I have received your letter of the 11th; nothing can give me greater distress than to learn that my conduct in carrying on the government of Ireland is displeasing to the King, and embarrassing to his Majesty's ministers.

"Deeply as I deplore it, I nevertheless rejoice in being made acquainted, now for the first time, with the view that is taken of it. Up to this time, I have been left entirely in ignorance, not only as to your intentions in regard to this country, but also as to your sentiments in regard to my policy. They are now developed, and I shall know how to act.

"* * * It seems you disapprove of my not having directed the Chancellor to dismiss Mr. Mahon from the magistracy, in consequence of his indecorous conduct on this occasion. Indecorous it certainly was; but I deem that if I had visited it with the severity of dismissal, I should have been guilty of an act of unjustifiable harshness. It was the opinion of the law officers that this breach of decorum was not indictable. It was that of the Chancellor, that if the deposition upon oath had been sent to him, he could not legally have acted upon it. Upon what ground, then, would the Lord Lieutenant have stood—if, in opposition to these opinions, he should have determined upon the dismissal of Mr. Mahon.

"* * * I never saw these gentlemen in my life; and peremptorily deny that the avowed principal agitators, or that any agitators whatever of the country, are admitted into my presence, and equally well received with the King's most loyal subjects. But, to whom can you possibly allude? I positively am unable to guess at your meaning. Is it of Messrs. O'Connell, Sheil, Lawless, O'Gorman Mahon, and Steele, of whom you speak? These I can easily dispose of. Mr. Sheil, and the two latter, I have never seen; Mr. O'Connell once asked for an audience; it was granted. I mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Peel, even before it occurred; and I afterwards informed him of the business upon which he came, and I never met him since. I have seen Mr. Lawless three times. Upon the first occasion he came with a deputation of manufacturers, within a few days after my arrival. I next met him at a ball at the Rotundo, and bowed to him, as I invariably do to all persons who make me an acknowledgment. It was in a very crowded room, at Kingstown, that I met him a third time; when, observing him and Sir Harcourt Lees squeezed together, and unable to pass on, I jokingly said, 'That I was glad to observe such characters could breathe in the same atmosphere.' My next and last communication with that gentleman was sending to have him arrested.

"The next subject of reproof is, that I, together with the Lord Chancellor, paid a visit to the Lord Cloncurry. When I went to his house, all I knew of him was, that he was an active and intelligent magistrate, an ardent lover of Ireland, an indefatigable supporter of her interests, and a zealous friend to Catholic Emancipation. During the time I was at Lyons (his residence), I learned his earlier history:—That he had been strongly suspected of Jacobinism at the commencement of the French revolution; that he had been arrested upon suspicion of being implicated in O'Connor's treason; that he had been liberated for want of proof, but that he had subsequently been sent to the Tower, upon the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, from whence he had been again liberated without trial, and, therefore, I have a right to suppose, without guilt.

"Lord Cloncurry has, within a few days, attended the Catholic Association. This is the first time he has done so since my arrival; and so little is he in the habit of attending, that I positively did not know, until I saw his speech, that he belonged to the Association. From all I can learn, and from all I have seen, I believe Lord Cloncurry to be a sedate, loyal subject, and one of the best and most impartial magistrates in Ireland.

"If those who arraign my conduct will obtain information from an

untainted source, I feel the most perfect confidence that I shall obtain the applause of my Sovereign, and the good opinion of his Majesty's ministers, with whom I serve.

"I am willing, and, indeed, extremely anxious, to put my measures to the test, being fully satisfied that the more they are investigated, the more favourably they will be judged; and I have the strongest conviction on my mind, that the course I have pursued is that alone which could have kept this country in the state of tranquillity it now enjoys. * * * *

"It remains for me only to add, that I have no object in holding my present post, but that of pleasing my King and serving my country.

"I am, my dear Duke of Wellington, yours very sincerely,

"ANGLESEY."

[No. 31.] THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO LORD ANGLESEY.

"*London, November 19th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR LORD ANGLESEY,—I did not receive till yesterday your letter of the 14th, in answer to mine of the 11th. You tell me that you have, up to this moment, been left entirely in ignorance as to my intentions in regard to your policy. I thought that, since your appointment to the Government of Ireland, there had been the most unreserved communication of the opinion of the King's servants, as to the practical course to be pursued under the various contingencies that have arisen; assurance given of the most cordial support, throughout any difficulties that might occur, and of a willingness to bear the full share of any responsibility." [Here a large portion of the duke's letter is occupied with animadversion on the conduct of O'Gorman Mahon and Thomas Steele. Having strongly recommended their dismissal, he goes on to say:]—"In respect to Lord Cloncurry, I did not advert to his former history, only to his being a member of the Roman Catholic Association, and to having attended the Association shortly after the Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor had honoured him with a visit. He made a speech in the Association that day—one which, to say the least of it, is worthy of an agitator and of a partisan, but quite unworthy of a nobleman who deserves the honour of receiving the Lord Lieutenant at his house—a Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor presiding over an important system of Government.

"But I am still of opinion that, considering the condition of the Association, the speeches that have been made there, and the doubts entertained of the legality of such assembly (to say the least of it), the members are not exactly the persons to be encouraged by the Government of Ireland, which intends to conduct its administration impartially.

"I will not now enter farther into the discussion of the legality of the Roman Catholic Association, or whether there is not a conspiracy in Ireland. Upon the first point, I hope we shall soon have the opinion of the law officers of the Crown in Ireland. I admit that there is but little legal proof of the existence of a conspiracy, but there is much of moral proof, which I cannot but think deserves the attention of Government. * * * I might have, at an earlier period, expressed the pain I felt at the attendance of gentlemen of your household, and even of your family, at the Roman Catholic Association. I could not but feel that such attendance must expose your Government to misconstruction. But I was silent, because it is painful to notice such things; but I have always felt, that if these impressions upon the King's mind should remain—and I must say that recent transactions have

given fresh cause for them—I could not avoid to mention them to you in a private communication, and to let you know the embarrassment which they occasion. I may be blamed for not communicating sooner that they existed; but, considering their continued existence, and the renewed cause for them, I should be more blamed if I did not mention them at all.

"Ever, my dear Lord Anglesey, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."

[No. 32.] LORD ANGLESEY TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"*Phœnix Park, Nov. 23rd*, 1828.

"MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—I have received your letter of the 19th. It is not necessary that I should reply to it at great length; for, after very carefully examining and comparing it with the letter of the 11th, I find little in it beyond a repetition of accusations already amply answered and refuted. I have also attentively read the copy of my letter of the 14th, and there is not in it a sentiment expressed, or a word written, to which I do not strictly adhere. * * That the mere circumstance of Mr. Mahon and Mr. Steele riding about the country in green ribands, is to be considered to justify their dismissal from the magistracy, I cannot admit. Have they appeared upon the seat of justice in these party colours? No. When they do the Chancellor will know how to deal with them. In the case I quoted, of Mr. Johnstone, who, decorated with an Orange riband, actually harangued a mob (and that immediately after the passing of the Act, now extinct, in which party badges were forbidden,) the Chancellor, Manners, did not feel himself justified in taking any step.

"I have little to add to what I have already said concerning Lord Cloncurry. I believe him to be a loyal subject, a good man, and an exemplary magistrate: and I cannot consent to abandon the exercise of my own discretion, in selecting those with whom I may deem it expedient and prudent to hold an intercourse. But even if I were mistaken in the character of my Lord Cloncurry, and that he is not what I supposed him to be, I am sure I shall not be thought arrogant in expressing a conviction that there is something in my own character, and in my well-known devoted and affectionate attachment to the King, which ought to shield me from the imputation of having selected and encouraged, as acquaintances, those who are ill-affected to his Majesty's person and Government.

"Your observation upon the circumstance of my son, and some of the officers of my staff, visiting the Catholic Association, has hurt and surprised me.

"A short time after my arrival, three or four of them strayed into their debating room from curiosity. They were unexpected, and they imagined they were unobserved. They were, however, recognized; the occurrence was mischievously commented upon. I admonished them not to repeat their visit, and to avoid all clubs or meetings of a political character, and it cost them nothing to obey the injunction. Yet this is remarked upon as a stain upon me, as if I had sanctioned the measure. * * Believe me, &c., &c.

"ANGLESEY."

[No. 33.] THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO LORD ANGLESEY.

"*London, December 28th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR LORD ANGLESEY,—I have been very sensible, since I received your last letter, that the correspondence which that letter terminated had

left us in a relation towards each other which ought not to exist between the Lord Lieutenant and the King's Minister: and could not continue to exist without great inconvenience and injury to the King's service. I refrained from acting upon this feeling till I should be able to consult with my colleagues, and I took the earliest opportunity, which the return to town of those who were absent afforded, to obtain their opinion, which concurred with my own. Under these circumstances, having taking the King's pleasure upon the subject, his Majesty has desired me to inform you, that he intends to relieve you from the Government of Ireland. I will shortly notify the arrangements which will become necessary in consequence.

"Believe me ever your's most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

[No. 34.] LORD ANGLESEY TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"*Phœnix Park, 30th Dec.*, 1828.

"MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—I have received your letter of the 28th, informing me of the King's intention to relieve me from the Government of Ireland.

"I will hold myself in readiness to obey his Majesty's commands the moment I receive them.

"Believe me your's most sincerely,

"ANGLESEY."

At this time neither the King nor his Premier had seen or heard of Lord Anglesey's letter to Doctor Curtis. Immediately on its appearance, Sir Robert Peel addressed the following letter to his Excellency. Lord Anglesey observed, in the House of Lords, that it contained a stronger reproof than was, perhaps, ever before given to a public officer:—

[No. 35.] SIR ROBERT PEEL TO LORD ANGLESEY.

"*Whitehall, Jan.* 10, 1829.

"MY LORD,—It is my duty to acquaint your Excellency that his Majesty's Government have taken into their consideration a letter which has been published in the newspapers, purporting to have been addressed by your Excellency to the Rev. Dr. Curtis, of the authenticity of which there can be no question. It appears to his Majesty's Government, that in addressing that letter to Dr. Curtis, your Excellency acted in a manner inconsistent with your duty as his Majesty's representative in Ireland: and they have advised his Majesty to signify his pleasure to your Excellency, that you should return to England, placing the Government of Ireland, for the present, in the hands of Lords Justices.—I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard, &c.,

"ROBERT PEEL."

Lord Anglesey had, of course, nothing for it but to obey the summons of his Majesty's Government. He bowed a dignified acquiescence, and, at once, commenced preparations for departure.

When it became rumoured that his Excellency was

about to be recalled, eight peers, and several baronets and members of Parliament, drew up a requisition, praying the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of Dublin to call a meeting, and beseech his Majesty that he would be pleased to continue Lord Anglesey in the Government of Ireland, "as well for the encouragement of the trade and commerce of Dublin, as for the impartial protection of all classes of his Majesty's faithful subjects in Ireland." The Lord Mayor and his Sheriffs observed, in reply, that should the recall of Lord Anglesey be decided on, they concluded it must be "the result of the wisdom of his Majesty's councils," and begged leave to decline convening the meeting. In consequence of this stiff and unexpected rejoinder, the noblemen and gentlemen who signed the requisition determined—Lord Cloncurry in the chair—to assemble in aggregate meeting on the 16th January following.

The meeting came off, but ere the 16th inst. arrived, Lord Anglesey's recall was certain. Notwithstanding this, however, the Duke of Leinster, Lords Cloncurry, Clements, and others, met at the appointed rendezvous. Their speeches were alike effective and affecting. Lord Cloncurry said, that the recall of Lord Anglesey was a physical injury to Ireland, and especially to the city of Dublin. He considered that the causes of this unfortunate event ought not then to be discussed, first, because they were uncertain; and, secondly, because it was not the place. Their object was to address the Lord Lieutenant, to express their sorrow for his removal, and to give his Excellency that meed of gratitude which his impartiality, his munificent expenditure, his liberality to all, his courteous demeanour, and his regard for the welfare of Ireland, so justly merited. He (Lord Cloncurry) would not now urge the adoption of a petition against the recall, because it was, alas! too late to prove effectual. ("Here the noble and patriotic lord," adds the *Evening Post*, "who was sensibly affected, read a graphic draft of a splendid petition he had drawn up, but he declined submitting it to the meeting, although loudly solicited to propose it.")

On the 19th January, 1829, the melancholy event took place. The good man's funeral could hardly have inspired greater grief. The people, anxious to pay their last tribute of respect and gratitude to their venerable Viceroy, assembled in crowds from the hour of eight o'clock, A.M., along the route which it was expected the cortège would take. Banners, edged with black crape, and displaying in gold characters several sentences from the Curtis letter, towered at intervals above their heads. Before his departure from the Castle, Lord Anglesey received a deputation, consisting of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and several other peers; all of whom were deeply and visibly affected. With tears standing in their eyelids, the populace followed the benevolent Viceroy to Kingstown, cheering and vociferating his name until the man-of-war which carried him assumed the appearance of a tiny speck on the blue sheet of water.

Thus terminated the first and ever-memorable viceroyalty of Henry Paget, Marquis of Anglesey. Since Lord Fitzwilliam assumed the reins of Government in Ireland, there never sat upon the viceregal throne of Dublin Castle a more liberal Lord Lieutenant, or one who more fully understood the Irish character. He made it his study in the first instance, and, like an active and inquiring physician, left no symptom unexamined to discover the hidden causes of the multifarious ills which weakened and distracted the land. Not satisfied with a superficial investigation, he went to the very seat of the disease. By dint of a long series of private letters,* in

* On the 11th June, 1828, Lord Anglesey wrote thus to Sir Robert Peel:—"I continue to feel confident that tranquillity will not be disturbed. You will have time to deliberate; but I repeat that we must not long attempt to remain as we are." On July 26th, his Excellency wrote as follows to the same party:—"You will, I am sure, appreciate the motives that engage me to revert to the Catholic question. Now, even of the Orangemen, dispute the necessity of an adjustment. I implore you to take the state of Ireland into consideration before the meeting of Parliament." In September Lord Anglesey's alarm increased considerably. On the 8th of that month, writing to Sir R. Peel, he says:—"It seems agreed on all sides that the public feeling was never at so high a pitch of excitement as at present. The language of both parties is violent in the extreme, and both appear ripe for action. The organization of the Catholics is very complete. They carry banners; they form and they march by word of command, and in good order."

which we can easily trace the influence of Lord Cloncurry's opinions, he at length succeeded in seriously modifying the Irish policy of his Majesty's Government. Lord Anglesey's Administration was impartial in spirit and in truth. He smiled at the blatant ferocity of Brunswick Associations, and when seditious Catholics hinted mysteriously at overt acts of rebellion, he laughed them goodhumouredly out of the consummate folly of such vapouring. By these means Lord Anglesey succeeded in ruling the people he was deputed to dragoon, with a rein of silk and traces of caoutchouac. The times were almost as difficult of government as those of 1797; but how different the policy of his Administration when placed in juxta-position with that of Lord Camden! That nobleman's nostrum for popular disaffection was (as has been already seen) a daily dose of goading and persecution. It did its work—the work of an empiric; and Lord Anglesey's regime did its work too—that of an enlightened and skilful physician. Health in the one instance; death in the other. Lord Anglesey accomplished what Fitzwilliam projected.

Wellington and Peel beheld with dismay the union between Ireland and England weakening. To strengthen that union was now their policy. We must, said they—there is nothing for it but to do so—we must throw open the gates of the British Constitution to the Irish Papists, who are at present conspiring to tear them down by force. We must connect their ambition with English objects, and thoroughly imperialize their lofty aims. And at last they came thoroughly to the conclusion, that there was no cure for the evil but Catholic Emancipation!

For several weeks after the noble marquis's recall, aggregate meetings of the people were held in various parts of Ireland, for the purpose of publicly expressing their admiration for his Excellency's impartial rule, and of passing a vote of confidence in him. On February 14, 1829, while acknowledging the receipt of a flattering address, which had been transmitted by Mr. Robert Cassidy, on behalf of the inhabitants of Mountrath, his

lordship wrote—"If in my assiduous efforts to administer the affairs of Ireland with an impartial hand, I have won the affections of her sons, I can conscientiously declare that in proportion as I knew them better I valued them higher. I went to that kingdom a warm admirer of the character of the people—I came away an enthusiast. Ireland is about to reap the benefits of her patient forbearance, coupled with her determined perseverance. That she may prosper is my fervent prayer."

With Lord Cloncurry he kept up an almost uninterrupted correspondence. On the 12th March he wrote as follows from Uxbridge House:—"You can have no idea of the intense interest this Catholic question excites in England. Not another subject is ever broached in any society, male or female. * * I have not the least doubt that it will pass triumphantly; and excepting a few trifling and silly points, *which give the appearance of the measure being adopted against the grain*, I do think it is a handsome production, and must please the Catholics."

A truer saying never emanated from Lord Anglesey's lips than that the Catholic Relief Bill had all the appearance of being adopted against the grain. It was conceived in fear and trembling, and born in a panic. The effervescing bigotry of Lord Wellington got the better of his characteristic tact, and in a moment of unministerial candour, he openly proclaimed that it was not to the justness of the claim he succumbed, but to his apprehensions lest public opinion in Ireland should call to its aid the ally of physical force, and forthwith tumble in one irresistible avalanche on the British Constitution. He who blenched not amid the smoke of a hundred fights, trembled before the organized agitation of opinion.

To enter into an enumeration of the various indications of Catholic Emancipation having been conceded grudgingly, would fill more pages of this work than we can afford to spare. Perhaps the most miserable display of petty spite was that of refusing to let O'Connell take his seat as Member for Clare, although authorized to do so by the Act of Emancipation. There was also much ill-natured feeling shown by rendering Catholics inadmis-

sible to participate in the honours of the University and municipal corporations.

The friends of civil and religious liberty resolving to push a wavering foe, assembled in the Rotunda on the 20th January, and gave intrepid expression to their sentiments. This was followed up on the 22nd inst. by a banquet. Two hundred noblemen and gentlemen participated in its sweets. At both demonstrations Lord Cloncurry was present.

In March, 1829, when Emancipation became certain, the leaders of the Catholic Association decided upon dissolving it. Previously to this step, however, a series of resolutions, highly complimentary to Lord Cloncurry, were passed with acclamation. These expressed the grateful acknowledgments of the Catholics of Ireland towards his lordship for the persevering support afforded by him to their cause, and "looked back with pride on the number of years wherein they had been cheered by his countenance, oftentimes under circumstances of great and trying difficulty."

On the 13th April, 1829, the "Roman Catholic Relief Bill," as our rulers contemptuously styled it, received the royal reluctant assent.* The sweeping majority of 105 in the Lords, a few days previously, attested the extent of that precipitate, panic-stricken impulse which eventuated in its birth. The "virtuous horror" of the Orange faction, when Catholic Emancipation became a matter of strong probability, exceeds all belief or description. There was something excessively ludicrous in it. Lord Kenyon, in his address to his English Protestant brethren, besought them, as Christians, as independent Britons, to look around them. "Rescue your Sovereign," said his lordship, "and

* How inconsistent must not the joint behaviour of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel be considered. In January, Lord Anglesey is ignominiously dismissed from office by Peel and Wellington, because, in addition to other pro-Catholic tendencies, he encouraged Dr. Curtis to hope for a settlement of the Catholic Question; and in the ensuing March we find the same Duke of Wellington and the same Mr. Peel bringing into Parliament the very Relief Bill which Lord Anglesey and Dr. Curtis so eagerly desired to see. Can there be a stronger proof adduced that the proceeding arose from fear and not from love?

this free country from the foulest disgrace that can befall this Protestant island. Rescue your King from a state by which the succession of the Throne, in the House of Brunswick, must, ere long, be endangered. I call on you to come forth, to awake from your lethargy, and not to allow the Papists to deprive our brethren in Ireland of their freedom. * * If you awake not from your slumbers, Protestantism will soon be extirpated from Ireland. My countrymen," said Lord Kenyon, in conclusion, "now or never is the time for you to declare yourselves, and prove yourselves true to your King, your country, and your God."

In Ireland Protestant bigotry was not less active. The great Brunswick meeting in Dublin came off, according to the *Evening Mail*, with gorgeous *eclat*. Every gentleman present was bedizened from top to toe in ribands of orange and blue; and lest the flame of his malignity should for one moment droop, exciting placards, of which the following is a specimen, completely covered the walls of the apartment:—

"NO POPERY!
"*Protestants stand up in support of the Constitution!*
"*Remember* 1688 *and* 1798.
"PROTESTANTS, UP NOW, OR SINK FOR EVER!" *

At another meeting, the Lord Mayor in the chair, Sir Abraham B. King declared that he and his friends had not assembled to whine over the funeral pile of the Constitution, but had come there, one and all, determined, every man, to support with their lives (cries of yes! yes!) the Protestant Constitution in Church and State.

The Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees† conjured the Government

* *Verbatim.* See the *Evening Post* of February 19, 1829.

† We are tempted to give a verbatim copy of the petition. It will show to what an extent Protestant fanaticism was carried in 1829.—"To the Right Hon. the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled,—The humble Petition of the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, of Black Rock, Co. Dublin, Baronet, most humbly proclaims:—That petitioner, in the name, and in the behalf of all the SOUND Protestants of Great Britain, most earnestly implores your Right Hon. House not to proceed to the last step towards passing the dangerous and unconstitutional 'Romish Ascendancy Bill,' now under the consideration of your House, until you hear petitioner at your bar disclose

to hear him at the bar of their Honourable House, where he undertook to disclose Popish projects that would make the hair of every Hon. Member stand on end. A short time before he proclaimed that Peel and Wellington had been guilty of treason, in treacherously acceding to the Catholic claims.

But to return to the Society for the Improvement of Ireland, which in 1828 started into existence under the auspices and direction of Lord Cloncurry. From that period until the winter of 1830, this valuable and zealous association of the friends of Ireland kept up, almost without interruption, their weekly meetings at the Mansion House. Politics still continued to be excluded, and the best results were beginning to be observable. O'Connell at length sent in his adhesion, and from that time commenced addressing to the chairman and members some very excellent speeches on the physical amelioration of his country and the people. No ghost or goblin dire could well have proved more appalling than did the colossal form of the prime agitator to the High Church members of the society, when he volunteered his services in the advocacy of their demands. Messrs. Leader, Latouche, and other highly respectable Protestants, one by one dropped off; and to fill the vacuum caused by their secession, some of O'Connell's followers dropped in. On the 17th November, 1830, O'Connell openly proposed the propriety of a positive admixture of politics in their discussions, declaring that without such their proceedings were merely milk and water. Lord Cloncurry at once concurred, and expressed his opinion that the society should take a somewhat bolder stand than that previously occupied, but at the same time strongly deprecated the introduction of polemics into their councils. They ac-

the important information he received from a hired emissary of a treasonable conspiracy existing in these British islands, in conjunction with the American revolutionists, the objects contemplated being the possession of the Canadas by General Jackson, the exciting a simultaneous insurrection in the north of England and in Ireland, the extirpation of the Protestants, and the re-establishment of Popery in the latter country.—And petitioner will ever pray,

"HARCOURT LEES."

*

cordingly did so. From that moment, however, the original founders of the society dropped out, the proceedings were all down hill, and before the accession of the Grey ministry to power, the Society for the Improvement of Ireland had ceased to exist.

The manner in which Emancipation was granted prevented it from proving a healing balsam for the wounds of Ireland. The dullest intellect perceived at a glance that the so-called "relief" came reluctantly from the hand of his Grace. Observing this, Ireland manifested little gratitude beyond a few congratulatory resolutions, passed at a London meeting to compliment Lord Wellington. O'Connell, in one of his addresses to the electors of Clare, referred bitterly to the grudgingly conceded boon. "Precautions," said he, "are necessary against the insidious policy of men, who, false to their own party, can never be true to us, and who have yielded, not to reason, but to necessity."

The consequence was that agitation, under the auspices of O'Connell, recommenced with sullen but determined vigour. From the days of his youth O'Connell rejoiced in being a staunch anti-unionist. So early as the 13th January, 1800, we find him hurling his massive arguments from the steps of the Exchange against the Union plot, which Clare and Castlereagh were then about to unmask.

In 1830, Daniel O'Connell raised, for the first time, his standard of "Repeal." It was like a match applied to a train of gunpowder. The minds of the people fired at its name. With a loud defiant stamp they proclaimed their strength, and once more the organized agitation of opinion shook the British throne.

In the midst of this excitement appeared a declaration signed by the Duke of Leinster,* twenty-four Irish peers,

* In justice to the Duke of Leinster we cannot omit the following panegyric on his character, which appears in the report of Lord Cloncurry's great Reform speech in 1831:—"The Duke of Leinster, who is one of the purest and best men I know of—who is descended from one of the first families in Ireland—who is the nephew of Edward Fitzgerald—a man whom I have ever loved, and I know who loves me, and who has suffered on my

seven baronets, and a column of gentry, expressive of their conviction that Repeal was totally impracticable, and that the agitation of it was peculiarly injurious to the prosperity of Ireland, by diminishing public confidence in her tranquillity. The declaration concluded by saying that its subscribers, nevertheless, deemed it a duty to declare that Parliament ought at once to tranquillize the country by adopting some measures calculated to ensure the general and permanent improvement of Ireland.*

From the thirty-two noble signatures we miss one influential member of the aristocracy—honest Lord Cloncurry. That he had some shrewd reasons for declining to affix his signature will be presently obvious.

The utmost excitement prevailed. With the exception of the last days of 1828, agitation was rarely ever at a greater height. The pages of the liberal press daily teemed with anti-union resolutions from men of every grade and calling; and, while the Irish aristocracy were publicly declaring this agitation to be most injurious to national prosperity, and that Repeal itself was a measure altogether impracticable of achievement, we find the propriety of conceding a modification of the Union to have been actually under discussion by the King's ministers. This is a little Cabinet secret which, until the publication of these pages, was never before made known to the public.

A portion of our grounds for the above assertion will be found in the following private letter to Mr. Staunton. As editor and proprietor, for more than twenty-five years, of perhaps the best conducted paper in Ireland—the *Morning Register*—Mr. Staunton was well known and respected. The letter we allude to has been placed at our disposal, with several others, by Mr. Staunton.

behalf—that man signed the declaration against the agitation of the Repeal question; he thought that the time was gone by for its agitation; that a good Government would render a domestic Parliament unnecessary, or that the question should be postponed for future legislation upon it."

* As the assembly at which these resolutions were passed, was a strictly private one, it earned for itself the contemptuous appellation of "Hole and corner meeting"—a name which pertinaciously clung to it for many years after.

The Marquis of Anglesey, in his retirement among the heights of Cannock Chase, in Staffordshire, maintained an anxious vigil over the destinies of Ireland. In September, 1830, Lord Cloncurry received a friendly invitation from his noble friend to spend some time with him at Beaudesert. Cloncurry wrote to say that he would accept the compliment, and at once commenced preparations for departure. While at Beaudesert, near Cannock Chase, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Staunton. The "Hints to Hardinge," therein alluded to, were a series of papers written in the *Morning Register** by its editor, and addressed to the newly appointed Chief Secretary, Sir Henry Hardinge. Like Wakefield, Sheffield, and many other thinking men, Mr. Staunton warmly advocated that the Irish secretaryship should be a permanent office. It generally happens that this official no sooner begins to understand the multifarious duties of his situation, than we find him transplanted across the water, and an inexperienced greenhorn imported in his place. On the appointment of Lord Melbourne, three years before, Mr. Staunton wrote a popular series of articles, entitled "Lessons for Lamb," with a view to aid him in obtaining that knowledge which it was, as we believe, his wish as well as his duty to acquire. A similar object gave birth to the "Hints to Hardinge." Both works were subsequently reprinted in two small volumes.

* The *Westminster Review*, speaking of the *Morning Register*, says:—"Its editorial department had the aid of some of the best writers of the day; and a novelty in the Irish press was introduced by Mr. Staunton, in the shape of an effective corps of reporters, modelled after the London system." Mr. Staunton, at an early age, became attached to the literary corps of the *Freeman's Journal*, in which capacity he soon greatly distinguished himself. Solely aided by his talents, for family influence or interest he had none, Mr. Staunton gradually rose, until the sole editorship of the *Freeman* became invested in him. This he held, enjoying a salary of £500 a-year, until, with a view of advancing himself in the world, he undertook the publication of the *Weekly Register*, the first number of which appeared in 1815. Among the young scribes whom Mr. Staunton collected around him during the hey-day of the *Morning Register*, were several men who have since risen to distinction—*i. e.*, C. G. Duffy, M.P., and editor of the *Nation*, Thomas Davis, M.R.I.A., Carew O'Dwyer, late M.P. for Drogheda, John Quinlan, Editor of the *Evening Post*, W. B. M'Cabe, editor of the *Telegraph*, and author of various literary works.

[No. 36.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. STAUNTON.

[Franked by Lord Anglesey. "Lichfield. October 9th, 1830, to Michael Staunton, Esq., Suffolk-street, Dublin.—Anglesey." Post mark—"Free."]

["*Confidential.*]

"*Beaudesert, Lichfield, October 9th*, 1830.

"My dear Sir,—The excellent 'Hints to Hardinge' have followed me from place to place through England, and I think they enabled me on different occasions to make good battle for our unfortunate country. Nos. 7 and 8 I received here. They gave great pleasure and information to my excellent host, than whom Ireland has not a truer friend, nor one more likely to serve her. You will much oblige me by sending the preceding numbers* to Lord Anglesey. If they, the '*Lessons for Lamb*,' and your other economico-statistic writings, could be had in pamphlet shape, they would do more good than twenty meetings and fine speeches, even though each meeting was to be followed by half a dozen duels.

"I assure you that I do not despair of some good being done for Ireland, even this next session. *I have met some of the working men much in the Duke's† confidence, and the subject even of a modification of the Union has been discussed by ministers.* It is, however, a total mistake to believe that any treaty was on foot between Mr. Huskisson and the present ministers. The contrary is the fact, and Mr. H. went to Liverpool for the express purpose of attacking the Duke at the public dinner. No part of the present opposition have any idea of joining under present circumstances. They look upon the case as too forlorn. My excellent host could command almost anything he pleased, did not a high and justly indignant feeling keep him aloof. But he will shortly have the means of serving us, as you always knew he had the inclination, and whilst he has leisure here, I would gladly furnish him with any good information we could procure. Neither O'Connell nor any other man alive is more averse to the Union than myself. In 1795 I published the first and I believe the worst pamphlet ever written on the subject,‡ but, however faulty the style, the sentiment remains unchanged. But, even with those feelings, *I would not disdain urging such modification as would give us vantage ground.* It is generally acknowledged that the Duke of Wellington added insult to injury in his manner of refusing us aid last year. He should have professed sorrow at his inability to assist us, but if we are united we will not want his aid.

"Will you give my regards to your excellent and talented neighbour, Mr. Conway. His mention of '*our own Lord A(nglesea)*,' in the *Evening Post* of 25th September, was grateful and well taken. The kind recollection of the poor Irish delights his heart. Though as exempt from vanity as any man I ever met, still dear bought and golden opinions are a reward and a consolation in privacy, and at the moment of corporeal pain.§

"I conclude by assuring you that I have the best hopes of our cause, and that I think our best engine is the press.

"Most truly yours,
"Cloncurry."

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* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.—C.

† Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister of England.

‡ "Thoughts on the projected Union." See page 97.

§ Lord Anglesey was suffering much from lumbago at this period, and for long afterwards.

Lord Cloncurry alludes to the venerable statesman, William Huskisson. He assures Mr. Staunton that the report was wholly without foundation of any treaty being on foot between him and the "Red-coated Cabinet," and adds, that so far from making overtures to them, he went to Liverpool for the express purpose of attacking Lord Wellington at the public dinner. "Thereby hangs a tale." On the 15th September, 1830, Mr. Huskisson left London, in order to be present at the grand inaugural opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which the Company resolved to celebrate by a banquet. On the arrival of the train at Manchester, Mr. Huskisson left his *coupé* for a few moments: but, having incautiously stood in the middle of the road, he was, without a moment's warning, crushed to death beneath a ponderous steam-engine. Thus perished the Right Hon. Wm. Huskisson, and with him a host of projects, which, had he lived to mature and carry out, could not fail to have been productive of as beneficial results as the celebrated Free Trade measures which, during the Canning Administration, he brought before Europe.

Almost immediately after the above letter was written, Lord Cloncurry took leave of his noble host, and wound his way homewards. In the following communication we find Mr. Staunton's "Hints to Hardinge" again referred to. "The domestic calamity" was the death of his lordship's sister, Mrs. Whalley:—

[No. 37.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. STAUNTON.

"*Maretimo, 22nd October.*

"My dear Sir,—Whenever the letters appear in pamphlet form, I beg you will reserve twelve copies for me. They are excellent, and free from all vile nor personality—rocks on which some friends of ours too often run, and thereby injure the best and most sacred causes, which in all other respects they so ably support. I intended calling in person to pay my account, but am prevented by a domestic calamity.—Very truly yours,

"Cloncurry."

Next to O'Connell, perhaps the most active and intrepid leader in the Catholic Association was "honest Jack Lawless"—a title freely awarded to him by men of every creed and party. He was a fluent and a graceful speaker,

but scorned to cultivate the rhetorical flowers of Richard Lalor Shiel; he was a wit, but never could approach the rich, mellow Irish humour of O'Connell, which took the congenial hearts of his countrymen by storm. His eloquence, in a word, was energetic, forcible, and convincing. After the achievement of Catholic Emancipation, those friends of civil and religious liberty who knew Lawless's heart to be in the right place resolved to present him with a handsome mark of their esteem. In connexion with this period of John Lawless's history, we find the following letter from Lord Cloncurry among our papers. It is addressed to Mr. Joseph Denis Mullen, the late respected Governor of the Four Courts Marshalsea:—

[No. 38.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. J. D. MULLEN.

"*Maretimo, 2nd March*, 1830.

"My dear Sir,—I beg leave to enclose my contribution of £25 to the fund for John Lawless.* As one of those Protestants who laboured earnestly and incessantly in favour of my Roman Catholic countrymen, I do not feel at all called upon to pay them for helping themselves, but I willingly proffer a small mark of my respect for the urbanity and honesty of Mr. Lawless throughout the entire contest. Avoiding all personality or acerbity, he never forgot the gentleman or the citizen in the religionist; he demanded rights on principle, and refused to barter what was not his to give.† Whilst I speak thus of the worthy individual, I must repeat my opinion, that no sacrifice was too great for the unbounded benefit obtained. Each day proves this; the road to all that is desirable for Ireland lies before us; let us work together for our common country, and she must prosper.

"Some friends of liberty say that the Catholics are already become too courtly, and that they may, with advantage, take a leaf from the book of the honest Presbyterians of the North. Those who have long thirsted are fain to drink deep. Let them beware a flap of the lid. The cornucopia of corruption fortunately runs low. Loaves and fishes will only be had by the honest and the useful.

"I take this opportunity, Sir, to thank you for the manly part you have taken in the late discussions on the poor laws. It is a matter where feeling and even justice must be tempered by discretion—it may, in our circumstances, be '*fiat justitia ruat Hibernia*.' To catch the heartless absentee, we must not ruin the patriotic resident, more particularly if the adoption of a cheap and beneficial substitute can justify the postponement of what, in

* "Honest Jack Lawless" was grandson to John Lawless of Shankhill Castle (see page 12), and eldest son of Philip Lawless of Warrenmount. He was a distant cousin of Lord Cloncurry's. The same year gave birth to both.

† This alludes to the intrepidity with which Mr. Lawless opposed the Government proposal to grant Emancipation on condition that the Catholic clergy were paid by the State, and the forty shilling freeholders disfranchised.

strict equity, cannot be refused. I am convinced that, in the improvement of our bogs and wastes, ample provision can be obtained for more than twenty years for the unemployed and destitute, by the creation of new wealth, at a cost of not sixpence to the nation.

"To return to our honest friend, John Lawless, I hope he may long continue to serve the public by speech and by pen; but I trust he may never again have occasion to draw that sword, which, at Ballybay, appears to have confounded the hero of Waterloo, and achieved a victory far more valuable than those for which the nation has paid so dearly to his great rival.

"Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

Mr. John Lawless's ovation at Ballybay requires some explanation. It was customary with the Catholic Association to send Lawless periodically on missions to the distant parts of Ireland, in order to animate the lukewarm to exertion, and to see that the moral organization grew. On his arrival at Clogher, preparations appeared to be making by the Orange faction for a hostile party demonstration on the principle of Dolly's Brae. Lawless exhorted the people to avoid giving provocation, but, at the same time, assured them that they were not bound by any law, human or divine, to stand up as targets for Brunswickers to fire at. Before the lapse of an hour, the apprehended attack commenced, but the people, having kept together, returned it with interest; and from that day the factious flag of Orangeism was never raised in that part of Tyrone.

The great Lawless demonstration at Ballybay took place in 1828, when Catholic agitation had reached the zenith of its strength. The ascendancy party having boasted that a dozen co-operators in the Popish work could not be found in the North, vauntingly declared that Orange covered the length and breadth of Ulster, and that, if any green did exist, it was *invisible*. To test the truth of this allegation, Mr. Lawless left Dublin; and before he had far advanced into the North, found himself at the head of 140,000 men. The Brunswickers, armed to the teeth, posted themselves in great strength at Ballybay. These were soon joined by the royal troops, under General Thornton, who, having reconnoitred the number of his opponents, decided upon negotiating, and accordingly rode out to meet "honest Jack Lawless."

They conferred together for some time, and the result was, that Lawless induced the people to separate and quietly return home. "General Thornton's report of the events of that day," observes an American writer, "was mainly relied upon by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, as his justification for granting Catholic Emancipation the following year."

In the summer of 1830 we find Lord Cloncurry in a new character—the munificent encourager of the literature of his country. On June 17, he addressed a manifesto from Lyons to the literary men of Ireland, offering two prizes of £100 each for the best original essays, to be produced before the 1st June, 1831, on—First, "Absenteeism: the Union reconsidered after thirty years." Second, "The Population and Territory of Ireland, with a view to Improvement." Dr. Sadlier, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Chief Baron Smith, were appointed judges. Several manuscripts were sent in. The judges examined them carefully, and the £200 was finally awarded to Mr. W. Stanley, the present Secretary to the Poor Law Commissioners.

The year 1830 was one of sad distress in Ireland. From Emancipation the wealthy Catholics derived much benefit, but the people little or none. The greatest dearth of food prevailed, not only in the western, but in the midland counties. The wisdom of Lord Cloncurry's project for establishing inland navigation was felt by men who, in the first instance, scoffed at its prospects, and many were heard to regret that Government did not extend to it a helping hand. When appealed to for aid in 1830, the Duke of Wellington, as Prime Minister, flippantly declared, that as starvation was quite periodical in Ireland, no measures for its relief were in contemplation. That this distress was attributable to governmental mismanagement, few will deny. In the midst of it additional imposts were levied. The annual grant to Kildare-place still continued. It had now received out of taxes extorted from an impoverished people, upwards of £250,000, and it must be recollected that since the year 1821 the same people had ceased to participate in the

advantages—if such they may be called—of the Bible-without-note-or-comment system of education.

In the autumn of 1830 Lord Cloncurry published, through the medium of the *Morning Register*, his series of letters addressed to the Irish Members of Parliament. They were productive of good results, and secured to the noble lord, if possible, an increased share of popular confidence and love. "You have to plead the cause of your country," said he, in his Introductory Letter, "before an unwilling audience—apathetic, if not hostile; ignorant, if not prejudiced. In the very act of electing you, the people of Ireland have proved their lively sense of the indifference and neglect with which they have ever been treated in the English Parliament; and you are called upon to raise your voices to a tone somewhat louder than entreaty; to a tone that will *command* attention, however ungraciously it may be yielded.

"The liberty of this address, coming from a peer, may seem anomalous and unconstitutional; but it is known that the peers of Ireland having sold their birthright, are as a dead body, and can only be reanimated through the process of corruption, or the trump of a private secretary, whose selections have been hitherto unfortunate, if we may judge from the conduct of our representatives in the Upper House.* An humble member of the peerage, but one who has never for a moment faltered in identifying himself with the people—one who knows them, and who is known to them—addresses you at a moment as interesting and important as has occurred in the history of this ill-fated country."

Having preambled thus far, Lord Cloncurry threw out some excellent original suggestions for Irish remedial measures, and worthy of the most serious attention of the legislature. These he followed up in some succeeding letters. The press awarded them an extensive meed of praise. They were written, if we mistake not, during his sojourn with Lord Anglesey.

* His lordship little thought, when penning this paragraph, that less than a year would see himself an English peer, and a member of the Upper House.

After long and anxious watching, incessant preaching, and untiring perseverance, Lord Cloncurry at length perceived advancing, in 1830, the vanguard of that powerful moral organization—the National System of Education. For its establishment he laboured long and ardently.

His lordship, in a public letter, dated Dec. 17, 1830, refers to this happy consummation of his toils. It is addressed to Mr. William Fitzpatrick (not the author of this work, whose age was only nine weeks at the time), but to the Secretary of St. Bridget's Orphan Society. "I know nothing," said his lordship, "more deserving our anxious attention than the education of youth—a blessing so long withheld by law from Ireland, and, down to the present year, so cruelly paralysed by successive Administrations, and by the injustice of entrusting to prejudice and bigotry the national fund, which should be equally and honestly distributed for the benefit of the people. I believe, however, that I may now safely congratulate the founders of all our useful schools, the benevolent promoters of charity, and, above all, O'Connell, your excellent president (long my fellow-labourer in the cause), that the reign of proscription is at an end; and that in education, as in every other measure likely to benefit the country, honesty, impartiality, and fair play may reasonably be expected."

In December, 1830, the Wellington Administration fell, after a talkative resistance, and tottered out with the old year. Earl Grey became Premier, and Lord Anglesey was, to his no small satisfaction, apprised that the reins of Irish Government awaited his grasp. The noble Marquis bowed, and expressed himself but too happy to resume his old position amongst a people whom he loved.

The usual appointments were announced in a few days. Lord Plunket became Irish Chancellor;* Mr. Joy, Chief

* Sir Antony Hart, a most popular Chancellor, was dismissed, against, as has recently transpired, Lord Anglesey's express desire.

Baron; Mr. Doherty, Chief Justice;* and Counsellors Blackburne and Crampton, Attorney and Solicitor-General. Nothing could exceed in vigour and intensity the storm of popular indignation which swept through the country, as soon as the names of the promoted were officially announced. Lord Anglesey's popularity became seriously damaged. His principal offence consisted in promoting Mr. John Doherty to the vacant Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas.† This gentleman had, on various occasions, made himself extremely obnoxious to the national party in Ireland. Between O'Connell and him a deathless enmity, of many years' standing, had existed—originally called into life, we believe, during some forensic cross-fires in which Mr. Doherty came off considerably the worse. At the celebrated trials of the Doneraile conspirators, the previous year, their old wounds were roughly re-opened, as any reader of Mr. D. O. Maddyn's‡ amusing sketch of the "Set-to between O'Connell and Doherty" will understand. If O'Connell was the idol of the people, it may well be imagined in what light the sworn and determined enemy of that idol was regarded by them.

With respect to the appointment of Mr. Joy, when the reader is informed that he (Joy) has been pronounced to have been "one of the bitterest bigots ever nurtured by Irish Toryism,"§ it will not be supposed that the populace were much gratified by the selection. Joy, however, was a sound and practical lawyer, which Doherty was not. Few men elevated to the bench within the last half century—even "Union judges"—were more notoriously incompetent for the office than Mr. John Doherty.

* Mr. O'Callaghan, author of the "Irish Brigade," speaking of the judicial promotion of Mr. Doherty, says that "he had no claim to such advancement but that of his having been the miserable parliamentary tool, the senatorial cur dog, employed by the Tories to annoy Mr. O'Connell, as the representative of the Irish people, during the interval between Emancipation and the accession of the Whigs to office."

† John Toler, Earl of Norbury, had just retired.

‡ "Ireland and its Rulers since 1829," vol. i. page 81.

§ "Ireland and its Rulers," vol. i. page 58.

The term "briefless barrister" has often been applied to men with far more pretensions to forensic knowledge and practice.* In fact, "Long Jack Doherty from Borrisokane," as O'Connell loved to designate him, was remarkable for little beyond the liveliness of his anecdotes, and his own personal stature of six feet two.

Ireland knew well that the Liberal bar in 1830 possessed men of the first rank in the profession. The names of Perrin, Wallace, O'Loghlen, Pigot, Holmes, and Finlay, were well known and revered. That the Whigs should have passed such men over in contemptuous silence, and selected from the ranks of Orangeism an inexperienced barrister for the dignity of the bench—that the new Government, we say, should have stooped to this, surprised as many, in 1830, as a similar act, at the present day, would probably *fail* to do.

The elevation of Mr. Blackburne to the Attorney-Generalship was likewise a source of popular irritation. As a staunch Tory, it surprised all parties that he should have been selected by a Whig Government for promotion. Mr. Crampton, the Solicitor-General, was, we believe, a sort of undecided Whig.

The odium of those very unpopular appointments fell upon Lord Anglesey. People jumped at the conclusion that he, as a matter of course, had the nomination of the staff of Irish officials. It has within the last few years transpired, that his Excellency, in so far as Doherty was concerned, merely bowed acquiescence to the wishes of Earl Grey (!) He thought to form a medley Government, but failed most miserably in the attempt. After superintending the progress of the cookery for some days, Lord Grey at length found that the proportions were about one-fourth Liberal and three-fourths Conser-

* The following epigrammatic lines, in reference to this extraordinary promotion, appeared in one of the journals of the day:—

"In debate, for a Sampson may Doherty pass,
For the weapon of both was the *jaw* of an *ass;*
But, how happy it is to have interest and friends,
Since the likeness between them no farther extends.
The Jew lost *his* power with the *hair of his head,*
But the *Gentile* gained *his* by a *wig in its stead.*"

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vative. In short, Toryism immensely and alarmingly predominated. It was admitted by the noble Marquis to Lord Cloncurry, during one of their many *tête-a-tête* conversations, that Lord Grey's great object was to tranquillize, by genial appointments, the old Ascendancy party, who had regarded him (Lord A.) with an eye of the fiercest malignity since his avowed pro-Catholic tendencies in 1828. They, however, over-did the thing. It was, as events afterwards proved, only out of the frying-pan into the fire; or, to use more classical language, whilst endeavouring to avoid Scylla, Lord Anglesey wrecked himself upon Charibdis. He arrived in Ireland on December 23, 1830, to occupy for the second time the viceregal throne. But, oh, how different was his reception during the last days of 1830, and the first days of 1829! The reader will recollect what a tempest of enthusiasm greeted the good Viceroy on the 19th of January, in that year, when obeying the summons of Arthur Duke of Wellington. Peals of derisive cheers now heralded his approach. The booming of the royal cannon almost fell into nothingness before the tempest. Groans rent the air, and denunciations of "Long Jack Doherty" resounded on every side.

Poor Lord Anglesey braved this storm of wrath heroically. His friends apprised him several days in advance of the reception he might expect. What he thought of it, and how he intended to act, appear in the following letter to Lord Cloncurry, and published in the "Personal Recollections:"—

[No. 39.] THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Beaudesert, Dec. 19th*, 1830.

"My dear Lord Cloncurry,— * * * I am perfectly prepared for the worst that may happen, and shall present myself amongst you in all the consciousness of not *deserving* unkindness, whatever may be my lot; for if ever there was a sacrifice made for the benevolent intention of conferring a public benefit, I am making such a sacrifice. It seems, however, that I have miscalculated my means; and consequently the public, as well as myself, must suffer for the indiscretion. * * * 'I have set my life upon a cast, and I must stand the hazard of the die.' This is not obstinacy—it is a fatality. I have had various kind and even affectionate letters, warning me of what I may expect, and suggesting to me the landing where I am not expected, and proceeding quietly and secretly to Dublin. They might just

as well propose to me to consent to mount a balloon for the purpose of seeking the moon. No! no! I will land at Kingstown, and proceed unostentatiously to the Castle. * * * What I insist upon is this (and I charge you, my dear Lord, very particularly on this subject), let no friend of mine come forward, and mix himself up with my *unpopularity*—what a term for *me* to make use of amongst Irishmen!!! Let me alone. I shall like to meet their hostile ebullitions alone and unattended. Even my curiosity is excited. I am anxious to see the thing. It will be curious to contrast the first days of 1829 with the last days of 1830—and the whole change of sentiment to be on the *plea* of a solitary law appointment! Amazing! Yet such is human nature. But I have done. In three words you will understand me. My desire is, neither to attract notice, nor to avoid it; and most particularly that not one single friend shall put himself forward to share with me the fortunes of the day; and, therefore, my dear good Lord, stay at home, and you shall hear that I am not less patient and enduring with a hostile and *deluded* people, than I am feelingly alive to the cheers of an affectionate one.

"Ever yours,

"ANGLESEY."

Lord Cloncurry, however, bore too strong an affection for Lord Anglesey to remain in the back ground. Like a pilot weathering the strength of a storm, he rode at the head of the procession, and, in consequence, came in, as might have been supposed, for some bitter side-winds of popular indignation.

Poor Lord Anglesey! If ever man deserved commiseration it was he. During the entire period of his second viceroyalty the Orange press ceased not to assail him; while O'Connell, on the other hand, as the mouthpiece of an angered people, spoke what he felt, and that in no very courteous language either.

Lord Anglesey found, on his arrival, the voice of the people loud for Repeal. The recent anti-Repeal declaration had in nowise damped the popular ardour. It stimulated O'Connell to increased exertion. He conjured Cloncurry to join the ranks of the people, and with his influential voice to swell the vociferous demand for legislative independence. But the old lord *would* not, much to the chagrin of Daniel O'Connell.

His reasons appear to have been as follow:—He had great hopes that this, the second Administration of Lord Anglesey, would do great things for Ireland. He wished to listen patiently and respectfully to the intentions of ministers towards this country, and their proposed plans

for our relief (which the ensuing session of Parliament would probably develope), ere he consented to pursue any course calculated to add to the embarrassment and difficulty of their situation.* "The present Government," said his lordship, "is the best I ever saw in power—in fact the only one from which I ever hoped GOOD for Ireland." We do not wonder that Lord Cloncurry reposed considerable confidence in the good intentions of the Viceroy. His Excellency's antecedents—with the exception of the Doherty appointment—would seem to justify it. But, nevertheless, it struck hundreds of Irishmen as a little inconsistent, that while no anti-Union agitation prevailed, Lord Cloncurry should have been always speaking and writing in advocacy of Repeal; but when the subject was really snatched up in the powerful grasp of O'Connell, he would damp his ardour by not only holding himself aloof from the national councils, but in condemning the movement as indiscreet and ill-timed.

This he did. O'Connell had no mercy on Lord Anglesey, and spoke of his Government contemptuously. Cloncurry "took up the cudgels" for his noble friend, and maintained a dignified reserve towards O'Connell, who retaliated by condemning the "grossly inconsistent" conduct of Lord Cloncurry. Previously, however, to this, Messrs. Hull and Reynolds, at the request of O'Connell, addressed a private letter to his lordship, re-

* O'Connell himself, six years later, pursued a not unsimilar course. In the Queen's ministry he repose unbounded confidence. Better intentioned men towards Ireland never, he thought, legislated in Downing-street. Everybody knows that for thirty years he agitated earnestly. But in 1837 he deemed it more expedient not to embarrass with importunity so benevolent a Government. At this juncture Sharman Crawford addressed four able letters to O'Connell. He described him as having more power than ever was possessed by monarch, and called on him to use his influence for the purpose of pressing forward the measures which he himself so powerfully advocated. "Having the vast power he possessed," observes his biographer (Mr. Fagan), "*we do think O'Connell placed too much confidence in the good intentions of the Government.*" Again, he says, p. 654, "O'Connell, in order still further to testify his confidence in the Queen's Government, moved and carried on the 1st of November the demolition of the General Association." Ample particulars concerning this formidable confederacy will be found in their proper place.

questing him to occupy the chair at a great Repeal meeting then about to come off. Lord Cloncurry published the letter together with his reply. This proceeding gave great offence to O'Connell, as he had no wish that the world should be acquainted with any of the respectfully declined invitations connected with his meeting, and accordingly he addressed to Cloncurry three long epistles through the medium of the public press, animadversive on his lordship's then political line of conduct, and full of copious reference to the unfortunate letter written in 1824, which called upon him (O'Connell) to abandon the pursuit of Catholic Emancipation, and raise an organized shout for Legislative Independence. Over and over in this series of letters O'Connell besought his lordship to fling himself repentant into the ranks of a warm-hearted people once more—assured him that a "*cead mille a failthe*" awaited him, and that, if he would only consent to lend his countenance to their labours, Repeal was certain.

It would appear from some observations which fell from Lord Cloncurry at a meeting, convened in Dublin on April 28, 1840, for the purpose of opposing Lord Stanley's bill, that his lordship had actually begun to waver as to whether he would join O'Connell in the Repeal agitation, when Lord Anglesey confirmed him in the course he would pursue by exclaiming, during one of their closet conferences, "Now, Cloncurry, will you give me a trial, and if I don't do what is right for Ireland, I will join you in the Repeal question?" "It's a bargain, said I." We quote the dialogue verbatim from his lordship's speech.

The first of O'Connell's series of letters to Lord Cloncurry began and terminated as follows:—

[No. 40.] TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"'Open your mouth, and shut your eyes,
And Heaven will love you and send you a prize.'—*Old Wife's Song.*

"*Merrion-square, 12th January*, 1831.

"My Lord.—Having been one of the persons who appointed Messrs. Browne, Hull, and Reynolds to inquire, in a respectful manner, whether you

would preside over a meeting of Irishmen, to petition for the Repeal of the Union, I am authorized, by your lordship's conduct on that occasion, to address you through the public papers. I should not take this liberty if you had not felt yourself justified in publishing the correspondence on that occasion. You published it without the assent of Mr. Browne, or of any of us, and plainly with a view to disparage the intended meeting, at which you had been courteously invited to preside.

"I do not, my Lord, arraign your conduct in so publishing it. That is a subject on which I am not now called on to give any opinion. But I do insist that I have a right, without any disrespect, to canvass the sentiments contained in your letter, to discuss the advice you have volunteered, and to consider whether you pursue a course to be followed, or afford an example to be avoided.

"My Lord, I can do all this, not only in an amicable spirit, but preserving that respectful deference to which you are so justly entitled. There are many reasons why the people of Ireland should listen to advice coming from you. There are, indeed, more than I could enumerate. But I feel pleasure in recounting some of them.

"First—Although belonging of right to the aristocracy, you have never preferred 'your order' to the good of the people. You have never taken part against them, and whilst others of our lordly advisers were familiar with the use of the torturing triangle, the slashing sword, and the gallows, you, my Lord, were mitigating the horrors of a dismal period, and uniting in sympathy with a tortured and maddened nation.

"Second—Your sincerity in the cause of the people was recognized and proved by their enemies. They immured you, on suspicion of being suspected of loving Ireland too well, within the walls of a gloomy prison, where for many, many long months you had, when the warm blood of youth boiled in your Irish veins, to endure the emaciating torture of solitude, or the more disgusting association of the beastly keepers of an English dungeon.

"Third—In a country in which, according to Lord Redesdale, 'there *was* one law for the rich and another for the poor, and both were equally ill-administered,' you, of all the justices in Ireland, vindicated for yourself, by your strict impartiality and discreet wisdom, the glorious title of the 'Poor man's magistrate.' You bear that title during your life, and when—oh, may the period be remote—you descend to your honoured grave, the sublime, but simple epitaph, will be engraved on your tomb, amidst a nation's tears—'The poor man's magistrate.'

"Fourth—You have been always, as you are, a resident landlord. You had and have too much conscience, humanity, and honesty, to spend amongst strangers the money produced by Irish land and Irish labour. Your conduct to your tenants has, more than once, preserved your estates in perfect tranquillity, whilst the surrounding country was blazing with the midnight conflagration, and stained with human blood. You never were an absentee.

"These are powerful claims on the admiration, confidence, and affection of your countrymen; an affection which is enhanced even by the rarity of objects deserving of it.

"You have, indeed, suffered persecution for Ireland, and ought, therefore, to love her; you have been, as it were, outlawed in your caste, and one Lord Chancellor has persecuted a most amiable and exemplary person, because she was most justly dear to you. The military glory of Lord Wellington—of that littlest, allow the word, of great men—descended to scold a Lord Lieutenant for presuming to entertain you, and a most valuable Lord Chan-

cellor has been threatened with dismissal for the crime of sharing the elegant hospitality of your mansion.

"All these are claims which you have on the love and confidence of the Irish people. You have been persecuted simply because you had the audacity to love Ireland; for—

'It is treason to love her, and death to defend.'

"With all these claims, it is my duty to proclaim how much you deserve the gratitude and affection of your countrymen. It is also my painful duty to add, that whilst they recognize the patriotism and purity of your intentions, they cannot place confidence in the wisdom of your counsels."

[Here a large portion of the letter is devoted to animadversion on the policy of Lord Cloncurry's advice in 1824. "If we had followed it," wrote O'Connell, "the Protestant Dissenters of England would still labour under degradation—the Catholics of Ireland would still be unemancipated."]

"I will close this first address with your letter. I pray you, my Lord, read it attentively, and see whether the man who wrote it can stand excused for endeavouring to palsy the efforts of his countrymen in the sacred cause of legislative independence. * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

"I will not weaken the effect of your powerful letter with one single observation of mine; but I cannot close this, my first letter to you, without imploring you to believe that no man holds you personally in higher respect and regard than I do—no man is more solicitous than I am to have you uphold a character for patriotic consistency. I hope I shall preserve unimpaired in your mind the conviction, that if I address to you unpleasant truths, I do so without any intentional disrespect, and only out of my unfeigned love for Ireland.

"Return to us, Lord Cloncurry; you are too good, too Irish, too honest, to belong to any Englishman or Englishmen. Come back to your own principles. He who sleeps *now*, is dead. Revive, my Lord, revive. If you join us now, the Repeal of the Union is inevitable. The fate of Ireland is now in your hands. Take your natural, your proper station, as leader. Oh, your destiny is glorious, if you do not sport with it unwisely, or fling it at the feet of courtiers and strangers. Take the lead now, and Ireland will have another tearless, stainless, bloodless revolution; a revolution equally beneficial to the stability of the throne and the prosperity of the people.

"I have the honour to be, your respectful Servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

A few days afterwards the coping-stone was placed on the tottering fabric of Lord Anglesey's popularity, by the introduction of an Act manifestly intended as the extinguisher for Repeal. Proclamation after proclamation for the subversion of O'Connell's power appeared; all of which he dexterously contrived to elude with the exception of the sixth, which was so cautiously worded that not one loop-hole could be found by him who subsequently boasted his capability of driving a coach-and-six

through all judge-made law. "The Man of the People" was accordingly placed under arrest, brought before Alderman Darley, the informations read, and requested to produce bail—himself in £1,000 and two sureties in £500 each.

The statute which succeeded in grasping O'Connell went by the name of Algerine Act. Under it the Lord Lieutenant had full power to suppress, as illegal, any association having, in *his* judgment, the remotest tendency towards a violation of the public peace. Sullenly demanding Repeal, the people surged in masses. A proclamation appeared. O'Connell had recourse to the old expedient of changing the name and remodelling the structure of his national confederacy; but all to no effect. The Algerine Act was too many for him. "From the comments of the press on these transactions," observes Fagan's "Life of Daniel O'Connell," "it is evident the feeling prevailed, that the struggle was one directly between despotism on the one hand, and liberty on the other." It is now known for certain that Lord Anglesey was well-intentioned towards Ireland; but in 1830 this feeling did not generally prevail. The Doherty appointment and the prosecution of O'Connell cannot be said to have indicated a disposition to please the people, although Lord Anglesey probably considered both courses unavoidable. Be this as it may, we are not much surprised that O'Connell should have sorrowed at a change having come over, as he thought, the spirit of the Viceroy's dream.

Poor Lord Cloncurry had a difficult card to play. He knew his Excellency—what the public did not—to be full of the best intentions towards Ireland. Sooner or later they would, he was sure, be carried into effect. Anglesey, in the privacy of the closet, opened his mind to Cloncurry. He told him to wait awhile and see what he would do for Ireland.

O'Connell, stung by a prosecution which he neither expected nor deserved, violently denounced Lord Anglesey, and bitterly satirized Lord Cloncurry for daring to continue on terms of such close intimacy with so unpopular

a Viceroy.* Cloncurry felt his own popularity on the ebb. The reflection galled him acutely. It smarted him in the marrow of his bones. He was extremely unhappy. Since his imprisonment in the Tower, as he acknowledged years after, he had never felt more so. To attempt to convince O'Connell, or the mass of people whom he wielded, of Lord Anglesey's good intentions was hopeless. They could not understand Lord Cloncurry's sanguine expectations, and sneered at him as a duped and hoodwinked man. Cloncurry had several good things in view for poor Ireland. One in particular he never for a moment lost sight of—the establishment of a National System of education. The necessity of this he continually impressed upon Lord Anglesey.

After the lapse of a few months, Irishmen beheld all the necessary arrangements for this great organization perfected. Lord Cloncurry was appointed Chairman of the Commissioners of Education. So the second vice-

* It may readily be supposed that Lord Cloncurry did not feel particularly grateful to O'Connell for all this. We find by Moore's Diary, p. 176, vol. vi. that his lordship took occasion to provoke a laugh or two at O'Connell's expense. In his Diary of 18th Feb. 1831, Tom Moore speaks of having dined at the Castle with Lord Anglesey, who, in the course of the evening, became conversible:—"Told me not a bad anecdote of Lord Cloncurry," writes Moore, "who, in coming to town the other day, was upset in the snow, and some fellows on the road lending their assistance, he was quickly set right again, on which he said to them, 'Thank you, my lads. Now I shall treat you as O'Connell does.' 'Oh, long life to your honour for that,' they exclaimed, with great joy, but were rather taken aback when Lord Cloncurry, holding out his empty hand to them, said, 'I'll trouble each of you for half-a-crown. O'Connell takes more from you, but as you have been such good fellows I'll only ask half-a-crown.' The fellows felt the fun of this, and, of course, got something else into the bargain. * * * * Saw plainly he (Lord A.) was very nervous about the state of Ireland." Pity that Lord John Russell should have suppressed the interesting conversation between Moore and Lord Anglesey on the excited state of public feeling in February, 1831. Four stars is but a sorry substitute. Lord Cloncurry, in reality, however, entertained a most kindly feeling towards O'Connell, notwithstanding the sledge-hammer blows of abuse which fell upon him (Lord C.) daily. He fought nobly behind the curtain for O'Connell at this juncture. Mr. Attorney-General Blackburne insisted upon prosecuting him. Lord Cloncurry strongly opposed the law officer's opinion, and defended O'Connell with the energy of an advocate. Words grew high, and Cloncurry and Blackburne fell out. The altercation, if such it may be called, took place in presence of Lord Anglesey.

royalty of Lord Anglesey was not altogether unproductive of fruit. In England his Excellency's colleagues were up and doing. The two great measures—Parliamentary Reform and the Abolition of Slavery—were carried amid the lusty plaudits of a grateful nation.

It is, we believe, not generally known that Lord Anglesey kept a back-stairs cabinet, composed of Mr. Anthony Blake, the Hon. George Villars, now Earl of Clarendon, Mr. W. H. Curran (Commissioner of Insolvency), and though last not least, Lord Cloncurry. The Viceroy entertained the highest opinion of the soundness of Cloncurry's views, and on almost every hand's turn summoned him to his councils. Indeed, as we learn from his "Personal Recollections," so often, and at such uncertain times was this assistance called for, that it was customary with him to have post-horses constantly ready at Lyons, in order that he might be enabled instantly to obey his Excellency's summons.

Throughout the year 1831, Lord Cloncurry was active in organizing an Irish reforming party. He convened four meetings for the purpose, of which two were in the County Kildare, and two in Dublin. On each occasion the Duke of Leinster co-operated with him zealously. A portion of his lordship's speech at the last of the series, that on December 5, 1831, we transcribe:—"I am a supporter of his Majesty's ministers," said he, "not because benefit has been done to Ireland, but because I expect that great benefit will be done to her by them. I look to them as men of sound sense and cultivated minds, and I think the greater part of them are advocates for REFORM and the rights of human nature. It is thirty-six years since the United Irishmen asked Parliament for nothing but Emancipation for the Catholics and Reform for the people. That was afterwards made an illegal society by Act of Parliament; but it really had no other object in view but these. The whole people are now resolved to have that for which hundreds and thousands were butchered, because they sought for it." Referring to the recently introduced National School system, his lordship said:—"The education of the Irish was at one time a

capital offence—it was then a transportable crime—it was at least a misdemeanour to educate them, and still they were taught, imperfectly, to be sure, within the wretched hovel or beneath the hedge. I am convinced that the new organization will be the means of effectually putting down that sycophantic, hypocritical, swindling system which robbed the country under pretence of promoting general education. Our new system, too, will make the people of Ireland fit for freedom. But much as I love freedom, much as I regard liberty, I would sooner see all my countrymen in chains than find them madly attacking, for the mere pleasure of doing so, the constituted authorities or one another." Immediately anterior to the meeting of the new Parliament, a splendid dinner was given in the King's room to celebrate the triumph of Reform. Lord Cloncurry presided.

In September, 1831, a source of old* and bitter complaint on the part of Lord Cloncurry was, in some degree, removed by Earl Grey creating him a British peer. The exclusion of Irish peers from the councils of the Upper House Lord Cloncurry frequently deplored. He thought that at least after having been robbed of their native Parliament, England, thus enriched, ought not, in justice, to refuse them admission. Lord Cloncurry's complaint on the score of exclusion did not arise from any selfish feeling, but was based upon an innate love of justice and fair play. He neither solicited nor ambitioned the British peerage. When offered him he refused it, and nothing but the repeated exhortations of Lord Anglesey induced him ultimately to accept the honour. There are few points in the history of Lord Cloncurry's life which have been so grossly misconstrued as his conduct on this occasion. It is confidently believed by many to this day that Lord Cloncurry importuned the King, through Lord Anglesey, for the honour, and from the moment he received it, took his place amongst the ranks of the silenced

* See his lordship's speech at the Devereux Banquet, July 19, 1819, p. 329, his "Letter on Police, and the present State of Ireland, to the Duke of Leinster," p. 337, his address to the Irish members, p. 404, &c.

Irish patriots! A letter dated September 16, 1854, and written by an Irish privy councillor, for many years identified with the national movements of his country, lies before us as we write. "I am not an ardent admirer of Lord Cloncurry," observes Mr. O——. "He advocated the Repeal humbug for years, but remained silent from the day Lord Anglesey got him made an English peer." This belief, as well as that he *craved* the elective peerage, is unfortunately general; but after the publication of these pages we trust it will cease to be so. Within the last year we learned incidentally that the honour was, unknown to Lord Cloncurry, solicited and obtained for him by his well beloved friends, the Duke of Leinster and Lord Anglesey. The author wrote to his Grace for a confirmation of this report, and was much gratified to receive the following assurance:—"I can have no hesitation in saying," wrote the Duke on September 27th, 1854, "that the English peerage was conferred on Lord Cloncurry unlooked for and unexpected by him." To this we may add, by way of postscript, some sentences of a letter from one of Lord Cloncurry's oldest friends, Dr. Richard Grattan. "Mr. O—— greatly mistakes both Lord Cloncurry's character and his feeling in regard to the worthless English peerage which the Whigs sent him, without solicitation, or even knowledge of their intention on his part. This I can testify from his lordship's own assurance to me. The honour, if such it may be called, died with him; and for this he had to pay, in the sixtieth year of his age, nearly £800 in fees, a most confoundedly dear bargain in my mind, and one that I am quite sure he considered such. Pray try and place Lord Cloncurry in a proper light before the public with regard to his English peerage."

In 1830 the Grey Administration decided upon investing some members of the Irish nobility with English honours. Lord Anglesey was deputed by his noble colleague to ascertain from Lord Cloncurry the names of those whom he would recommend for that promotion. His lordship asked a day to consider, and during that interval, by a process of mental winnowing, contrived to

select all that was liberal and noble from the vast mass of chaff which constitutes Irish aristocracy. His suggestions were acted upon. Lord Grey expressed himself pleased with the list, and entertained every intention of placing Lord Cloncurry's name at its head, had not the interference of George the Fourth frustrated this resolve. In September, 1831, matters wore a different aspect. A new king ascended the throne, and the wishes of Lords Grey and Anglesey remained unthwarted. Lord Cloncurry was not only created a representative peer, but a privy councillor. The honours came upon him unexpectedly. He wrote to Lord Grey to request that he would convey, in suitable terms, his gratitude to King William. "The favour," said he, "is doubly valued, as a proof of the royal approbation of the zeal and perseverance with which I have through life endeavoured to advocate the interests of his loyal and faithful subjects, the people of Ireland."

Lord Cloncurry at once took up position in the House of Lords. Like a watchful sentinel he continued at his post, denunciating in the bud every measure hostile to the interests of Ireland, and pressing under the notice of the Legislature those wise, humane, and salutary ones which he was so long in the habit of periodically suggesting through the comparatively ineffective medium of newspaper addresses.

In October, 1831, the once popular Lord Anglesey added another to his funeral pile of unpopular appointments. He elevated to the paltry dignity of an assistant county barristership a man whose extreme Orange principles had long excited the disgust and indignation of Catholic Ireland. The *Evening Mail*, as the organ of Ascendancy, crew exultingly over the Catholic bar, but did not thank Lord Anglesey. Mr. Staunton, in his *Morning Register*, opened a broadside on his Excellency. Hardly three days elapsed until the appointment of Mr. John Finlay, the eloquent supporter of the Catholic claims, as assistant-barrister for the County Louth, was officially announced. Lord Anglesey endeavoured to smile on both parties, but his smiles met with nothing but surly rebuffs.

Finlay, at this time, acted in the capacity of seneschal to Lord Cloncurry; and Mr. Staunton, presuming that in consequence of his new appointment he would resign this office, wrote to Lord Cloncurry suggesting his friend, Mr. Carew O'Dwyer, since M.P. for Drogheda, as a fit and proper person to succeed Mr. Finlay.

[No. 41.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. STAUNTON.

["*Private.*]

"*Lyons, 13th November*, 1831.

My dear Sir,—When I have had a little time to look about me, I shall endeavour to see Mr. O'Dwyer, of whom I have always heard *good report*.

"I agree with you, that John Finlay deserves well of every friend of Ireland. He has always supported the good cause from principle, without one selfish consideration. I therefore rejoice at the unsolicited mark of respect paid to him by the honestest and most thoroughly Irish Viceroy Ireland ever saw. What can be the intention of endeavouring to worry such a governor from his post I know not. You, gentlemen of the press, are, of course, better informed; and you know somebody, who, yielding to Messrs. Melbourne and Stanley, and their subordinates, would give us the advantage of an Orange Government, and of party played against party, without one thought of justice, or of the future welfare of the country. For thirty or forty years the Tories were submitted to, with few and occasional efforts at opposition; but the moment the only decent Government which Ireland ever saw has succeeded to crippled power and exhausted finance, the *soi-distant* patriots aid the despots of Europe for their overthrow, and, like Hunt in England, counteract the exertions of all good men to make some beginning in favour of Ireland. Had the year's truce which I solicited been granted, we would already be far advanced on the road to reform of the provincial abuses which form the chief curse of this country; and all good men would be able to judge whether the time was come when we should insist on self-government, or be satisfied to form a really integral part of a great, wealthy, and wise commonwealth.—Very truly yours,

"Cloncurry."

The succeeding letters bear no date, but were written, we are aware, during the second viceroyalty of Lord Anglesey.

[No. 42.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. STAUNTON.

["*Private.*]

"Dear Sir,—I was for many years served with your *Register* by the canal boat, leaving Portobello at two o'clock P.M. The Messrs. Johnston told me this year that I could get it more speedily by the Rathcool early post; but I found that one or two papers per week were purloined, either in their office or the Post-office of Dublin. * * * I was then informed that *Saunders* would be let pass when the *Register* would not. This savoured so much of the good old times, that I would try it; but I cannot digest your worthy cotemporary.

* * * "I lament the opposition to poor laws, though I differ entirely from Mr. Nichol and Mr. Stanley. If the idle arms were usefully employed, under Colonel Burgoyne, no poor laws would be necessary, except for the aged and helpless, and the assessment would enrich, instead of impoverishing the country.

"Mr. Nichol allowed to me that the impost would fall heaviest on those who had most improved. Why not make it fall *outrement*, and improve the states of absentees at their own cost?—Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 43.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. STAUNTON.

"*Maretimo, 2nd June (no year).*

["*Private.*]

"MY DEAR SIR,—I called on you a few days ago, to state that I had, happily, succeeded in putting an end to the annoyances* of which you spoke to me when last I had the pleasure to meet you in Suffolk-street.

To me this is a great and most gratifying success, and, I hope and trust, the beginning of good prospects to our country.—Most truly yours,

"C.

"P.S.—There was a mistake in all the morning papers as to the list of toasts on Tuesday. I sent them, as given to me by the committee, to Mr. Conway. The Duke of Leinster was, as of right and justice, put at the head of the reforming peers of Ireland."

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* *Note in Mr. Staunton's Handwriting.*—"The dressing of the statue in College-green, and the midnight disorder and outrage usually attendant upon the ceremony."

CHAPTER XV.

Tithes! Tithes! Tithes!—The *Comet* Newspaper—Massacres at Newtownbarry and elsewhere—Extraordinary Manifesto—Triumph of "passive Resistance"—Lord Cloncurry's *Debût* in the House of Peers—Called to Order by the Earl of Wicklow—Melbourne Administration of 1834—Its short Career—Letter of Lord Cloncurry to Mr. Conway—His Lordship's Dissent—Melbourne again Premier—The Mulgrave Viceroyalty—His Excellency's Love of Popularity, and his Strides to achieve it—Orangeism well-nigh uprooted—Reconciliation between Cloncurry and O'Connell—Interesting Letters to Messrs. O'Connell, Bagot, Crawford, and Conway—Strange Proceedings at the great "Protestant Meeting" of 1837—General Election—Exciting Struggle—Death of William IV.—Queen Victoria—Hanoverian Plot exposed—Letter to "Billy Murphy"—Spottiswoode Conspiracy—Letters to and from O'Connell—Lord Cloncurry's Speech at the Temperance Soirée—Poor Law Meeting and Municipal Reform Banquet of 1837—Exhumation of the Body of Philpot Curran—A crazy Mathematician—Sir Isaac Newton an Impostor!—Letters to Robert Owen and Mr. Conway—The Ebrington Viceroyalty—Lord Cloncurry hissed in the Theatre Royal, but not for "bad Acting"—Open Air Meeting—Railways—Letter from Hogan the Sculptor to his Lordship—Lord Stanley's Attempt to repeal the Irish Reform Bill—Lord Cloncurry active—The Wounds incidental to his former Collision with O'Connell re-open—Leinster and Charlemont Address to the People of Great Britain—Earl De Grey Viceroy of Ireland—Letters to Mr. Hogan—The Repeal Agitation—O'Connell's Power in 1843—Four Hundred Thousand Men on Tara Hill—Arrest, Trial, and Imprisonment of O'Connell—Letter from Lord Cloncurry—Judgment reversed, and Liberation of O'Connell—General Jubilee—Precursor Petition—Letters to Mr. Haughton—Endowment of Maynooth by Sir Robert Peel—Federal Parliament—Lord Cloncurry has some Thoughts of becoming a Benedict for the third Time—The Famine—Lord Cloncurry's Warnings disregarded—Secession from Conciliation Hall—Lord Cloncurry's Public Letter to Smith O'Brien—His Lordship a Member of the Irish Council—Letters to the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt and Dr. R. R. Madden—Amelia Curran—A false Report.

The political history of Ireland, throughout the years '32, '33, and '34, may be described in three words—Tithes! tithes! tithes! Nothing else was talked about, thought about, or read about. It formed the dream of men by night, and the all-engrossing subject of their thoughts by day. Like a mighty epidemic did this tithe

fever prevail, striking down some in death, and paralysing the business energies, if we may so say, of others. In repeated instances, labourers deserted their work in myriads, and, maddened with indignation, resisted, even unto death, the unhallowed encroachments of a pampered Church Establishment. The sanguinary scenes at Gurtroe, Wallstown, Newtownbarry, and Castlepollard, are not likely soon to be effaced from the Irish memory.

The *Comet* newspaper was established in Dublin during the year 1831. It had perhaps more effect in opening previously closed eyes to this enormous abuse than any other engine of anti-tithe agitation. It commenced by hebdomadally pouring forth a corrosive stream of acrid satire on that Irish Church Establishment which Lord Brougham pronounced to be the "foulest practical abuse that ever existed in any civilized country," and Macaulay,* as "the most utterly absurd and indefensible." Having succeeded in securing the attention of the kingdom, it gradually warmed in its tone, fearlessly exposed the inconsistencies, hypocrisy, and manifold abuses of the Establishment, declared that they should be, at all hazards, exterminated, root and branch, and, with crushing eloquence, denounced its pillars, from the bishop to his curate, as plunderers deriving their revenue by

* Mr. Macaulay added:—"There is but one country in the world that presents to you the spectacle of a population of 8,000,000, with a Church established and richly endowed for only 800,000 of that population." Lord Campbell said:—"I believe the Protestant Church in Ireland to be one of the most mischievous institutions in existence. I believe it is so considered now: I believe it will be so considered by posterity; and it is only because your lordships are familiar with it that you are not shocked by the picture." Lord Grey said:—"I regard the Irish Church, in the actual condition of that country, and upon the footing on which it is placed, to be opposed alike to justice, to policy, and to religious principle." Lord John Russell pronounced it to be "an anomaly and a grievance;" and Sir George Grey, as "unjustifiable in its establishment, and indefensible in its continuance." But the admirable writings of Sydney Smith on the subject are worth all their opinions bundled together. That they did as much, if not more good, there cannot be a doubt. Poor Sydney! although a parson yourself, you could enjoy a joke at the expense of "the well-paid Protestant clergyman, preaching to stools and hassocks, and crying in the wilderness!" "For advancing such opinions," he observed, on one occasion, "I have no doubt I shall be assailed by Latimers, &c.; but I don't care a straw. Why? Because I'm in the right."

compulsion from an uncongenial Catholic population, who owed them nothing but ill-will, and who, of course, never could expect to obtain, in return, the slightest value for the money so bestowed. "As to religion," said Doctor Doyle, "what I wish is, to see her freed from the slavery of the State and the bondage of mammon—her ministers labouring, and receiving their hire from those for whom they labour."

The next step made by the editors of the *Comet* was to write such prescriptions as they considered calculated to remove ultimately, if duly attended to, this cause of complaint from Catholic Ireland. They recommended that "passive resistance" should, by every possible means, be given to the hostile advances of all tithe-seeking parsons. This advice fell upon fruitful soil. An organised system of confederacy, whereby signals were, for miles around, recognized and answered, started into latent vitality. In short, true Irish "winks" were extensively exchanged; and when the rector, mounted on his palfrey, at the head of a detachment of police, military, bailiffs, clerks, and auctioneers, would make his descent on the lands of the Catholic peasantry, he generally found the cattle removed, and one or two grinning countenances occupying their place. A search was, of course, promptly instituted, and often two entire days were consumed in prosecuting it. When successful, and that the cattle *did* come to light, the parson's first step was to put them up to auction, in the presence of a regiment of English soldiery; but it almost invariably happened that, either the assembled spectators were afraid to bid, lest by doing so they should incur the oft-threatened vengeance of the peasantry, or else they stammered out such a miserably low offer, that, when knocked down, the expenses of the sale would be found to exceed it. The same observation applies to the crops. Not one man in a hundred had the hardihood to declare himself the purchaser. It occasionally happened that the parson, disgusted at the timidity of bidders, and thinking by a *ruse* to remove it, would order the cattle twelve or twenty miles away, in order to their being a second time put up for auction.

But the locomotive progress of the beasts, on such occasions, was always closely tracked by men deputed for that purpose, and who adopted certain means to prevent either driver or beast receiving the slightest shelter or sustenance throughout the march. This harassing system of anti-tithe tactics, of which an idea is merely given here, soon accomplished the most satisfactory results for Ireland.

Meetings, avowedly to oppose the old tithe exaction, were held continually under the auspices of O'Connell and his brother agitators. All magistrates who attended them were furnished by Government with a *supersedeas* and those who did *not*, received from the peasantry a notice embellished with death's head and cross bones. Of the two alternatives the former was generally preferred, and the consequence was, that not only the *vox populi*, but that of the major part of the magistracy, resounded in tithe denunciation throughout the land. Soon the mighty old abuse became completely undermined, and threatened, at no distant day, to come tumbling down. It had grown old in its iniquity, and proportionately obese. Owing probably to these bodily infirmities it was quelled with much less trouble than would have been required for the purpose, when young and hale, eighty years before.

Determined to cast off, by physical means, the incubus of a pampered Church Establishment, several hundred men, previously linked together by ribbon bonds, formed themselves into an illegal confederacy, notwithstanding the threats of the law to hang, and of their clergy to excommunicate them. The men thus enrolled went by the name of Terryalt boys and Whitefect; but their organization was far from being general or perfect. When the reader is informed that in some counties they had the daring to walk in military order, it may well be supposed that their existence proved a source of unfeigned alarm to the Government. The greatest excitement pervaded those counties where their number was supposed to muster strongest. In July a great aggregate anti-tithe meeting was held in Kilkenny, and Lord Cloncurry occupied the chair. The speeches were of rather a violent character,

and the resolutions, to say the least of them, strong. Government expressed alarm at the spirit manifested, dismissed a vice-lieutenant, who attended, from office, and warned Lord Cloncurry, for the first time since 1798, to be cautious lest he might incur their indignation and its consequences. A number of minor offenders were apprehended, tried, and convicted.

In 1833, the Irish parsons resolved unanimously to make one great and signal effort to recover their lost position. Tithes they should and would have, no matter if a Rubicon of human blood had necessarily to be waded through to clutch them. Accordingly sundry rounds of ball cartridge were distributed amongst the police and yeomanry preparatory to every descent on the habitations of the peasantry. Should the cattle, in the meantime, be removed, potatoes, sheeting, wearing apparel, blanketing, and whatever the house afforded was, in default of better, usually secured. The people, in some instances, stung with rage, offered a something more than mere passive resistance by flinging stones and other missiles at their military intruders. This happened at Newtownbarry, where frightful bloodshed and rapine ensued. Mr. O'Callaghan, speaking of this in his excellent "Green Book," tells us that the cattle of a farmer named Doyle was, on June 23, seized for tithe by the Rev. Mr. M'Clintock, and although the sum claimed did not exceed £2 6s. (which, moreover, was not legally due till November), the cattle were advertised to be sold by auction, in the parson's name, on Saturday 18th June. Being market day, a large crowd assembled to attend the sale. The cattle were "put up," and 190 yeomanry, provided with fifty rounds of ball cartridge each, formed into line adjacent. It has been said that no stones were thrown on this occasion by any except children, and from the credible nature of the authority, we are not disposed to disbelieve it. That stones were thrown is certain, and that the soldiery fired equally so. When the smoke of the volley had cleared away, fourteen individuals were found stretched lifeless on the market place, and twenty-six wounded. Perhaps the most horrible

incident in the tragedy was the case of a woman named Mulrooney, through whose body, including that of an unborn child, a musket ball tore its way, leaving the bleeding remains of both exposed to the public eye.

The massacre of Skibbereen, under the auspices of Parson Morrit, was not less horrible. Famine decimated the land, and boiled nettles and seaweed constituted the food of many. Of this, however, Mr. Morrit took no heed, and the bowels of his compassion remained unmoved. At the head of a company of infantry he marched on Skibbereen, and gruffly demanded tithe. The peasantry replied that the tenth perch of every ridge was at his service; but the man of God, abhorrent of trouble, declared that he had no notion to squander away the public time in digging them, and insisted on his right to extract tithe from some potatoes which had been stored up within a barn. We cannot discover any details of attempted resistance on this occasion, in the account furnished by Mr. O'Callaghan, which we believe to be the best. He tells us that the benevolent pastor, on being refused admission, ordered the yeomanry to fire. This they did, and twenty-nine persons and a child fell dead in the street. One of the most effective series of stanzas in the *Comet* newspaper, was suggested by some words said to have been uttered by Parson Morrit before leaving his glebe-house for Skibbereen. "My tithes or blood," exclaimed that dignitary.

Similar scenes occurred at Carrickshock, Dunmanway, Castlepollard, Rathcormac, and Gurtroe. God grant that we may never see such days again!

Notwithstanding that Might was determinedly opposed to Right (the issue of which engagement is so often unfavourable to the latter), we find that the people finally succeeded by means of outmanœuvering, menacing, and thwarting the operation of the system, in rendering it an advisable and judicious step on the part of Government to obliterate for ever that unnatural law from their statute book which encouraged the perpetration of murder and outrage. Never was the determination of Ireland more fixed. Her people were in earnest, and what is still

better, unanimous. In illustration of the menacing system, and how effectively it told, we may subjoin the following notice which, early on the morning of October 1st, 1835, was extensively posted through the city of Limerick. We find it reported in an ancient number of the *Evening Post*:—

"TITHES.

"*Stained with the blood of Irishmen!*

"Parson Croker has distrained for Tithes the cows and sheep of

"MR. O'FLAHERTY, OF CROOM,

"*which are this day to be sold by public auction, in Henry-street.*

"*Will any man purchase, and thereby upbuild this iniquitous impost?*

"THE BLOOD SHED AT RATHCORMAC ANSWERS

"THAT NO MAN WILL."

"The auction," says the *Limerick Times*, took place at the specified hour. Many clerical and other gentlemen were present to witness the proceedings. The various lots, however, found no bidders, and, in the end, the Rev. Mr. Croker himself purchased the whole at nominal prices, and made them a present to the House of Industry."

The anti-tithe ruses succeeded inimitably. Mr. Secretary Stanley, now Earl of Derby, declared at this period in the British Senate, that after repeated attempts on the part of Government to levy tithes with the assistance of both military and police, they were only enabled, from an arrear of £60,000, to collect the value of £12,000, and that at an expense of more than £27,000.

With such savage barbarity, and overbearing insolence, did the Anglo-Irish pillars of the Church establishment comport themselves towards their humble Catholic parishioners throughout, and for long anterior to the tithe crusade, that their lives actually became uninsurable. And it is with sorrow we feel ourselves necessitated to add, that many of the despotic churchmen fell victims to the wrath of those whom a sanguinary order, when enforcing payment of tithes, had deprived of the affectionate protection of a father, or, perhaps, the cherished companionship of a brother.

From the moment that Valentine Lawless may be said to have arrived at the age of reason, he was an ardent

and disinterested tithe abolitionist. So early as the year 1806, we find him pressing the subject on the Duke of Bedford during his Lord Lieutenancy, and giving it as his opinion that a settlement of it was downright essential to the general good of Ireland. Lord Cloncurry was, himself, the lay rector of several parishes—in other words, a tithe owner—and might be, therefore, supposed to regard the Church question in a Conservative point of view.

The first words uttered by his lordship in the British Parliament were in denunciation of tithes. His *debut* there took place on December 7, 1831. Having given notice that he had several petitions for the abolition of tithes to present, Cloncurry was proceeding to launch forth into an impassioned diatribe on their oppressive character, when the Earl of Wicklow (an old senator) started from his seat, and blandly calling "the noble Baron" to order, begged to remind him that it was quite irregular to enter into statements on giving a notice. "The more regular course," observed Lord Wicklow, "would be to defer your observations until you have brought forward the petitions." Poor Lord Cloncurry, a little crest-fallen, sat down. By degrees he learned the etiquette of Parliament.

Lord Cloncurry's opposition to the tithe system in the Lords was, throughout the following year, unwavering, constant, and remarkable. On the 3rd March, 1833, he pronounced it to be the main grievance of Ireland, and, if not then attended to, would render acts of coercion and the effusion of blood continually necessary. "The people," said his lordship, "are heavily taxed to support a Church with which they have no communion, whilst the zealous ministers of their own Church are left entirely to depend upon the scant charity of their flocks." For the remainder of that year Lord Cloncurry took little or no part in politics. He may be said to have passed it in dignified retirement—part of the time at Carton, on a visit to the Duke of Leinster.

In the summer of 1834, "The Irish difficulty" splintered the Grey Administration into fragments. That of

Lord Melbourne succeeded it; but its career was a short one. A determined, harassing, and uninterrupted opposition from the Conservative side of Parliament, coupled with the personal antagonism of the King, effectually did its work, and, in the month of November, the Administration of Lord Melbourne had ceased to exist. The Duke of Wellington was sent for in post-haste by his Majesty, and requested to form a ministry at once. Like a true soldier, he bowed submissively to the wishes of his commander, and lost no time in assuming the custody of all official seals. But, without the aid of Sir Robert Peel, it was agreed on all hands that no Tory Government could be formed, much less complete. As that Right Hon. Baronet, however, was recreating in Rome, some delay should necessarily intervene. Mr. Hudson, in his capacity of King's Messenger, was despatched to fetch him. He travelled night and day, and in an incredibly short space of time reached his destination. Not a moment's delay took place, and Mr. Hudson returned with the Right Hon. Baronet in triumph to London. On his arrival he found the Duke of Wellington occupying the position of Dictator, which he continued to fill until the downfall of the Administration.

A feeling of disappointment at the resignation of the Melbourne Cabinet was extremely general, especially in Ireland. At the very moment that the King dismissed his ministers, plans were rapidly advancing to maturity in the Cabinet for the adoption of a more liberal system of rule in Ireland than had even characterized the Administration of Earl Grey. Consternation at the announcement pervaded all classes, save one. Triumph, in all the vigour and intensity of gratified passion, marked the conduct of the Orange faction.

At this crisis, Lord Cloncurry addressed the following letter to Mr. Conway, the late talented editor and proprietor of the *Post*, with whom he was long in the habit of corresponding. His lordship entertained an old and cordial friendship for Mr. Conway, which remained unimpaired until death put an end to it in 1852:—

[No. 44.] LORD CLONCURRY TO FREDERICK WM. CONWAY, ESQ.

"*Lyons, 1st Dec.* 1834.

"My dear Sir,—You are, as usual, taking the straightforward, disinterested, and fearless part in the good cause, and assuredly it is the *only* wise one.

"No man should now be neutral. * * The liberty, the property, and, I believe, the personal safety of every individual in the three kingdoms depend on the speedy discomfiture of the Tories, and of their great captain. The people of England and of Scotland have acted on this conviction with a spirit and unanimity which prove them worthy of the franchise they have wrung from the usurpers, and to dispossess them of which is a chief motive of the present desperate, but I trust vain attempt. If we in Ireland have been less prompt, we will not be less persevering, for *against Ireland chiefly* is the conspiracy directed. * * *

"When the great right of Catholic Emancipation was achieved for Ireland by Leinster, Anglesey, Fingal, and O'Connell,* and when the cause of general reform seemed all triumphant, I thought it impossible that enmity or oppression could ever again distract us. My own attention I would have willingly confined to the physical improvement of our country—drainage, cultivation, employment, food, clothing, and comfort: but the moment I was put upon the tithe committee, the moment I found that to *extinguish* meant to *double*, that moment I perceived that the chief benefit of Emancipation was to be withheld. Indeed that the tithe project, coupled with the disfranchisement of the great body of our freeholders, filled me with disgust and apprehension: still, however, I resolved to wait patiently, and to *work quietly*. * * I explained the nature of our real grievances, the facility by which a small meed of justice would satisfy the people of Ireland; and, above all, I believe I proved that the Protestant Church of Ireland, without tithe, might be rendered richer, more useful, and more respectable than it ever was, by a proper application of her possessions in land.

"The great body of our people must be thought of, must be respected and enabled to respect themselves: they must not be flattered, and still left in a state of degradation and of want; the public income must be devoted to the service of those who create it; the land must support the bee in preference to the drone; we must have education for the young, certain and remunerative employment for the industrious, and support for the helpless. The state must know no difference of religion; the people must be fairly and fully represented in short parliaments; and to prevent improper influence of any kind, I recommend the ballot.

"What has a government or a statesman to answer for, who, instead of healing our wounds and uniting our energies, inflames our passions and retards our hope, giving us the alternative of coercion bills on one hand, and club law on the other. Let us pray for a wiser future, let us cry with one voice, "Out with the Dictator, fair play for the people."—Your Friend and Servant,

"Cloncurry."

The Marquis of Anglesey, in a letter to Lord Cloncurry from Rome, at this period writes:—"Can the Peel and

* Had Lord Cloncurry been reconciled to O'Connell at this period, his lordship would hardly have made him what Rory O'More would call "Paddy Last."

Wellington government stand? I am sure it ought not, and if there be common honesty and fair dealing in man, it will not."

The House of Lords, in March, 1835, addressed, with some exceptions, a vote of confidence in the ruling Administration! Lord Cloncurry, amongst others who thought fit to hold themselves aloof from participating in such mockery, was applied to for his signature. But this he respectfully declined to give, for reasons which appear in the following well conceived and forcible protest:—

LORD CLONCURRY'S DISSENT,

(*As entered upon the Journals of the house of Lords.*)

"1. Because it is essential to the dignity and security of the throne, and the welfare and peace of the empire, that the people should have well-grounded cause to rely upon the wisdom, consistency, and stability of the Government.

"2. Because the nation has been justly disappointed and alarmed by the ominous dismissal of his Majesty's late ministers, at a period of profound tranquillity, and by the unconstitutional assumption of several of the highest offices of the crown, by a military nobleman who had long since admitted his own unfitness to act as the head of the civil Government of the country.

"3. Because those who have since been induced to join that nobleman in the formation of the ministry, as now composed, are men whose political principles are held in just reprobation by the most numerous and the most intelligent classes of the community.

"4. Because the ministers, to whom the destinies of the British empire are now committed, are the remnants and successors of that class of statesmen who, forty years ago, and subsequently by their sinister policy abroad and at home, involved the nations of Europe in a destructive general war, and repressed, as far as in them lay, the domestic growth of liberal opinion; and who, at the termination of that war, waged on their part, and prosecuted at a ruinous expense, against the liberties of their neighbours, brought discredit on the name of England, by sanctioning the transfer of many states entitled to independence, to the sway of hostile and despotic powers, by permitting the bravest amongst the marshals of France to be executed under an unjust and unnecessary sentence, and by consigning the greatest man of the age to exile and death on the miserable rock of St. Helena.

"5. Because those ministers have, in the spirit of their predecessors, uniformly resisted all measures of reform in our political institutions; and because they still hold, and openly profess, doctrines of government in relation to pending questions of deep public interest, which renders is impossible that they can obtain the confidence and cordial support of the British people, expressing their sentiments through a reformed House of Commons.

"6. Because the abrupt reaccession of those ministers to power has occasioned peculiar and well-founded disgust and discontent in the great majority of the people of Ireland, who, reverting to the scenes through which they

passed under the rule of the political predecessors of those ministers, and justly alarmed at the exclusive spirit already manifested by the local Government of Ireland, are impressed with fearful apprehensions that so long as that Government, as now constituted and advised, shall last, the Irish people will have to maintain a renewed struggle against the domination of a faction; and that the persevering efforts of that faction will be to re-establish for Irish a baneful political ascendancy, to check the spread of popular education upon a sound and practical system, to repress the urgently required reforms in the municipal corporations of Ireland, and to impede the speedy settlement of those questions relating to the Established Church, which, remaining unadjudicated, prove a constant source of internal animosity and contention, and have already produced many dreadful sacrifices of human life.

"CLONCURRY."

The Tory Administration was not destined long to stand. In corruption it acquired its life; and throughout the short, miserable span of that existence nought but ill-health and deficiency of moral vigour marked its movements. At length the highest tribunal in the empire—a Parliamentary Committee—pronounced the practices by which their temporary triumph was obtained to have been fraudulent, illegal, and unconstitutional. In April, 1835, a majority of thirty-six defeated them on the Church question, and down fell the Tory Cabinet, with a crash, to the ground.

Again Lord Melbourne was Premier. The Earl of Mulgrave, as Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by his Secretary, Lord Morpeth, proceeded to Ireland. Morpeth was an old favourite with the Irish people, and they received him with enthusiasm. The reader may remember the banquet in his honour, and Lord Cloncurry's words on that occasion.

The new Viceroy, shortly after his arrival, was hospitably invited on a visit by Lord Cloncurry, a request which his Excellency cheerfully acceded to. The Curragh races were just about to come off, and Lord and Lady Mulgrave expressed a wish to see them. Accordingly, on June 11, their Excellencies, accompanied by Lord Cloncurry, proceeded to the race-course, escorted by a troop of the 1st Dragoon Guards; and having remained until half-past six in the afternoon, returned in the same order to Lyons. Their reception by the peasantry was truly gratifying.

During the same month we find Lord Cloncurry writing a public letter, with a view to reconcile Messrs. G. P. Scrope, George Ensor, and General Cockburne, who had had an angry controversy on that prolific subject of contention, Poor Laws. The tone of his lordship's letter was, as usual, favourable to that measure.

Lord Cloncurry invariably attended the annual examinations at Clongowes Wood College, the quondam seat of his old intimate, Wogan Browne. At the banquet celebratory of this event, in August, 1834, we find the services which his lordship had been periodically conferring on it, for more than twenty years, acknowledged impressively by Dr. Esmonde, on the occasion of his proposing the noble lord's health. "Lord Cloncurry," observes the *Morning Register*, "returned thanks with considerable feeling and eloquence. The company present amounted to 350."

Popularity was the idol of Constantine Earl of Mulgrave; and it must be admitted that he neither spared time, pains, nor money, to secure that happiest of possessions. He saw how simply Lord Anglesey sacrificed his, and this consideration made him doubly watchful to preserve it undiminished and intact. It has been said that Lord Mulgrave was too fond of display, and indulged his passion for popularity to a greater extent than ought to characterize the conduct of one who wielded the sceptre of viceregal authority. One act of his, in particular, became the subject of much severe comment in the Upper House. Like his predecessor, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Mulgrave made a tour through Ireland, from Antrim to Kerry, and from Dublin to the wilds of Connemara. As he proceeded along, he liberated from the county bridewells the prisoners charged with larcenies, and basked in the sunshine of their smiles and benedictions. Another act of his Excellency's furnished the topic for much Conservative animadversion. He refused to sanction the inauguration of Mr. Deane as Mayor of Cork, simply because he was a sworn Orangeman, although in private an amiable character. In fact, the rule of Lord Mulgrave was a continued warfare

against Orange organization, and ascendency arrogance. Serious apprehensions were entertained by many of the fraternity that their sway was approaching to a termination in Ireland. This feeling can hardly be said to have diminished when his Excellency dismissed from the commission of the peace Colonels Verner and Percival, two of the most furious champions of the Orange interest in the kingdom. Both occupied high positions in the great Brunswick Society, under King Ernest of Hanover. Colonel Verner, at a public dinner, spoke in harsh language against the Administration, and concluded by proposing the violent party toast of "The Battle of the Diamond." This engagement between the Orangemen and Defenders, in 1795, has been elsewhere described. The bloodshed was frightful, and the cruelties committed by the victors, sickening to contemplate. Colonel Verner, however, forty years after, rioted in the pleasing contemplation of both, and gave bland expression to his partisan glee before a bowl of wine and some hundred congenial spirits. His dismissal from the magistracy excited an unprecedented sensation throughout Orangeland. The utter annihilation of that once rampant faction was now looked forward to as a highly probable event. In the midst of these surmises, the well-known equestrian statue of William Prince of Orange, in College-green, was one night suddenly blown into fragments by the combined operation of fulminating silver and Popish gunpowder. This was considered typical of Protestant subversion. Many a countenance blanched with consternation at the intelligence. The writer of these pages was only a child at the time, but he well remembers the intensity of the excitement which this explosion occasioned. Men of every creed and party, on the morning after the catastrophe, hurried in knots to College-green, and, speechless with astonishment, stood gazing at the blackened horse, unconscious of a rider. That statue, which "braved for two hundred years the battle and the breeze"—which underwent, perhaps ten thousand times, the alternate daubing of almost every imaginable colour, except green, and the showy equipment of orange

mantles, scarfs, ribbons, and lilies—to think of the dignity of that statue outraged in a manner at once so deliberate and audacious, was a reflection which astounded no one more than the Roman Catholics themselves.

In referring to the Catholic bias of Lord Mulgrave's Administration, we must not omit to mention that O'Connell's first invitation to partake of Viceregal hospitality came from his Excellency. It was on one of these occasions, we believe, that the Viceroy offered O'Connell the Mastership of the Irish Rolls—a favour which the great Agitator at once declined. Lord Melbourne, in the House of Lords, acknowledged at this period that the Government were most desirous to conciliate, without compromise, a man who wielded such enormous power over the people of both countries.

The popular party in Ireland Lord Mulgrave tranquillized with a vengeance. But he became, on the other hand, an object of bitter hate amongst the Orangemen.

It is a matter tolerably notorious, that Lord Cloncurry and O'Connell were, for some years subsequent to their collision of opinion in 1831, on terms of but indifferent intimacy. The estrangement arose from their conflicting views on the policy of agitating the Repeal question during the second Viceroyalty of Lord Anglesey. The only blot on the page which recounts to posterity O'Connell's claims to Irish gratitude and respect, was his invariable tendency, on the slightest provocation, to retaliate in terms of violent invective. For this Lord Cloncurry frequently came in, throughout the years '31 and '32. That the fact of Cloncurry holding himself aloof from all political agitation was calculated to irritate O'Connell cannot be denied; but that the old peer was otherwise than sincere no one ever yet dared to controvert. In noticing this matter, we cannot avoid adding, that in reply to each broadside opened by O'Connell, Cloncurry discharged a shot calculated to wound, though not to slay.

In 1835 O'Connell repented of these ungenerous attacks, and having made known his sentiments to honest

"Billy Murphy" and Mr. David (now Chief Baron) Pigot, those gentlemen undertook to effect a reconciliation between the long estranged rival patriots. O'Connell, knowing himself to have been in fault, wrote a most apologetic letter to Lord Cloncurry, wherein he expressed his sorrow that he should ever have forfeited the good peer's esteem. One of the most interesting letters in the "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry" is that addressed on this occasion by O'Connell to his lordship. He attributed his "irritation" to a prosecution which he "neither expected nor deserved," and to the appointments made by the Whig Ministry in Ireland. But the main source of O'Connell's distaste towards Cloncurry arose from the close intimacy which subsisted between "Algerine Anglesey" and his lordship. He considered that the Viceroy had blindly fallen into the snares, and even into the arms of the mortal enemies of Ireland.

The Reform party (then a formidable organization) were most desirous that the hitherto disunited exertions of O'Connell and Cloncurry should be fused into one iron nerve; and when the report of the reconciliation reached them it was hailed with joy. "Need I add," observed O'Connell, as he concluded his letter, "that if you will accept of my co-operation, you shall command it with a sincerity written on my heart's core." Messrs. Murphy and Pigot undertook to take custody of this letter. They delivered it to Lord Cloncurry, at Lyons, who expressed the utmost gratification at its tone. He resolved to become oblivious of the past, and generously met O'Connell in his advances. He retired to his study, and wrote a most kind and sensible letter to O'Connell.

Mr. Murphy delivered the letter. In a note to Lord Cloncurry he observed, that never did he see a man more delighted than he was with its admirable tone. "On finishing the first paragraph," wrote Murphy, "he struck the table, and exclaimed in a loud voice—'May God bless him!' He said it was a letter he should keep carefully by him as long as he lived. At another time he said—'Good God! how could I ever have quar-

relled with such a man?' Pigot says that it is one of the best letters he ever read, and that it could only have been written by the best of Irishmen."

The letter, however, which forms the theme of Mr. Murphy's epistle, and Mr. Pigot's eulogy, does not appear in the "Personal Recollections." We have successfully inquired after it; and, as the letter is in all respects highly creditable to Lord Cloncurry, we can have no hesitation in annexing it to this account of the transaction:—

[No. 45.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.

"*Lyons, October 13th*, 1835.

"My dear O'Connell,—I thank you for your letter; it has given me the sincerest pleasure. If you had done me a serious injury I should deem it an atonement. If you did not atone I should now feel it my duty to co-operate with you in the service of our country.

"I have not, indeed, the vanity to imagine that my co-operation could be otherwise valuable than from the affection borne to me from the friends of liberty, of justice, and of Ireland; from their belief in the singleness of my devotion to their cause.

"It is not now necessary to inquire whether I was premature, or O'Connell tardy, in hailing the improved prospects of our country. There was reason for you to doubt, as there was for me to hope. I saw the noblest, the most single-minded,* and the most enthusiastic of mankind, anxious to do us justice, and pledged to our regeneration; but I saw him unsupported and counteracted by his colleagues, his misplaced confidence betrayed, and his wise and statesmanlike intentions frustrated. This distracted my peace, and destroyed my health; but I did hope that, by the support and co-operation of all good men, he would have been so strengthened in his power and his purposes, as to have accomplished the object of his every wish—our permanent prosperity. Whether that co-operation was by some wisely withheld, or hostility justly proclaimed, I shall not now inquire; I will look only to the future. After a long separation, you and I can come together in perfect unity of purpose, and in oblivion of all minor interests, think only of bringing to maturity the too often blighted hopes of our country.

"A period has now, fortunately, arrived when there is no longer a point of difference between reformers. We understand each other; may we not hope to draw to us the well-informed and the honest of our hitherto opponents. I do verily believe that, even in the Lords, many of those who have sinned against Ireland have done so more in ignorance than enmity; and as in the first step of reform they yielded to conviction, let us hope that in measures of not less paramount importance they will in future be guided rather by reason and justice than by party feeling, or the dictation of a corrupt and abominable faction.

* In allusion to Lord Anglesey.

"Can any just man agreeing to corporate reform in England hesitate to allow its more urgent necessity in Ireland, when he knows the materials of which her corporations are composed? Who will say that we want not a police bill* for the counties and for the metropolis, and the application of tithe to the relief, the education, and the employment of the people? It would be as tedious as unnecessary in a letter, *and to you*, to dwell on these subjects. * * *

"I conclude by again most sincerely thanking you for your letter. Continue long to exercise your unrivalled talents to the advantage of Ireland and of mankind, and be assured of the hearty, though very humble, assistance of,

"My dear O'Connell,
"Your faithful and obliged,
"CLONCURRY."

The next document which claims a place in this memoir is a characteristically written letter from Lord Cloncurry to Mr. Bagot, of Castle Bagot. No date appears to be attached to this letter; but that it was written in the year 1836 we have every reason to know. The meeting therein alluded to (which Mr. Bagot took an active part in organizing) was one convened for the purpose of demanding a full, final, and satisfactory settlement of the tithe question. Lord Lyndhurst had, a short time previously, in the House of Lords, stigmatized the people of Ireland as aliens in blood, in language, and in religion. The effect produced by this insolent assertion was startling. O'Connell withered the Chancellor with invective. It drew forth one of Shiel's brightest specimens of oratory.

It will be perceived that the first two sentences of Lord Cloncurry's letter is in satirical allusion to Lord Lyndhurst's diatribe:—

[No. 46.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN JAMES BAGOT, ESQ., D.L.

"MY DEAR BAGOT,—I am sorry that I am prevented meeting you this day. The cause which brings my countrymen together is not alien to my heart, to my religion, nor to the language of my life.

"But if the people of Ireland, instead of my loved neighbours and fellow-subjects, were as little known to me as they must be to Lord Lyndhurst, it would not excuse me to my conscience, if, as a legislator, I refused them justice.

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* Soon after, Lord Cloncurry had the gratification of witnessing the introduction of the new police into Dublin.

"The man must be hardened in ignorance or in malice, who denies our right or our necessity for corporations. By no other means can the property plundered from our towns and cities be recovered; but if, as has been falsely stated, there be no property, still corporations are necessary for the moral, physical, sanatory, and political interests of the people, the first institution which the philosopher or the missionary would wish to establish for the civilization of a barbarous nation.

"When the corporate lands of our towns and cities are recovered from the dishonest patrons who leased them to themselves at nominal rents, there will be ample means for paving, watering, and cleansing, without additional taxation; and the bequests of worthy and benevolent persons to their native towns will, from time to time, enable them to add to their beauty and their comfort.

"The allusion to plunder reminds me of the second though chief subject of your assembling—tithes. Was there ever in any country plunder, rapine, or injustice, equal to the tithe system in Ireland? The most wanton plunder, the most hardened cruelty, the most bullying injustice—all in the name of religion and of charity—and to support a Church possessing in neglected land more than an acre for each communicant; a Church known to the body of the people by its enormous, abused, and ill-managed wealth. Though myself a Protestant and a tithe proprietor, it is more than forty years since I first wrote and spoke against a system unchristian, degrading, destructive of all good feeling, of all charity, and of all desire of improvement. To remedy which evil Lord Stanley's Act would substitute landlord for tithe proctor, widen the breach between the ranks of society, and add to the complex difficulties of an embarrassed, shifting, and most unpopular proprietary.

"Most faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

Well knowing from experience what vast influence the old Catholic Association was long capable of wielding, it is not surprising that Daniel O'Connell should have set in motion the massive machinery of another league at a time when the voice of his country, in piteous and impassioned language, called for the redress of grievances whose name was legion. The National Association was a powerful confederacy, and, there is no denying, great national benefit resulted from its labours. "There were, however," says Fagan's "Life of O'Connell," "unpleasant drawbacks to these discussions. It was, to the Irish nation, a painful thing to see O'Connell and Sharman Crawford in personal collision." Mr. Fagan goes on to say, that Mr. Crawford was, in the abstract, right in most of the opinions he maintained at the Association.

It pained Lord Cloncurry to see the strength of the national councils shaken by collision of opinion. He

resolved to do his best to coalesce the jarring elements of agitation, and addressed Mr. Crawford some letters on the subject. One of them is so racy of its author that we should be sorry to deny it a place in this memoir:—

[No. 47.] LORD CLONCURRY TO W. SHARMAN CRAWFORD, ESQ., M.P.

"*Maretimo*, *Oct.* 10, 1836.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Since ever I had the honour of your acquaintance, your conduct as an Irishman and a politician has commanded my sincere respect. Since I have known O'Connell, now upwards of thirty years, in times of difficulty and of storm, I have seldom differed from him in opinion, and when I did so, it was with grief and pain for the cause in which all good Irishmen are bound to act as by one impulse. Though the prospects of Ireland are now, thank God, better—oh! how far better than when first I devoted myself to her cause!—we have still much to do, and we are at a moment of our fate so critical that our undivided, our most earnest attention, is required to our duty. The enemy is most active—I believe, desperate and bloodthirsty. Let not our disputes, like those of the Christians of Constantinople, give the fortress to the foe. * * * * Do not imagine that my admiration of O'Connell, my feeling for him at the present moment, or my conviction of the sacred duty of all good Irishmen to be now more than ever united—do not imagine, my dear Sir, that these truly coercing circumstances prevent my being angry with O'Connell on many occasions, and angry with myself, for suffering that feeling to damp those exertions which I still owe to Ireland. Why did I not subscribe to the 'Justice Rent?' Because, in his inauguration letters on the subject, O'Connell accuses Lord Anglesey of re-arming the Orange yeomen. Now, I know that the urgent advice and direction of Lord Anglesey was to *disarm* them. It is true that that most excellent of men may be held accountable for the acts of others, whilst he nominally governed Ireland; but his strong sense of justice, already made known by one of his despatches,* fraudulently obtained—his conduct in Parliament, as contrasted to that of his Secretary†—and the reconciliation, so sincere on my part, which took

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* This alludes to Lord Anglesey's celebrated letter to Earl Grey, which, by means never satisfactorily explained, found its way into the public papers, notwithstanding ministerial precautions to the contrary. The document called upon Lord Grey to take the amelioration of Ireland at once in hand. His Excellency stated it as his deliberate opinion, grounded upon an experience of four years' exercise of the viceregal sceptre, that internal peace could never be established until ministers came to some definite arrangement about the Church question, whereby the ecclesiastical property of the Establishment would be made subservient to the general good of the community. Lord Anglesey also called for a system of poor laws, labour rates, the organization of special constables, the suppression of party processions, a satisfactory arrangement of juries, and an endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy.

† Lord Stanley, now Earl of Derby. Speaking of him in a letter to Lord Cloncurry, published in the "Personal Recollections," Lord A. says, that

place between O'Connell and me, would, I had hoped, have long since put an end to all exhibition of hostility to one whom I had the honour to call my friend, as he was the friend of my country—a man whose wisdom and honesty as a statesman would have secured our prosperity had he not been counteracted. The history of his sojourn in Ireland I will leave to an abler pen. * * * *

"Corporations should not only be reformed and preserved, but increased in number, and armed with a power to recover the plundered property. The whole system of the magistracy should be changed, and a further reform effected in the constabulary; the public roads vested in a public board—one great line of railroad, to be executed by them before the ground be pre-occupied by bubble companies; and the poor provided for by the remunerative employment Ireland can so abundantly supply. When that is exhausted it will be time enough to talk of workhouses or of emigration, to the benefit of rival nations, or the increased growth of transatlantic corn, to the depreciation of our own. For all this, it will be said, we must have peerage reform. Most anxious I am for it; but can it be obtained by Act of Parliament? I fear not. Why not urge a creation? and, to diminish as little as possible the dignity of the Upper House, add, '*pro hac vice*,' as many life peers as would carry those necessary measures recommended by his Majesty, or desired by his people. Amongst those, I must say, I think the ballot by far the most important.

"I must now terminate this too tedious letter. somewhat indecorous, perhaps, from a peer and privy councillor; but time presses. The most insulting calumnies have been vented against our people, to justify the atrocities of their enemies; we must forget every petty difference, and unite as one man in the expression of our indignation, and of our determination to recover our rights.

"My dear Sir, with great respect and regard, yours most truly,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 48.] WM. SHARMAN CRAWFORD, ESQ., M.P. TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Crawfordsburn, October* 14, 1836.

"MY DEAR LORD,—* * * * You allude to the difference of opinion which has been exhibited between Mr. O'Connell and myself on certain important questions affecting the interests of Ireland; and your object is to reconcile those differences which you deem might prove injurious to the success of that great struggle now impending.

"My Lord, I agree with you that we should all be united in a common effort; and my object in broaching these questions is, that by a free and full discussion of the points of disagreement, a common principle of action should be decided on, previous to our entering that great arena where the

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he (Stanley) "would probably prefer a more *submissive master*. I work at great disadvantage. He knows all my schemes, and I know few of his. Thus all my projects, when laid before the Cabinet, if he does not go the *whole* length with me (and half measures are worse than useless), are, probably, thwarted by him. He tells his own story, and I have no one to back my views."

battle is to be fought. My object, by discussion now, is to avoid disagreement *hereafter*. I wish to have principles of action decided on by the voice of the nation. To that voice I am willing to yield; but I hold it, that no system of action can have weight or respect which is founded solely on the dictation of any one individual, however distinguished, or on the adhesion of a party for party objects, or on such a line of conduct as can give pretext to our opponents to impute to us such motives. * * * *

"Your lordship's object is union of reformers. In this object I cordially join you. I will give up all allusions to the past—let us open a new leaf, and prepare for the future. And how is this to be done? I unhesitatingly say that we must look to Mr. O'Connell as the leader, to assert the rights of Ireland; but in that capacity, I claim from him a distinct declaration of the principles on which we are to act, that the accordance of those who are to act with him shall be founded on the conviction of reason, and not on the dictation of authority. There are great questions to be debated, vitally affecting the particular interests of Ireland. It is time we should understand a definitive course of action on those questions." [Here Mr. Crawford adverted, amongst other matter, to the reform of the Lords, and the power of effecting it.] "I assert, my Lord, we have power to obtain these, or any other measures to which the united power of the nation shall be directed, on the foundation of a necessity arising from justice and practical utility. In my opinion, Ireland has now a greater means of asserting her particular rights than ever she had before, or ever she may have again. By the present balance of parties in the Imperial Parliament, her representatives have an extraordinary power; and the National Association, by its funds, and combination of talent and influence, can give effect to that power. Under such circumstances, I affirm that the word '*impracticable*' should be blotted out of the vocabulary of freemen. The man who bears this motto on his breast enters the field of combat with the certainty of defeat. It was not thus that our British ancestors extorted Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. It was not thus that the Irish patriots of a former day established the independence of their Legislature. It was not thus that the great leader of the Irish nation contended for and accomplished the Emancipation of his countrymen. No, my Lord; he contended against difficulties discouraging and insurmountable, apparently, to any other person but one possessed of his transcendant powers. And whilst I have honestly expressed my disagreement from parts of Mr. O'Connell's late policy, I, with equal honesty and sincerity, declare, that for these exertions, and for the accomplishment of this great benefit to Ireland, he is entitled to the everlasting gratitude of his country.

"Let us then learn, from experience of past events, to regulate our conduct for the future—let us not despond about *impracticabilities*—let us inquire what justice to our country demands—let us put forward our claims, and on those claims let us take our firm, deliberate, and constitutional stand.

"I am, my dear Lord, with every feeling of respect and esteem, yours sincerely,

"Wm. Sharman Crawford."

The earnestness and energy latterly manifested in the proceedings of the popular party excited, to a still higher pitch, the alarms and jealousies of the Orange faction.

Early in the year 1837, a requisition, signed by eight peers, convened a "true blue" meeting in the Mansion House. Twenty noblemen and sixteen members of Parliament attended, and with elevated fists, flushed cheeks, blazing eye-balls, and stentorian lungs, vowed that the encroachments of the nationalists should be resisted unto death, and a fierce opposition to the Government organized. "I tell you," exclaimed Lord Glengall, "if you do not win the battle which you are fighting under the banners of Wellington, the days during which you can hold your Protestant estates are numbered." The speeches were of a highly inflammatory character, and no pains were spared to stimulate the flame of party. Lord Roden displayed a purple and orange handkerchief, and fourteen hundred of the same colour sympathetically waved in rampant anti-Catholic defiance above the heads of his auditory. Thunders of Kentish fire shook the old building. Peals of party cheers resounded lustily through Dawson-street. The fiercest invective, and the bitterest sarcasm, were alternately hurled and squirted at Lords Mulgrave and Melbourne. Altogether a more determined or defiant Orange demonstration was never before seen in the good city of Dublin.

The Protestant population of Ireland, apprehensive lest England should confound them with the sworn Orangemen (that body having denominated their display "a meeting of the Irish Protestants"), published a protest against it, signed by thirty-four peers and fifty-seven members of the British Parliament.

Meanwhile the popular exertions for Corporate Reform, and other salutary measures, were in nowise diminished, and Lord Cloncurry, in his place in Parliament, backed them with his rapidly increasing influence. Apropos to this, we here subjoin one of the many letters addressed to the late Frederick Wm. Conway by his lordship. It contains some little scraps of information touching the etiquette and formula to be observed in reference to parliamentary petitions, which are not, we think, generally known:—

[No. 49.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. CONWAY.

"*Brookes' Club*, 22*nd Feb.*, 1837.

"My dear Sir,—I fear I cannot be of the service I could wish to those of my countrymen who have paid me the compliment of entrusting their petitions for Corporate Reform to me.

"Their indignation at being called 'aliens' causes a reference in their petition to a speech said to have been delivered in the House of Lords, and that reference is contrary to rule.

"I wish to God that libels and insults on Ireland were equally inadmissible; but as that unfortunately does not appear to be the case, we must patiently bear what cannot at present be remedied, and so word our petitions as to prevent their being rejected on a point of order. * * *

"Petitions should be left *perfectly open for inspection at the Post-office*, and only confined by a string, with the member's direction, and the word 'petition' endorsed, and on *no account* a letter or other paper enclosed.

"My dear Sir, very faithfully yours, "Cloncurry."

The meetings on both sides continued in Dublin with vigour. The ranks of the National Association swelled with adhesions, and so formidable had it now become, that even Lord Melbourne shared some of the Tory apprehensions regarding the aim of its power. Men of every creed enrolled themselves its members. Of Protestants alone their number was one-third. Oblivious of religious differences they thought only of the regeneration of their common country. It was a national association in spirit and in truth.

The approaching electioneering struggle did not diminish the excitement. The Tories openly proclaimed that it was to be with them a life and death one; while the people, on the other hand, answered, that never until then were they resolved to conquer or perish in the attempt.

At length the general election came on. For weeks the battle waged with fiercest fury, and apprehensions were for a time entertained that by means of extensive bribery the Tory faction would soar triumphant. The panic, however, was shortlived. Festivity and rejoicing throughout Catholic Ireland soon announced the triumph of the green, and the prostrate humiliation of Orange land.

Touching the Kildare election of 1837, we find the following note to Mr. Conway. Mr. Edward Ruthven, therein alluded to, was the successful candidate for the

county. Lord Cloncurry, as may be perceived, stands up for the Geraldines:—

[No. 50.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. CONWAY.

[*No date.*]

"My dear Sir,—With reference to the paragraph in Mr. Ruthven's letter to the men of Kildare, in which my name is introduced, the intention there attributed to the Liberator, or to a higher personage, was to me and my son a profound secret.

"I think that every sentiment of honest pride, of patriotism, and of gratitude should determine the men of Kildare always to seek at least one representative from the house of Fitzgerald. Amongst many others deserving their confidence, from the Duke to the labourer, I hope is my son. If I know him, his ambition is not personal.

"I trust that the men of Kildare will recollect that much remains to be done for Ireland, and that to have weight in a British Senate, a representative must be of unblemished character.

"Your faithful Servant, "Cloncurry."

In the month of June of this year, William the Fourth died. This event must be considered somewhat mal-apropos so far as Ireland was concerned. The Church, Poor Law, and Municipal Bills, were at that juncture progressing steadily through Parliament, but his Majesty's hearse chancing to come in collision with them, they capsized, and for a considerable time after did not regain their lost position. Other bills, of not less importance, were, in consequence of the king's death, withdrawn.

William lost much of his popularity previous to this event. There were not many tears shed on the 20th June, 1837. This change in the popular feeling was attributed to his most capricious dismissal of the Melbourne ministry in 1835. It appeared inexplicable, and the affectionate designations of "Sailor King," and "Billy the Reformer," ceased to roll from the lips of his people.

Lord Cloncurry and O'Connell supported with might and main the Melbourne Cabinet. "If," said Lord John Russell, "the supporters of the present Administration continue their present confidence in it, the ministry will NOT desert them." This declaration, coming from so influential a member of the Cabinet, stimulated Lord Cloncurry to increased exertion.

Amidst hearty cheers and joyful greetings the youthful Victoria ascended the British throne. Never did monarch clutch the sceptre of royalty with a greater

likelihood of swaying it long and potently. Her accession was hailed with more enthusiasm, generally speaking, than was witnessed since the days of Elizabeth. The Whigs of England, and nationalists of Ireland, appeared to vie with each other in making protestations of allegiance. The fact of her Majesty having been called at the age of seventeen to rule over the destinies of a mighty empire excited an interest and a prejudice in her favour which would not, under other circumstances, have existed. In Ireland she was regarded as the bright star of hope. Everything was expected from her. Poor Cinderella Ireland felt quite confident that many good things, hoped for long and earnestly, were to be thenceforward showered, unsolicited, into her lap. The Orange faction, feeling that the days of their ascendency were numbered, directed an uninterrupted fire of venom at the fair young ruler. On the very day of her accession the abuse of the *Times* was perhaps the most truculent and ungallant that ever disgraced the columns of that singularly able journal. That the Duchess of Kent, her Majesty's mother, should have come in for her quantum may readily be supposed. "*Never*," exclaimed the *Times*, "*will the British nation suffer under irresponsible, selfish, backstairs tyranny—especially in intriguing, sordid, female, foreign tyranny.*" As a reactionary movement, O'Connell organized a democratic association, entitled the "Queen's Friends."

A general, and not altogether unfounded feeling of alarm soon pervaded the popular ranks, that it was in contemplation by the Orangemen of Ireland to attempt deposing Queen Victoria, and placing his Hanoverian Majesty, Ernest Augustus, on the throne. The name of this monarch had long been identified with the fiercest ebullitions of Orangeism, and the mere mention of it sent a thrill of terror through many a heart. A very general feeling likewise prevailed, that blood would track the progress of the struggle, and ready and willing was every Paddy to measure strength with his ancient foe in so loyal a cause. "When O'Connell," writes Mr. Fagan, "barely hinted at the prospect, and asked the assembled

thousands would they fight for the Queen, it is not possible to describe the enthusiasm which the suggestion produced. Every man in the vast multitude absolutely bounded with delight."

While the foregoing pages were passing through the press, the author of this work received a letter from Dr. Grattan, the old friend and correspondent of Lord Cloncurry, requesting that we would make particular reference to "the conspiracy entered into by the heads of the Orange Lodge in England, to set aside a successor to the throne by proclaiming the Princess Victoria unfit to reign, and making the Duke of Cumberland King—all," writes Dr. Grattan, "under the pretence of upholding inviolate the principles of William, of pious and immortal memory—of protecting the Established Church, and of re-enacting the penal code. Mr. W. F. Finn, M.P. for Kilkenny, and brother-in-law to O'Connell, dragged the plot to light. The Orange secretary, Colonel Freeman, refused to produce the minutes of the proceedings at the Grand Lodge, and fled to Hanover. The affair was hushed up, for too many persons of rank and influence were implicated in it, to render it safe to proceed with the inquiry."

The electors of Kilkenny, in gratitude to Mr. Finn, decided upon presenting him with a handsome testimonial. Circulars were sent to a number of the nobility and gentry of Ireland requesting subscriptions towards that object. Lord Cloncurry, unlike a great many of his noble brethren, who threw the document aside unnoticed, wrote on October 17, 1837, to Dr. Bradley, of Castlecomer, as follows:—"I beg," said his lordship, "that you will inform me where, in Dublin, I can pay the tribute of my respect for Mr. Finn, to whom I consider my country and the empire indebted for a most important service."

Lord Cloncurry was long in the habit of corresponding with the celebrated Dublin millionaire, William Murphy. The following interesting extracts will serve as a specimen of a correspondence which may be said to have extended over thirty years:—

[No. 51.] LORD CLONCURRY TO WILLIAM MURPHY, ESQ.

"*Lyons, 29th July*, 1837.

"My dear Murphy,—I see that you are making a collection for the city election, and I send £10 from Cecil,* which he wishes to be so applied. Others from this town have sent £105 to the general election fund. * * * * * * * * * The attention of Parliament will probably be called to Ireland early in the next session, and I think our new members and our friends should, as far as possible, be put in possession of our opinions and wishes on the chief subjects of discussion—corporations, poor laws, and tithes. Indeed I am of opinion that a preparatory meeting in Dublin of the peers and commons of Ireland would be very desirable. * * * We have a common point of union in our admiration and respect for our Sovereign. We know that she approves of whatever may contribute to the happiness of her subjects, without distinction of sect or party. She has distinctly expressed her desire to 'compose animosity and discord.' * * * * Our prospects are, I think, bright and shining. We are on the eve of an excellent harvest of every kind of produce. The country is peaceable, and it is evidently the interest of all parties to have it so, for if coercion should become necessary, we have a Government that will administer it indifferently; punishment will no longer be for one side only; in short, we have time to look about us. The Duke of Wellington has declared for Corporate Reform, so, I dare say, will Lord Lyndhurst in a short time, though his lordship is at present of opinion that corporations were established in Ireland for Protestant purposes only, and that if they have been a nuisance, their abolition is all we can desire. Calm inquiry will satisfy him that although additions have been made to our boroughs for Protestant *Parliamentary* purposes, corporations were originally established in Ireland, as in all other countries, to protect the industrious from the powerful, the townsmen from the LORDS. They had privileged guilds for the protection of trade and the exclusion of unqualified persons; and they had the management of considerable property—the police, the tolls, cleansing, &c., &c, of the towns. Almost all of our old towns have estates of more or less value belonging to them; and these estates certain great neighbouring proprietors have in general succeeded in fraudulently leasing to themselves, at nominal rents, and thus after ruining, at the time of the Union, sold the right of election of the Protestant burgesses, and put the money in their own pockets—most noble protectors of Protestant interests! How justly are *baroni* and *birboni* synonymous in Italian! The question at present is to place under the protection of the great body of the citizens, burgesses, and townsmen, their remaining rights and property for the common benefit, according to the original constitution, and for the original purpose of protecting, improving, policing, and cleansing their towns, and which neither ought nor can have any connexion with religious distinctions. The robbery complained of was committed by pretended Protestants on Protestants and Catholics. The Protestants and Catholics now unite in a desire to protect and take care of themselves. When I use the terms "Protestant" and "Catholic," I mean the sincere Christians of Ireland who, though they go to different places of worship, adore the same God in nearly the same words. I do not mean those *soi disant* Protestants, who, never going to church themselves, cannot live at peace with those who go to Mass; but, with the hope of exclusive advantage, the warfare will cease. * * *—I am, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

"CLONCURRY."

* Hon. Cecil Lawless.

It will be recollected that Lord Cloncurry, in his letter to William Murphy, suggested a meeting of the Irish liberal peers and members of Parliament, preparatory to the approaching session of Parliament. The suggestion appeared to Mr. Murphy a wise one. He mentioned it to some of the active patriots of the day, who were of opinion that worse courses might, under existing circumstances, be pursued. A voluminous correspondence passed between Lord Cloncurry and his friends on the subject. The letters of Messrs. O'Connell and Grattan we select, as illustrative of the times, and therefore suitable for the purposes of this memoir.

There is a matter introduced in Mr. O'Connell's letter which requires some explanation. "The Spottiswoode Conspiracy," although it created at the time a deep sensation, has been, for many years, almost forgotten. The Parliamentary session of November, 1837, promised to be one of stirring interest. The Tories, by every available means, resolved to harass the Irish liberal members, and if possible drive them, paupers, from the senate. To effect this object, Mr. Spottiswoode, the Queen's printer, and perhaps one of the wealthiest men of his caste in England, established a fund to petition indiscriminately against every Irish member who had been returned on the liberal interest. The ruse was, to a certain degree, successful. It made deep inroads into the coffers of many upright men, whom the people deemed best qualified to attend to the protection of their properties, lives, and liberties in Parliament. "Robbery it is," exclaimed O'Connell, "plain, palpable robbery; because, no matter how unfounded a petition may be, he who is petitioned against must necessarily expend a large sum in his defence." Large subscriptions were entered into, and violent language inveighed against Ireland. Of the numerous utensils employed to execute this part of the work, the *Times* and *Standard* were, perhaps, the most important. "The Spottiswoode Conspiracy" assumed a formidable hue. To give an idea of the expense attending one election petition, we may observe that that against O'Connell alone amounted to £40,000, of

which the greater portion was defrayed by the joint-stock purse of the Carlton Club.

[No. 52.] DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Derrynane Abbey, Oct.* 12.

"My Lord,—I have seen, some time ago, in one of the public papers, an opinion of yours, or at least an opinion attributed to you, expressive of your conviction that the Irish peers, and Members of the House of Commons, of the liberal party, ought to meet in Dublin some days previous to the commencement of the session, in order to concert and agree upon such measures for the good of Ireland as ought to be pressed upon the attention of the Government and of Parliament. I readily believed that this opinion was yours, because it is one which, in my humble judgment, is full of good sense and wisdom. * *

"There never was a period at which it was so necessary for the "hereditary bondsmen" of Ireland to exert themselves. We are involved in a desperate, but I trust a last, struggle, to put an end to the domination of faction in this country, and to procure for the Irish nation an identification of rights and franchises with the English people.

"We have formidable, merciless, and unceasingly active enemies. The English Tories place their last hope of power in fomenting English prejudice and bigotry to the highest paroxysm of maddened exertion. The same spirit which actuated the English Parliament in the days of the Cromwellian war, when the total extermination of the Irish race was resolved upon, and nearly perpetrated—that very spirit still presides over the Peel-Wellington councils, and animates the efforts of nine-tenths of their Tory partisans; I do not hesitate to declare my thorough conviction that many of the Tory party in England are equally desirous for the slaughter of the Irish Catholics, as were the more valiant but equally merciless soldiers of Cromwell, and that they would desire to see our exertions for political liberty smothered in our blood. * *

"Already the 'signs of the times' cheer me on. One of the most decided adversaries to 'the repeal,' Lord Ebrington, has himself avowed that there were indications of such atrociously criminal hostility to Ireland amongst the English Tories as, if successfully persevered in, would justify, and even require, the Irish people to insist on the Repeal."

[Here Mr. O'Connell adverted to the calamities prophesied by Bushe, Plunket, and Saurin, in 1800, as likely to flow from a Union with Great Britain. After which, he went on to say:]—

"But, my Lord, not one of them singly, nor all of them combined, did or could possibly conjecture, that so base, so aggravated, so swindling—for that is its right name—a calamity could possibly arise from that Union.

"Yet here it is in full life and hateful operation. Here it is—the Spottiswoode gang have realized it.

"Recollect, my Lord, that it is candidly and manfully admitted by Lord Ebrington, that if this conspiracy shall be successfully persevered in, it in itself would justify 'the Repeal.'

"What, then, is to be done? I, whose political integrity and personal honour are both committed to work out fully my present experiment of rendering the Repeal unnecessary, have a right to call upon you, my Lord, and particularly upon those also who signed the Leinster declaration, to come forward and consult and arrange what steps should be taken to vindicate

the representation of the people of Ireland from the foul pollution of the Spottiswoode conspiracy."

[Here Mr. O'Connell proposed that the contemplated meeting of peers and M.P.'s should be at once called. Among the measures that he suggested they should adopt were the following:—

"An address of allegiance to Her Most Gracious Majesty, respectfully claiming from her the protection which her royal prerogative can bestow on her faithful people of Ireland.

"Another address to her Majesty, praying specifically that she may order her Attorney-General for England to prosecute the members of the Spottiswoode gang for a dangerous and unconstitutional conspiracy against the freedom of election and the privileges of the Commons' House of Parliament.

"To arrange the mode and time of bringing forward in the House of Lords a suitable motion on this subject.

"To prepare an address to her Majesty from the people of Ireland, praying her to continue in office her present Ministry, as being the first the people of Ireland ever found honestly disposed to administer equal justice to all.

* * * * * * * * *

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, your very faithful Servant.

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The Spottiswoode conspiracy was such a manifest breach of privilege that Mr. Smith O'Brien, while presenting a reactionary petition, brought the matter under the notice of Government. A discussion ensued, when the petition was ordered to be printed. Mr. O'Brien, following up his advantage, moved for a select committee of inquiry. This the Government opposed, notwithstanding that the principal law officer of the Crown emphatically declared that the Spottiswoode subscription list was in principle illegal. Annexed is Lord Cloncurry's answer to Mr. O'Connell:—

[No. 53.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.

"MY DEAR O'CONNELL,—I have always considered a meeting of the Irish members in Dublin, on their way to Parliament, most desirable, as a means of obtaining information, and establishing that mutual understanding so necessary for the common good; and, in this most auspicious year, graced by the personification of peace and loveliness, I did hope that, laying aside all party feeling, we should have calmly discussed the all-important measures of national improvement likely to be brought before Parliament—poor laws, reclamation of wastes, railways, canals, and fisheries. As far as lay in my power, I should have avoided every subject likely to produce angry discussion. I was fully satisfied with the explosion of Kildare Place by itself, and with the triumph of national education by the instrumentality of the enemy; I was satisfied by the pledge of the Duke of Wellington as to corporation reform, and felt certain that ministers would obey their royal mistress, by extending to us the full benefit of the laws and institutions of Britain. I should have respectfully solicited confidential communication

with the different commissioners of poor-law inquiry, of railroads, of fisheries, of Shannon improvement, public works, education, and police. Thus, the representatives of Ireland in both houses would have carried with them the information necessary for legislators, the facility of co-operation, a union of spirit, and the respect of the people, who would entrust to them their expression of love and duty to their Queen, their humble and justifiable expectations, their wishes and their wants. Such useful, friendly conference can hardly now be hoped for. The enemies of Ireland and of peace, in the fury of despair, have infringed the law and braved their sovereign, in the vain hope to retard legislation, and to withhold justice; they have violated the constitution, and, by insult and violence, endeavoured to excite the bad passions of the multitude.

"This has greatly diminished my hope of the practicability or benefit of the proposed meeting, but I feel it my duty to attempt it, and, for the first days of November, I shall attend in Dublin to confer with all the members of Parliament and of public boards, and to receive such petitions for presentation as may be entrusted to me.

"We have seen our countrymen, by their energy and determination, wrest from a corrupt and bigoted Legislature—from the old and unwilling Georges—the great portion of their long withheld rights. Can we doubt that, under present and happy auspices, the remainder will be cheerfully and wisely granted, to the equal benefit of both countries, and the eternal gratitude of ours? Delay is all we have to fear; but how mischievous is delay! * * * Why does the Admiralty charge fifteen shillings for a passage to Holyhead, sixty miles, and twelve to Liverpool, one hundred and twenty?

"Why does my Irish paper cost postage, and my English come free, one hundred times the distance? Why are the letters of the poor charged double postage, until the half be given back, let its importance be what it may? Why can a set of party magistrates refuse a petty sessions to a large town (Bray, for instance), and establish it at privacy in a gate-lodge? * *

"Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 54.] DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Derrynane Abbey*, 21*st Oct.*, 1837.

"MY LORD,—I, for one, cheerfully accept your invitation to be in Dublin from the 1st to the 8th of November, ready to confer on the state of affairs interesting to Ireland. I cannot doubt that you will find many others equally ready to meet you. Thus the meeting will certainly take place. Everything else may, until then, be safely committed to the deep interest which all the friends of Ireland must take in this approaching session. That session must terminate our present struggle; but that struggle can only terminate in our complete success. * * *

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, your faithful Servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

Mr. Grattan addressed a long letter to Lord Cloncurry. We regret that we have only room for a few extracts:—

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[No. 55.] HENRY GRATTAN, ESQ., M.P., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Hotel du Congres, Rue Rivoli, Paris, Oct.* 27, 1837.

"My dear Lord,— * * As the House of Lords have decided that there should be one law for Ireland, and another for England,* thereby condemning the Union project of Mr. Pitt, and giving additional proof of its failure, I highly approve of the suggestion, and should attend, if illness in my family had not brought me to a milder climate. * * *

"What is the condition we behold? Society cut up by the roots, poverty, absenteeism, civil discord, religious strife, a partisan magistracy, and peculating bigoted corporations; the churches of the Protestants half empty, the chapels of the Catholics, in number and accommodation, shamefully deficient; the religion of 600,000 upheld by funds nearly equal in annual value to a million of money; the religion of six millions left to the chances of voluntary contributions, and the tithes of the Established Church collected at the point of the bayonet; large tracts of territory held by a nobility and gentry who seldom reside, and who spend their rents in another country; the most fertile soil in Europe but half cultivated, though the people are laborious, and labour got for six-pence a day, and human life sustained for three-halfpence a day; yet, notwithstanding these advantages, upwards of two millions of the inhabitants (as in the report of the House of Commons) are left in a state of absolute starvation for six months every year!!! I exclaim that those evils must be remedied at every hazard, and I assert that mankind should execrate the Tory governments who have reduced so fine a country to so wretched a state, and all mankind must wonder that the Irish are so tame and so enduring. * *

"Turn, I repeat, to Belgium, Nassau, Hesse, Baden, France—no war of religion, no tithe conflicts, no Bible battles, no absentees, no necessity for poor laws—almost every one is educated, most of the people have land—all are well fed, well clothed, well housed—municipal bodies, selected by and from the people, regulate their local affairs, and controul the public expenditure—information is spreading rapidly—religious bigotry has vanished, and in the very town where Luther's defence of Protestantism remains, and signed by his own hand, these prejudiced Tories may see, in the same building, Protestant and Catholic kneeling to their God, and worshipping Him as the common father of mankind, without 'envy, hatred, or malice' towards their neighbours! How different this from Ireland, where the Tories ruled for the last fifty years, and the cry of their '*hell hounds never-ceasing barked!*' But there is, in addition, one distinguished feature in the French system, which I press upon your attention—that is, the *National Guard*—a cheap defence of nations presiding over and protecting the fate and fortune of their country. A people in arms are a tower of strength; the armed citizen, conscious of his power, controuls its exercise, casts a shade of moderation over all his actions, and adds an embellishment to civic virtue. It is this that will secure to France her freedom, it is this that has immortalized the name of La Fayette—a similar institution procured for Ireland her liberty—such an institution may be necessary again. The Volunteers of 1782, led on

* The Legislature had just conceded Municipal Reform to England and Scotland, but sternly refused to extend it to Ireland. Sir Robert Peel's unwavering opposition to it was based upon anxiety for the Irish Church Establishment. He opposed the abolition of an abuse, for the purpose of upholding a greater abuse.

by Lord Charlemont and my father, struck off at a blow the chains that for centuries had bound the nation, and effected for Ireland, in an hour, what parliaments took half a century afterwards to do for the Catholics, so much more efficient is the straightforward proceeding of the people, than the double-faced friendship and policy of the ministers. * * * * * If they pursue in Parliament the system of again rejecting all popular measures, and nullifying the action of the House of Commons, they recruit for the Volunteers of Ireland, they decide that Ireland *must be in arms if she seeks to be free, and* THEIR RETURN TO POWER WILL BE THE SIGNAL.

"Let the Tories beware how they resort again to their dangerous courses and their rash leaders. Let them reflect that the National Association of Ireland comprises 25,000 members and associates, that we are united by a sense of injury and insult. Backed by the mass of the Irish people, and bound by a *national oath of honour never to desist till we place the humblest of our Irishmen on a level, in point of law, with the proudest of the English*, this Association, perhaps, may dissolve, relying on the virtues of our gracious Queen and the good intentions of a Liberal ministry; if we succeed, '*why then we shall smile*:' if we fail, meet we must, and meet we shall, to show to the world that Ireland may be injured, may be insulted, but cannot be terrified into submission; that Ireland may be disqualified, but cannot be degraded; and that if she has hitherto had patience and philosophy enough to endure her wrongs, she still possesses spirit and courage to avenge them.—I remain, my dear Lord, very truly yours, "HENRY GRATTAN."

[No. 56.] DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Merrion-square, Nov.* 1, 1837.

"MY LORD.—On my arrival here I discover that under existing circumstances, it is impossible to have so effectual a meeting of the Irish Liberal members of both Houses of Parliament as the all-important crisis of our affairs imperatively requires. Not a few of the Irish peers and commoners, whose presence would be most desirable, are already gone to England, and some are actually on the Continent. Having communicated these matters to your lordship, I anticipate the readiness with which you will sanction a postponement of the intended meeting until the 16th of this month, and the change of place to London. * * * —I have the honour to be, &c.,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

[No. 57.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.

"*Maretimo, November 2nd*, 1837.

"MY DEAR O'CONNELL,—I entirely agree with you. My sole object was to procure for the friends of Ireland in Parliament accurate information on the spot, to diminish their legislative labours, and to secure unanimity on measures likely to be brought forward for her benefit. The recorded acts and sentiments of the Government render any marked demonstration on our part unnecessary, and the dissolution of the National Association proves this to be the opinion of the people of Ireland, a mark of devoted confidence not likely to be misunderstood by the generous nation on which it is conferred.—Most truly yours, "CLONCURRY."

The Temperance movement, headed by Judge Crampton, had just begun to march prominently forward. Father Mathew's teetotal organization was quite an after thing. On October 28th, Lord Cloncurry attended an influential meeting on the subject in the Rotunda. Amid peals of Catholic cheers, and thunders of Kentish fire, he gave expression to his sentiments. It was impossible, he said, to estimate the immense benefit which would arise to Ireland by the total avoidance of the use of ardent spirits. As a master of servants, and an employer of labourers, he could appreciate the vast advantages arising from the propagation of temperance. He was an advocate for the principle that Irishmen should govern themselves. He was the friend (some, perhaps, would say, too much the friend) of liberty; but it was not liberty for a man to possess the faculty of brutalizing and of ruining himself by intoxication. Patriotism, and every other noble feeling, should be enlisted in our exertions to remove and overcome that evil. America was the land of all others where liberty flourished most, and it was the first country where temperance was promoted by the Legislature. A temperance society, formed exclusively of members of the Congress, existed there. Ardent spirits were no longer a portion of the soldier's rations nor of the sea-stores of a ship of war.

Lord Cloncurry terminated the year 1837 well. In December we find him enclosing to the Rev. Mr. Walsh the generous donation of £50, for the benefit of the poor of Kingstown. "This," said the *Evening Post*, "is only one of the numberless instances in which the excellent nobleman has devoted a large portion of his private fortune to the improvement of the condition of our humble population."

Meanwhile the Irish Municipal Reform movement went bravely on. Its champions advanced with steady precision, and the tramp of their column was heard afar off. In January, 1838, Lord Cloncurry attended, and spoke at the Grand Reform Banquet to O'Connell and Hutton. In the course of the evening the venerable Earl of Charlemont panegyrized Cloncurry as "the friend

of mankind, the poor man's magistrate, and an ornament and example to the Irish magistracy."

February came, and found his lordship still active. From the year 1817, when John Philpot Curran died, it was constantly a source of pain and regret to him that the ashes of his brother patriot and friend should be allowed to repose in the uncongenial soil of an English churchyard. In 1838 he loudly complained of what appeared to be the insensibility of his countrymen towards the memory of Curran, and opened a subscription list for the purpose of removing the remains, and building a monument above them. Foremost in this subscription list we find his lordship's name, for £150, as well as £10 from his son, the present Lord Cloncurry. Of this sum we believe £50 was handed in by his lordship as the subscription of anonymous parties.

Neither Lord Cloncurry's exertions nor his money went for nought. An ample fund soon enabled the Irish people to remove from Paddington Churchyard the bones of that incorruptible patriot who, throughout the Irish reign of terror, was always the active and intrepid assertor of the liberties of his native land. An order from the Consistorial Court was obtained, and the land of his birth became the final resting-place of Curran.

While the necessary burial arrangements, however, were being made at Glasnevin, the coffin was temporarily deposited in Lord Cloncurry's family mausoleum at Lyons. A public funeral was strongly advocated by Curran's friends; but his eldest son and representative, disliking the pageantry of a national procession, forbade it. A private interment was accordingly decided on. "It was on a very gloomy day of November," writes one who took an active part in the proceedings, "that the remains were removed, with strict privacy, to Dublin. Towards night, and as we arrived in the metropolis, the weather was marked by peculiar severity. The rain fell in torrents, and a violent storm howled, whilst the darkness was relieved occasionally by vivid lightning, accompanied by peals of thunder. This added much to the solemnity of the scene, as we passed slowly through the streets,

from which the violence of the night had driven almost all persons."

The monument is of Irish granite, and chiselled after the manner of Scipio's tomb. The eloquence of the inscription is admirable—nought but the solitary word "Curran." Almost simultaneously with the erection of the sarcophagus at Glasnevin, an exquisite monument of Curran, with a medallion likeness in relief, took up its position in one of the niches of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The expenses were defrayed by a public subscription.

Among the Irish Poor Law meetings of the year 1838, that of the 10th March was perhaps the most important. Cloncurry's speech on the general destitution that prevailed was energetic and affecting. "Some poor law," he exclaimed, "is necessary. The proposed bill is a bad one; but I would rather submit to its operation than have my feelings harrowed by the constant recurrence of such scenes of destitution. I am actually ashamed to drive into the city with a decent equipage. Is not the foreigner who visits our isle driven back when he sees, in the very first village he comes to, the hordes of wretched objects that beset him, craving a halfpenny as the wherewithal to satisfy their hunger? I want to repress this appalling mendicancy—I want to employ the idle arms upon the waste lands [hear, hear]. Some time ago, there was an English valuator over in this country. I was acquainted with him. He travelled through all Ireland, and afterwards exclaimed—'Oh! it is not eight, but thirty millions of people, that could be supported in this country.'"

Whilst we are on the Poor Law subject, it is as well that we append a short letter to Mr. Conway, that has just found its way to the surface of our papers. From the nature of its allusions, there cannot be a doubt that the document is in perfect chronological order:—

[No. 58.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. CONWAY.

"*Lyons, 27th April (no year).*

"My dear Sir,—I received the enclosed from one of the best men of my acquaintance. It agrees in many points with my own opinions on the Poor Law subject, also with those of the Royal Commissioners.

"If you can at any time give it a place in the *Post*, it will be a good act. The Government bill is certainly very faulty; but the opposition of our old taskmasters, the Grand Jury, jobbing landlords, &c., makes me suspect some essential virtue that I have not fully discovered.

"My dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

The document referred to was entitled, "A safe, cheap, and efficient plan for relieving the destitute Poor of Ireland."

As an illustration of the strange variety of his lordship's correspondence, let us here glance at the career of an obscure but singularly gifted individual, the late John Walsh, of Cork. In the "Philosophical Magazine," for November, 1851, an ample and interesting account of this strange character, from the pen of Professor Boole, may be found. It is compiled in the form of a letter to the eminent mathematician and philosopher, Professor de Morgan, of London, and forms, as Mr. Boole himself says, "a remarkable and a melancholy story." Walsh was a man endowed by nature with great talents, and greater perseverance; and had his mind been constructed with somewhat more strength, the science of mathematics would, doubtless, have derived some service from his labours. An overtasked brain and unstrung nerves, however, soon rendered his past and present studies fruitless, and his opinions on mathematics (which he loved to express continually) absurd. The last thirty years of Walsh's life were almost exclusively consumed in writing and speaking on his favourite topic. From morning till night he protested that the differential calculus was a delusion; that Sir Isaac Newton was a shallow sciolist, if not an absolute impostor; and that the universities and academies of Europe were engaged in the interested support of a system of error. The indifference and disdain with which the learned societies of Great Britain and France treated his startling announcements maddened to a still further pitch the already crazy intellect of the poor enthusiast. After his death, piles of manuscript volumes and tracts, written with an extraordinary dash of genius, but all, nevertheless, pervaded by a thread of absurdity, were

found. Some, during his lifetime, he got printed, and, at great expense, distributed gratuitously. He finally died, a ruined, broken-hearted man, in the Cork Union Workhouse.

But to explain this digression. On the 16th September, 1854, the author of this work received a letter from Professor de Morgan, of the London University, enclosing a copy of an extract from one of Walsh's manuscripts. "If you wish," wrote Professor de Morgan, "to be as minute as Boswell, you may even be glad of the following. It will illustrate the manner in which good-natured men are apt to commit themselves to more than they intend. The conversion of Lord Cloncurry's general proposition into a particular one is amusing."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER III. TO DR. PROVOST SADLIER.

"In conclusion, I will take the liberty of adding here a copy of a note which I received from Lord Cloncurry. I am emboldened to do so from its easy and elegant style, from the very important and instructive sentiments it contains, and its direct bearing on the intense controversy in which I have been so long engaged with the whole of the philosophical world, but which, despite all their power and prejudice, and moral delinquency, is now set at rest for ever.

[No. 59.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. JOHN WALSH.

"'*8th April, Lyons*, 1838.

"'Sir,—I have received, and beg leave to thank you, for the letters you did me the favour to send; nothing can tend more to the benefit of true science than free and candid discussion. I believe that the too great timidity so generally incident to talent, retards our progress in the higher branches of mathematics, and leaves much of uncertainty and danger in the struggles of genius for the advancement now daily making in mechanics, navigation, and astronomy.

"'I have the honour to be, Sir, your obliged Servant,

"'Cloncurry.'

"Nothing can lead more to the advancement of true science, as Lord Cloncurry so justly observes, than free and candid discussion. But free and candid discussion is totally unknown to the geometers and philosophers of England and France. They have impugned the known truth, because it suited their interests and their prejudices to do so; and the same spirit that animated the persecutors of Gallileo, animates them all at the present moment. No one, except myself, ever had the daring to call in question the truth of the mathematical philosophy of ancient and modern times, and to assert that it was all wrong. And yet true it is that it is so; and this is what sorely vexes the lads. But if I had been more timid, and had more respect for what the world considers authority in philosophic reasoning; if I had not

known as a truth, that the judgment of the world itself in these matters was of no value—seeing that it had suffered itself, almost from the creation, to be enslaved by as malicious falsehood as was ever introduced into physical science, not having perception, judgment, or reasoning sufficient to remove from before its eyes the thin veil that shaded the mathematical sophistry of the ancient Greeks; if I were so timid as not to think, and judge, and reason boldly for myself, why then, as Lord Cloncurry remarks, with great accuracy and depth of judgment, greater 'uncertainty' would exist in physical investigations, greater 'danger' would come to be apprehended from the results; and the progress of the higher mathematics would be seriously retarded; fluxions, differentials, and all that sort of things, which everywhere obtrude themselves into natural philosophy, would still continue their mischievous sway; and error may for ever maintain its dominion over the human mind, as it has done during those last 2,000 years. Truth clearly demonstrated is the only authority I recognize and respect; these things are now all dead; error and false philosophers are detected and exposed; nor could they exist for a moment in presence of exact science, whose reign is now eternal, any more than could the midnight gloom exist in presence of the mid-day sun."

In the following letter to Mr. Owen, we find traces of a renewal of that correspondence, which promised in 1823 to continue long and warmly. Mr. Owen* felt pained at the prejudices which existed against himself and his philanthropic project. He courted inquiry, but nobody would take the trouble to inquire. In one word, it was condemned—"Utopian!" Mr. Owen drew up a petition in 1838, praying for inquiry into his principles and plans for popular amelioration, and sent it to Lord Cloncurry for presentation in Parliament. The following is his lordship's answer:—

[No. 60.] LORD CLONCURRY TO ROBERT OWEN, ESQ.

"*Lyons, Rathcool, 13th July*, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I presented the petition, but I fear to no good effect. The House is not willing to suffer discussions of the kind sought for to the bar, and I did not feel myself equal to combat their prejudices.

"The time is not yet come, but may be nearer than many suppose, for the general adoption of more rational systems than have hitherto prevailed, to the general destruction of human happiness.

"I remain, with best wishes, most truly yours,

"CLONCURRY."

* In Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir," vol. ii. p. 62, a peculiarly interesting and amusing dialogue between her ladyship and Mr. Owen may be found. She speaks of him as "the most benevolent, amiable, and sanguine of philanthropists," and concludes the report of the conversation thus:—"'My dear Lady Morgan, where the human race is to be benefited no sacrifice is too great.' This sentiment, which is the governing principle of Mr. Owen's life, may serve for his epigraph."

Lord Cloncurry had a habit of, and a fancy for, now and then dropping in unawares on his Limerick tenantry. He had often heard it stated, that "when the cat's away the mice do play," and he resolved to test the truth of the aphorism. "On the 9th of October, 1838, the tenants of Abington," writes a paper of the day, "were agreeably surprised by the unexpected arrival of Lord Cloncurry, who, after going over a large portion of it, signified his approbation of the improvements made. Such of the tenants who were apprised of his lordship's sudden arrival waited on him, and were received with the greatest kindness and affability. The tenants, in the evening, made a large bonfire at the cross of Abington, near Mr. Ryan's house, who had the superintendence of the festivities."

The good Earl of Mulgrave not only captivated the hearts of a warm-hearted people by the mildness and generosity of his Government, but appears to have found especial favour in the sight of his employers. In February, 1839, he was raised to the Marquisate of Normanby, and having accepted the office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, resigned the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Viscount Ebrington, previously known as Lord Fortescue, succeeded this popular and vivacious viceroy.

Lord Ebrington had the reputation of being an amicable and a liberal nobleman, and great things were expected by Ireland at his hands. But long before the termination of his viceroyalty, it was unanimously agreed by the national party, that many a day would probably elapse ere Ireland saw the like of Lord Mulgrave again. Lord Ebrington disappointed the people, and especially the Repeal party, as will be seen hereafter.

In March, 1839, his Excellency grasped the helm, and at once plunged into the boisterous sea of Irish viceregal turmoil. For a tyro in the art he mastered it pretty sternly. On the morning of his arrival in Kingstown harbour, the Duke of Leinster and Lord Cloncurry waited on the Viceroy while yet on board, and accompanied him to the Castle, where they remained, in their capacity of Privy Councillors, during the formula of inauguration.

Some weeks subsequent to the retirement of Lord

Normanby, the nobility gentry, and freeholders of Kildare, headed by Lord Cloncurry, assembled in Naas, for the purpose of addressing, in complimentary terms, that most popular nobleman. After expressing his approbation of the measures introduced and carried by the Melbourne Cabinet, Lord Cloncurry observed that he had conversed with the Marquis of Normanby since his departure from this country, and that his whole anxiety was to serve Ireland, and to preserve intact that station which he so justly held in the hearts and in the affections of Irishmen. Lord Cloncurry's diatribe on corporate trickery was delivered at this meeting. He said that on the passing of the Relief Act, in 1829, the members of the Corporation put their heads together and vowed they would prevent their Catholic countrymen from having a fair participation in the rights, privileges, and immunities from which they had been so long debarred, but to which they had been at length made eligible. Lord Cloncurry branded this proceeding as a "conspiracy against the Sovereign and her Irish subjects."*

On the retirement of Lord Mulgrave from power, the Tories made an energetic attempt to regain possession of the government, and to re-establish the domination of Orangeism in Ireland. The Reformers, on the other hand, entered into a compact to resist this encroachment, and on the 11th of April, 1839, made the first of their demonstrations in the Theatre Royal. "The meeting of this day," observed the journal which recorded it, "is a manifestation of the gigantic strength and well-disciplined energy of the Reformers of Ireland, which must carry confusion into the camp of the enemy." The Duke of Leinster occupied the chair, and Lords Headford, Charlemont, Cloncurry,† Fingal, Listowel, Miltown, and Southwell, were amongst the speakers. From an early hour, knots of Orangemen took up position in the pit,

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that not until 1841 did the "conspirators" succumb. From that year Roman Catholics became admissible to corporations.

† The Hon. Edward Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry, was likewise present at this meeting.

fully resolved to disturb, by every possible means, the harmony of the meeting. After several able speeches had been delivered, Lord Cloncurry came forward to the front of the platform. His appearance, however, was the signal for a hurricane of groans and Kentish fire from the Orange party. They refused to hear him, and openly avowed their determination. His voice, however, thundered above the storm. "I never, in the whole course of my life," he exclaimed, "as a magistrate, or a country gentleman, refused a hearing to any man. [Great cheers from the Nationalists.] I listened to the poor man as well as to the rich [hisses], and it is not because I have come forward to perform a duty to my country that I am to be intimidated by the fragment of an arrogant faction. I will remain upon this platform FOR EVER until you choose to hear me." [Great cheering, and roars from the Orangemen to "hear Alderman Archer."*]

Finding it useless to attempt intimidation, the Orange clique at length permitted Lord Cloncurry to read his resolution. This was received by the Liberal party with loud acclamation. "Now, gentlemen," continued his lordship, "I have administered the laws of this country as a magistrate, during thirty years of Tory ascendancy, and let me see the man, of whatever opinions he may be, that can say I ever refused to give him justice." [Here, writes the *Evening Post*, the uproar became so great that it was impossible to hear a word.] As soon as silence had been in some degree restored, Lord Cloncurry related several anecdotes not at all redounding to the credit of English and Anglo-Irish Tory administration. Adverting to the misery and poverty of the people, his lordship said:—"Remedies without end have been proposed [cheers and hisses, reports the *Morning Register*]; but I ask you was there ever any other than the gibbet and the bayonet administered by a Tory Administration? [Cheers, cries of "no, no," and loud expressions of applause.] Even the mere proposition of the introduction of railroads into this country, which would be serviceable to all parties,

* Alderman Archer was a prominent member of the old Corporation.

was scouted at by the Tories, lest the present Administration should have the benefit of it." [Great cheering.] Amongst his lordship's "Tory anecdotes," he mentioned that a certain Co. Kildare magistrate had told him that he was some time previously bribed by a Tory Administration to excite insubordination in the minds of the people. Here Lord Cloncurry was groaned and hissed vehemently. Having heard the words "false! false!" enunciated, his lordship repeated the assertion, and appealed to the Duke of Leinster and to the Marquis of Wellesley for a confirmation of every fact he had stated. "I mention these anecdotes," said Lord Cloncurry, "merely to show what the feelings of the Tories were towards Ireland, and that I could not, as a man of feeling [tremendous cheers], but oppose them."

The second of the organized Reform demonstrations of 1839 took place on the 23rd May, in the open air, at Beresford-place, for the purpose, as stated in the requisition, "of adopting an address expressive of their gratitude to her Majesty, for the wise, firm, and constitutional exercise of her royal prerogative on a late memorable occasion, and of their determination to support the ministry of her choice—the friends of the people." A grand review in the Phœnix Park came off on the same day, but it was evident from the attendance of the people at the meeting—40,000—that it possessed no attractions for them, whose duty to their country, their devotion to the Queen, their detestation of Hanoverian and Irish Orangeism, were motives superior to pleasure or business. Lord Cloncurry was, by acclamation, moved to the chair. He made an able speech, and concluded, amid loud cheering, in the following words:—"I have to apologise for detaining you so long; but it is impossible, when I find myself amongst you, to refrain from giving expression to my feelings. I wish to tell you how anxiously I go with you, how I love you, and wish that your cause and the cause of our country may be prosperous."

The success of this meeting was probably best attested by the abuse levelled at it by the entire of the Tory

journals. The *Packet* literally foamed with indignation. The *Mail*, in a dull diatribe, vowed that the meeting of the 23rd inst. was not to address the Queen, as plausibly stated, but in reality to celebrate the anniversary of the rebellion, which first broke out on the night of May 23rd, 1798. Lord Cloncurry, as chairman, was violently assailed. Bygones were raked up, and garnished anew. In answer to one of these assaults his lordship published a letter in the *Evening Post*. "I am told," said he, "that one or two of the Tory journals, in treating of the late aggregate meeting in Dublin, comment on the chairman having been in the Tower of London forty years ago. They should have added that Mr. Pitt was fain to seek from a Tory Parliament an act of indemnity for that illegal imprisonment of twenty-six months (not ten, as stated by O'Connell); and also that, in 1802, advance in the peerage, as a compliment and compensation, was offered me by Lord Hardwicke. They might also state that every Tory viceroy, from Lord Hardwicke down, had thanked me for preserving the peace in an extensive district, in the midst of Tory aggression, and of disturbances promoted by party magistrates." Lord Cloncurry concluded with a word of parting advice to the Orangemen:—"They never will again be suffered to rule as a party in this country. Plunder, or exclusive patronage, they will not have; but, if they give fair play to their Catholic countrymen—if they join honestly in the development of our great resources—in the encouragement of honest industry, sobriety, and Christian charity, there is wealth enough for us all in Ireland, and, I doubt not, something to spare."

Nothing daunted by the attacks referred to, we find his lordship in the ensuing month signing a requisition to the High Sheriff of Kildare, requesting him to convene a meeting of his bailiwick for the purpose of expressing to the Queen their gratitude for her approval of a ministry to which Ireland was indebted for impartial justice.

From the moment that the recently introduced system of Railway appeared to Lord Cloncurry as a judicious mode of transit, and not (as many old gentlemen then

regarded it) an invention of the devil, he was an anxious and a zealous advocate for the construction of an extensive line from Dublin to Berehaven. "The expense," said he, "would, I think, be amply repaid by post-office and passenger traffic, as well as by the toll to be paid by all private companies taking advantage of it by branches to the different towns right and left of its line." We have seen, in Letter No. 47, how anxious his lordship was that some substantial line of railway should be established ere bubble companies preoccupied the ground. He directed his eye into the future, and observed the Diddlesex Junction Lines, and its ample staff of stags, which so often formed, in 1845, the subject of *Punch's* sarcasm. Throughout the years 1836, '37, and '38, letters on this subject, from his lordship's pen, appeared in the newspapers. Mr. Hamilton warmly advocated that a line should be at once commenced from Dublin to Drogheda. Lord Cloncurry's opinion on the feasibility of this project may be found recorded in the journals of the time. "Inland lines," said he, "are to be preferred." His advice was disregarded. That the inland lines have been as successful, as the Drogheda one was the reverse, the citizens of Dublin require not to be reminded.

Lord Cloncurry, on the 1st February, 1839, attended a meeting of gentlemen anxious to establish a line of railway in Ireland. He adverted to the general apathy which prevailed to furthering the work, and the mercenary light wherein many viewed it. "He was sorry to see that in great national undertakings, men seemed to care more about their own private interests than the general welfare. He had recently attended a railway committee of the Lords, and what its members seemed most anxious about there was, how much they could get for such portions of their lands as the railway might happen to pass through. Their sole aim appeared to be, how they could best mulct the spirited undertakers of a national work." The remainder of his lordship's speech was equally racy and forcible.

The following letter, which we transcribe from the original autograph, has been placed at our disposal by a

man whom Ireland is proud to have given birth to, and prouder to possess. We allude to John Hogan, perhaps the most gifted sculptor that has appeared in Europe since the days of Canova. The favourite pupil of that eminent statuarist, Hogan, has served to perpetuate his fame, by adopting, in every minutia, the purely classic style of his gifted master. By these means, while building a pedestal for himself, he wreathes with additional laurels Canova's head.

The letter was written in 1839. It is hardly necessary to say, that Mr. Hogan was then not the celebrated man he is now, although well known to, and deservedly respected by, the artistic world generally. The very work which forms the subject of this letter was amongst the first of those that raised his fame, as a sculptor, to the highest pinnacle:—

[No. 61.] JOHN HOGAN, ESQ., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"24 *Vicolo dei Greci, Roma, 8th June*, 1839.

"My Lord,—I take the liberty of addressing your lordship as Chairman of the Committee for the Erection of a Monumental Statue in memory of the late Right Rev. Doctor Doyle. It is with infinite pain and regret that the awkward situation in which I am so cruelly placed by the neglect of the Committee, compels me to solicit the weight of your lordship's personal influence in this matter. The agreement made with me by that body has not been maintained. In fact, its non-observance well-nigh tends to overwhelm me with disaster.

"Having, in May, 1837, successfully competed for the work, the Committee advanced me £300; an agreement was then entered into to pay me £200 more on completion of the model, in clay, and the remaining £500 whenever the 'group' was finally finished, and placed in the Carlow Cathedral. After casting the model, and procuring a valuable block of Cairara marble, I wrote to the Rev. Mr. M——, of Carlow, in January, 1838, requesting that he would kindly exert his influence to have the second instalment remitted for me, on Torlonia & Co., Rome, in order that I might be enabled to prosecute the work. To this letter, I never received any answer. I repeated my application, on the 28th April following, to Dr. F—— (joint treasurer), but never received an answer. On the 19th July, 1838, as also on the 2nd February, 1839, I wrote to Mr. R. C——, Secretary to the Committee, stating in my last, that the group was nearly finished, and renewing the previous application; but to both those letters I have never been honoured with a line in reply. On the 20th October last, I wrote to Mr. Vigors, M.P. (joint treasurer), referring to the subject of my previous letters, but never received an answer. As a last resource, I wrote, on the 29th January last, to Messrs. Ball, Bankers, from whom I originally received the £300, stating the facts of the case at full length, and enclosing an affidavit drawn up by the British Consul, vouching for the veracity of my statement.

Messrs. Ball expressed their regret that I should have such cause of complaint—protested their ignorance of every circumstance connected with the transaction, and 'could only assist me' by forwarding my letter to Mr. Vigors.

"Mr. Vigors promptly and politely replied. He felt much concerned that any 'inconvenience' should have arisen to me in consequence of their dilatoriness in getting in the subscription for Dr. Doyle's monument, and concluded with an assurance, that I might depend on his best exertions, as an individual, to render the agreement complete and satisfactory.

"I acknowledged his letter by return of post, and in reply to a concluding inquiry, stated that by the time I could possibly hear from him again, the work would be ready for shipment, repeating that I had exhausted all the pecuniary resources I had received for other small works, and, on the assurance that I should receive the second instalment at the stipulated period, Messrs. Torlonia generously offered me an advance, till, in common decency, I could ask no more—that I had subsequently received pecuniary aid from other gentlemen, to whom it is impossible I could make any further application; thereby showing my situation was not one of mere '*inconvenience*,' as Mr. Vigors called it, but of severe pressure; and, that I could not leave with 'the group' until I received the promised sum, and to which I am so justly entitled. Although three months have since elapsed, I never received the slightest communication from any of the gentlemen connected with the business. I therefore trust that your lordship will do your utmost to relieve me from a dilemma in which I never was before, and exert your influence to have the second remittance forwarded as soon as possible, in order that I may be enabled to reimburse Torlonia and friends, and defray expenses of freight, insurance, &c., on the 'group' to Ireland.

"I have the honour to remain, your Lordship's very humble Servant,

"JOHN HOGAN."

All who possess the slightest knowledge of Lord Cloncurry's character can, we believe, affirm, that to omit to answer or acknowledge a letter was a discourtesy he never, under any circumstances, stooped to. In the following reply Lord Cloncurry expresses his generous sympathy for Mr. Hogan, in his truly embarrassing position, and severely animadverts on what appeared to him as a want of gentlemanly respect and honourable principle.

The letter is remarkable, as neither possessing a date, address, or signature.

[No. 62.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN HOGAN, ESQ.

[*Post-Mark, London, 26th June*, 1839.]

"SIR,—I have had the honour of your letter. I sincerely lament the very shameful and unfeeling treatment which caused you the trouble of writing to me. The moment I return to Ireland, I shall write to Mr. Cassidy on the subject. As to myself, I had nothing whatever to do with the management of the undertaking. I had a sincere respect and regard for Doctor Doyle, and

I love the Arts; consequently, when applied to, I at once paid a subscription towards his monument, and I attended one only meeting of his admirers. My countrymen, warm and generous in their feelings, are bad calculators, and I fear, often name what they cannot afterwards perform. You seem to have been the victim of their want of principle, and I am sorry and ashamed for it. Sir.

"*Il Cavaliere Inglese Hogan, Roma.*"

Lord Cloncurry interfered as he promised to do, and in a short time had matters put completely to rights. Want of funds, a little negligence, and a good deal of indolence on the part of the Doyle Committee, occasioned that very awkward dilemma of which Mr. Hogan so bitterly complained.

Lord Cloncurry's address to the small farmers of Ireland, amongst whom the mania for emigration had just begun to strike root, was written in October, 1839. The good peer did not absolutely forbid them to emigrate, but he warmly advised that they should remain at home, and cease to hearken to those lying stories which represented Ireland as over-populated. "My opinion," said Lord Cloncurry, "is, that Ireland is not over-peopled—that her people have been the victims of absenteeism, injustice, and bad government—that, under the mal-administration by which for centuries she was cursed, the oppression was in an inverse of the population—that it was the millions who achieved Emancipation, and who will, in good time, achieve all we want." This letter gave rise to a voluminous public correspondence between Colonel Torrens, the South Australian Colonization Commissioner, and his lordship. The former, of course, expatiated on the advantages of emigration, especially to Australia, and the disadvantages attendant on remaining *statu quo*. Lord Cloncurry observed, on grounds that appeared plausible, that if an Irishman must emigrate, it would be better to go to Canada, New Zealand, or Van Dieman's Land. Amongst other objections against Australia, he urged the want of a regular Government and law tribunals. Colonel Torrens elaborately analyzed every assertion made by his lordship, and endeavoured to prove that there was no foundation for them.

This correspondence drew forth some public letters

from Dr. Rolfe, an ardent admirer of Torrens and the Colonization Society. Dr. Rolfe made some reflections, *not* of a deliberative nature, on the star-spangled banner of America, to Lord Cloncurry's infinite chagrin. "In the bad opinion entertained by Mr. Rolfe," wrote his lordship, "I am happy to say that I by no means agree. I think it altogether the happiest country on the globe. Slavery and *immigration*, the excitement of the still, and perhaps of the too plentiful flesh-pot, are, no doubt, its drawbacks; but of crime in general it does not produce two-thirds as much as does the old world."

The Loyal National Repeal Association, which, in 1843, swelled into such importance as to cause one or two sleepless nights to the British Minister, was first formed in the latter part of the year '39. Its growth, from this period, was so rapid, that Lord Ebrington, in 1840, made a bold effort to arrest the progress of the agitation, by announcing that no member of the National League should be appointed to any office in the gift of the Government. This novel declaration effectually scared the large band of Irish place-hunters, which Ireland is never without, from joining in the movement, and thus preserved it, as Mr. Daunt observed, from a good deal of rascality. From the day that Lord Ebrington expressed himself to the above effect, he lost irrevocably what little popularity he had possessed with the national party.

The daring attempt of Lord Stanley, in 1840, to repeal the Irish Reform Bill, will, doubtless, be in the recollection of the Irish reader. Meetings were convened to oppose this aggression; and the speeches that remain on record as having been delivered thereat, bear evidence of the energy with which our people were determined to resist it. On the 27th April, a great public demonstration of popular feeling against the "Bill for Disenfranchising the Irish Constituencies" took place in Dublin. The attendance was highly respectable, but no peer came forward, with the exception of Cloncurry. His lordship commenced by saying that he had left the privacy of his home in the hope of being able to promote the interests of Ireland upon the present momentous occasion, and

nothing should ever induce him to refrain from raising his voice in the defence of Irish rights, when assailed, as they now were, in the most nefarious manner. It was his lot to be acquainted more particularly with Irish affairs when Lord Stanley was Secretary for Ireland. His hostility towards Ireland was then suppressed, to some extent; but it had since blazed out in the shape of a bill, which no man could read without being conscientiously and determinedly opposed to. It would have the effect of diminishing, in the most shameful manner, the people's right of voting for their representatives. One reason which induced him to come amongst his fellow-countrymen on this occasion was, lest it should be for one moment imagined that he was capable, at any period of his life, young or old, of deserting their interests. No: he was determined to stand by them. No adamant could be more immutable than his sincerity towards Ireland [tremendous cheering]—nothing could be more difficult than to make him swerve one iota from the path of love for Ireland.

The following letter, chronologically in place here, is one of the many addressed by his lordship to that able penman and shrewd politician—the late Frederick William Conway:—

[No. 63.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. CONWAY.

"*Lyons, May* 4, 1840.

"My dear Sir,—* * * * We progress, though perhaps slowly, in the acquisition of our rights. * * If good laws cannot at once be carried, their frequent discussion in parliament will so strengthen them in public opinion as to insure speedy success. No honest man can doubt or dispute the imperfections of the Reform Act. * * *

"In Church matters the appropriation clause should be again and again brought forward. When it passes, the Saints may have some possible excuse for attacking Maynooth—at present their demurrer is as foolish as it is dishonest. The safety of the Protestant minority in Ireland, and their comfort, is mainly to be attributed to the moral and spiritual influence of the priests, in number not far short of 3,000 men, devoted to their duties, learned, patient, and benevolent. Is £10,000 per annum ill applied in the education of these men? Should it not rather be £50,000, as recommended by Lord Anglesey?"

[Here Lord C. adverted to his former battle with O'Connell, the wounds incidental to which threatened at this time to re-open, like a cicatrix, afresh.]

"He allows that he differed from me on the subject of Repeal in 1826; he

does not accuse me of opposing him now, or at any other time; on the contrary, nine times out of ten I approved of and supported his views. An intimacy of very many years was weakened, not on account of any attack on myself, but on those I loved and respected. He thought it better for the cause of Ireland to have the co-operation, even of so humble an individual as myself. A common friend, of the highest honour and good sense, conveyed to me the assurance that the two names of the men I most respected should be held sacred. There must be some mistake, or this promise has been violated. But my presumption, in attempting to defend such high and noble beings, deserved this check—*Haud tali auxilio;* but too much of self; we have enemies enough, and should be united amongst ourselves. * * Your faithful Servant, "CLONCURRY."

We have already dwelt upon the quarrel between Cloncurry and O'Connell in 1831. What were believed at the time to have been the causes of it appear in chapter XIV. of this work. It would seem, however, from some passages in Mr. Fagan's life of his distinguished kinsman, that other motives, not generally known, impelled him to the task of denunciating Lord Cloncurry. His lordship stood high as a popular leader, and the idea of any rivalship greatly irritated O'Connell. Mr. Fagan observes that one of O'Connell's objects in 1831–2 was to deprive Lord Cloncurry of his popularity — in short, to demolish the pedestal which elevated the good peer in the affections of his countrymen. In 1835, through the agency mainly of the late William Murphy, their broken bonds of friendship became re-united. But in 1840, symptoms of returning feud were manifest. O'Connell renewed an old attack on Randal Plunket, afterwards Lord Dunsany, who stood in the relationship of nephew to Lord Cloncurry. To his mother, Charlotte Lawless, the reader has been already introduced. Plunket professed fierce Orange principles, and drew down upon himself repeatedly the indignation of O'Connell. Lord Anglesey came in for a frequent dash of irony from the same quarter. Such are the two parties whom Lord Cloncurry in the foregoing letter refers to. O'Connell's conduct hurt his lordship, and he told him so. From this date until the latter's death, in 1847, no cordial co-operation took place between them.

It is, however, incorrect to suppose that Lord Cloncurry entertained the slightest feeling of resentment to-

wards O'Connell. The contrary is the fact. We will shortly see, by a confidential letter from his lordship to the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, in 1852, that although he had sometimes occasion to find fault with O'Connell, he always loved him in his heart. Lord Cloncurry's reason for remaining aloof from the Repeal Association may be found in a private letter to the Rev. Mr. O'Malley, in 1847.

In February, 1840, the Marquis of Kildare attained his majority. The tenants on the Leinster property, desirous of celebrating this event with becoming festivity, proposed to entertain the noble young Geraldine at a banquet in Maynooth. This they did. Lord Cloncurry was present, and after passing a high eulogium on the Leinster family, drank the memory of the living as well as the dead members of that sept.

The Leinster and Charlemont addresses to the people of Great Britain, which appeared in the spring of 1840, is an historical document of too much importance to be overlooked by him who professes to outline the eventful times of Lord Cloncurry. That Catholic Emancipation was reluctantly conceded, never appeared more evident than in 1840. The Tories gave vent to the most extravagant ebullitions of party and sectarian rancour towards Ireland. This, from having been for some time suppressed, now burst forth with the greater fury. Because a few Roman Catholics had been appointed to office, nothing could exceed the indignation which they manifested. English prejudices that had long been dead, they endeavoured to reanimate. Since 1780 the no-Popery howl was never at a greater height. If the fanatics of England had not Lord George Gordon to head them at this juncture, they at all events possessed a substitute in the person of Edward Lord Stanley. Men blinded by ignorance and prejudice were led on by this young nobleman and his associates to wage a wicked crusade against the liberties of Ireland. The Duke of Leinster and Lord Charlemont possessed not only hereditary names but hereditary reputations, and on this occasion they nobly came forward from that retirement which they loved, to perform a sacred duty to their country. With Lord Charlemont and the

Geraldine Lord Cloncurry cordially co-operated. By voice, action, and example, the noble trio gave an impetus to that cause with which their public lives were ever identified. The document appeared in all the journals of the time, and began as follows:—"The efforts which have of late been made in England to revive exploded prejudices, and to raise an outcry against her Majesty's Government, because in some instances Roman Catholics as well as Protestants have been appointed to office, appear to us so unjust and mischievous in their effects on the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland, as to impel us to the step we take in addressing ourselves to you."

The document then went on to say that according to the last census the population of Ireland amounted to eight millions, of which a million and a half were Protestants of all denominations, and six millions and a half Roman Catholics. It drew an able picture of the evil consequences of sectarian strife, and of the monstrous injustice of intolerant domination. In conclusion, the subscribers declared it to be their bounden duty to oppose the continuance of any Administration drawing aid from such poisoned sources as would attempt to inflict political exclusion on any class of men on account of their religious opinions, or which would desire to withhold from the Irish Catholics their fair portion of those honours and emoluments of the State which, while they share its duties and its burdens, they are entitled alike in law and in justice to enjoy, on terms of perfect equality with all other classes of their fellow-subjects. A list of signatures followed, which, for respectability and extent, was altogether unparalleled. The dignified address, and the dense column of names which formed into line behind it, struck terror and dismay into many an "ascendant" heart. The signatures comprised those of seventy peers and sons of peers, thirty baronets, fifty-six members of the Lower House, exclusive of those in office and absent from England, sixty-five lieutenants or deputy-lieutenants of counties, 350 magistrates, 450 members of the learned professions, 1,000 merchants, twenty-six dignitaries of the Catholic Church, and a large body of clergymen of every religious persuasion, including in all between three

and four thousand names of the highest rank, the greatest influence, and the most extensive wealth and property in Ireland.

In August, 1841, a general feeling pervaded the Tory Lords of want of confidence in ministers, because of their recent policy in respect to the corn-law question. An exciting debate, and a division, ensued. Some were for condemning the ministry, and addressing Sir Robert Peel in complimentary language. Lord Cloncurry published a protest. He had many reasons for declining to append his name to this address; amongst others, "because that part of the policy of those ministers to which such condemnation most pointedly applies has been merely an endeavour upon their parts practically to enforce the enlightened and intelligible principle, that it is more just and wise, with a view to the provision of a sufficient public revenue, to remove restrictions upon commerce, and thus extend its operation, than to perpetuate monopolies, and increase taxation." Adverting to the political party, from which successors to the ministry in power must, if ejected, be chosen, his lordship went on to say:—"Because that political party has, either by the actual enforcement, or the constant attempt to enforce its own vicious principles of Government, made itself justly odious to the large majority of the Irish people. Whatever may be the temporary professions of an Administration, composed of members of that party, by the Roman Catholics of Ireland it can only be regarded as a Government of their inveterate enemies, who, to the very last, approved and defended the iniquities of the penal code, and who, since its extorted repeal, have been foremost in every attempt to curtail their social and political privileges. The Catholics must feel, if for no other reason, that the party which insulted, when it could not injure, will be sure to injure whenever it can."

It was in the spring of this year that Lord Cloncurry expressed to John Hogan, the eminent Irish sculptor, his intention of presenting the Dublin Library Society (of which he had been for many years President) with some substantial mark of his esteem. He gave Mr. Hogan,

in the first instance, a hint of what he wished, and after that left everything to his judgment and good taste.

Hogan went to work, and speedily moulded to his satisfaction the rough sketch of that magnificent piece of statuary which excited so much enthusiasm at the Irish Exhibition of 1853, and which, with his permission, has been lithographed by Forster, of Dublin, for a frontispiece to this volume. The original "group" is one of Hogan's sublimest conceptions, and every lover of art, and every admirer of Lord Cloncurry, should see it and study it. The drawing, we regret to say, conveys but a slight idea of its beauties.

Hogan, at this period, prosecuted his studies and his undertakings at Rome. Surrounded by the masterpieces of Niccolo Pisano, Bandanelli, Canova, Ricci, and Torrettii, he hourly improved himself; and that native genius, which was born to immortalize him, increased, if possible, in strength and vigour. Immediately after giving Hogan the outline hint alluded to, Lord Cloncurry left Rome and proceeded to Naples, from whence he communicated by letter with Mr. Hogan on the 8th March.

[No. 64.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN HOGAN, ESQ., MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE PANTHEON, AT ROME.

"*Vittoria Hotel, Naples, 8th March*, 1841.

"DEAR SIR,—My return to Rome depending entirely on circumstances, I will thank you to let me know whether you have been able to pick up the statues for which I was commissioned by my friend, Mr. Curran. * * *

"With respect to the statue for the Dublin Library Society, please send me a sketch, and a word as to probable cost, that I may consider and determine. I shall stay here three weeks, and then return to Rome, or go by sea to England, as the business of Ireland in Parliament may require.

"Dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

Mr. Hogan, in reply, said:—"Gladly would I send your lordship an outline as desired, but a sculptor can give no idea as to his intention on paper. One glance at the rough sketch in clay of the round figure would be worth fifty outlines." To this his lordship replied, in a letter dated March 20th:—"I hope to be in Rome shortly, and shall take an early day to call on you. We shall have no shuffling in my commission, if I like the model."

This appears to have been a satirical allusion to the silence with which the Doyle Committee treated Mr. Hogan's application for part payment.

Lord Cloncurry soon arrived in Rome, saw the model, and was so well pleased with it, that, in addition to the sum which his lordship engaged to pay for its execution, he handed Mr. Hogan a free gift of fifty dollars.

In May the good peer left Rome, and proceeded to Paris. Previous to his departure, however, he commissioned Mr. Hogan to take an accurate model of Lady Cloncurry's foot (which was perhaps one of the most exquisitely symmetrical that ever graced a woman's form), and execute it in white Carrara marble. A touching allusion to this relic, on her death, two months afterwards, will be found in a succeeding communication. From Paris his lordship wrote the following letter:—

[No. 65.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. HOGAN.

"*Paris, May* 26, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—Since I left Rome, I have observed some sitting figures of much genius and beauty, but they were of men—as Rousseau, at Geneva, and different senators at the two Chambers in this city.

"Poor Hibernia cannot be placed quite so much at her ease as Agrippina, but I am certain you will do all that is possible in her favour. If you continue in the opinion of giving her a few books, let them be Boyle, Swift, Goldsmith, and Moore. You know that all my reliance is on your good taste, judgment, and skill.

"I will thank you for a few lines, directed to Rathcool, Ireland. Pray inquire and let me know how Lady C—— does, as also Colonel and Mrs. C——ll. * * *

"I expect to be in London the 5th June, and shall soon proceed to Ireland. The heat here is very great and inconvenient, provisions dear and bad.

"Dear Sir, very truly yours,

"Cloncurry."

Soon after the date of the above letter, Lady Cloncurry, whilst present at a concert in London, suddenly felt the chill of death steal over her, and had barely time to return home to die. Lord Cloncurry, throughout a long life, idolized her as a deity.

[No. 66.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. HOGAN.

"*London*, 19*th August*, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose to you an old coin with the Irish harp upon it. Ireland I have left for a time, to attend Parliament; but I shall be back in

time to receive you and your work, which, somehow or other, is already spoken of in that poor but lovely country.

"I hope you have kept the model you took of the foot for me. It will be one of the few things I shall now value in this world. How true it is, that in the midst of life, of health, and of happiness, we are in death. * * *

"Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY.

"P.S.—In packing the statue, pray enclose a pair of the largest polished Roman ox horns, for which I shall pay, with thanks."

[No. 67.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. HOGAN.

"*London, September 17th*, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return to Ireland next week, to prepare a proper site for poor Hibernia. Before going, I write to say that I leave money with my bankers, Paget, Bainbridge and Co., to meet your drafts. If you happen to see my respected friend, Father Esmonde, give my best compliments, and tell him I have lately seen his brother* and Mrs. L.; both quite well.

"I sent to Mrs. P——n and Mrs. Colonel C—— specimens of Irish tabinet, which I hope have arrived safe. If you know of any person going to Naples, pray get him to inquire of Messrs. Turner, the bankers, after a parcel of tiles I bought from Guistiniai for my dairy, and which were to have been forwarded by them to Dublin.

"This change of ministry, greatly and justly lamented in Ireland, has had the good effect of uniting all the Liberals of every shade and of every class. A magnificent dinner given to Lord Morpeth gave an opportunity for this most desirable demonstration of public opinion.—Yours truly,

"C.

"*Il Signor Hogan, Scultore Irlandese, à Roma.*"

On the question as to whether the Constitution of Jamaica ought to be suspended in consequence of the alarming differences which had arisen between its Governor and Legislature, Lord Melbourne's ministry were defeated, and Sir Robert Peel became Premier. He speedily arranged the Cabinet, but much to his astonishment her Majesty refused, in the most decided manner, to part with two Whig ladies of her household—the Marchioness of Normanby and the sister of Lord Morpeth, the popular Irish Secretary. Sir Robert Peel felt somewhat nettled at the refusal, and observed, that as he neither possessed, nor could obtain, the full confidence of the Crown, without which it was vain to hope he could ever, as Premier, manage public affairs, he saw no other

* The Right Hon. Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart.

course open to him but at once to tender his resignation to her Majesty.

Accordingly, Lord Melbourne was, for the third time, installed as Prime Minister. Sir Robert, however, lay in ambush, determined to issue forth and eject him whenever an opportunity presented. In September, 1841, the Baronet took advantage of the convulsing agitation which then prevailed in reference to the contemplated admission of all foreign corn into the British markets, to move a resolution of want of confidence in ministers. This was carried by the overwhelming majority of one solitary vote, and Sir Robert Peel once more assumed the reins of Government. Earl de Grey, as Viceroy, proceeded to Dublin, accompanied by his Secretary, Viscount Elliot, now Earl of St. Germans, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The triumph of Orangeland at the appointment of Earl de Grey knew no bounds. His Excellency was a notorious partisan of the Ernest-of-Hanover-school, and he beheld with complacency the rejoicings in his favour. On his arrival, a "Grand Command Night" was announced at the Theatre. We remember having accompanied some friends to see the spectacle. As a child, the scene left an indelible impression upon our mind. We were paralyzed with dismay at the Orange tumult, which shook the building. We had never before heard the Kentish fire. Every seat in the pit was occupied by a Conservative partisan. This, we imagine, must have been a previously concerted arrangement, for, from the hour of four o'clock that evening, a dense crowd of "true blues" was observed congregated around the doors. For one half second, from seven o'clock until midnight, the thunder never flagged in its deafening intensity. One of the most exquisite of Shakspeare's compositions, "As you like it," was the play, and one of the most laughable of modern farces, "The Lottery Ticket," the afterpiece. So deafening was the din, that not one word of either drama found its way to any other ears than those of the ever-watchful prompter, or, perhaps, the actors themselves. Lord de Grey neither cared

for Shakspeare nor for Coleman. A smile of dignified complacency irradiated his countenance, and a perpetual bow of gratitude encouraged the rioters.

The dinner to Lord Morpeth, alluded to by his lordship, was certainly a brilliant affair. Three hundred of his admirers decided upon entertaining him in Dewsbury; George Roe and Carew O'Dwyer, Esqrs., were the secretaries. They addressed invitations to many individuals whose politics were known to have a liberal tendency. Lord Cloncurry's name was not the last on their list.

[No. 68.] "*Worthing, 4th Sept.* 1841.

"GENTLEMEN.—Your favour of the 16th ult., following me in my pilgrimage, only overtook me yesterday. Alas! I cannot have the honour personally to join in the tribute of respect to the excellent and admirable guest.

"The *knowing ones* of Yorkshire have played a losing game in rejecting Lord Morpeth. They seem to have forgot their former losses from *backing* the Tories against justice and liberty in America and in France, incurring thereby a debt of 800 millions, and planting in the hearts of those nations a deep feeling of hostility ever ready to break forth. Will the new war in favour of aristocratic monopoly be more successful? I hope not, though from us (Irish) they cannot take bread, for we have it not. They will, however, endeavour to rob us of the right of conscience, and of the privilege of representation. But fear not, our cause is founded on justice and on truth—it is the cause of humanity, of virtue, and of her Majesty, God bless her. "Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

The progress of the Repeal agitation Lord Cloncurry chronicles in the following letters. He appears to have considered the movement chimerical from the first. Certain it is he never took any part in O'Connell's Herculean agitation of 1842-3-4. But when the cecession from Conciliation Hall, in 1846, filled the countenance of every Repealer with dismay, he offered in a public letter to join the national movement, if the scattered elements of agitation could be induced to re-unite. Of this, however, anon.

[No. 69.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. HOGAN.

"*Dublin, November 13th,* 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you, by anticipation, for your most kind attention as to the foot, for which I shall inquire from time to time of Mr. Speare. Above you have a copy of my good friend John Finlay's rejoinder to your letter *di Corona*. All *that* I leave to your good taste and judgment. You

know WE Irish are as proud as we are poor, and it is because we are poor that we are ill-treated; but that will, I hope, pass off.

"How is Lady C——? Her husband is in a mad-house. How is Father Esmond?* We had a bad and a wet summer, but now the weather is delightful.

"The Repeal question gains ground daily amongst the people—the gentry alone adverse—the present Government unpopular to a great degree, and doing little good; but, on the whole, the situation of our people ameliorates daily, owing to their own spirit and sobriety, improved education and† —— I have received the cases from Naples, but, like those from Rome, the contents have suffered much from bad packing.

"My dear Sir, truly yours,

"*Il Signor Hogan, Irlandese,* "CLONCURRY.
24, *Vicolo dei Greci, Roma.*"

[No. 70.] "69, *Lowndes-square.*‡ *London, July 27th*, 1842.

"DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you very much for the foot and the ox horns, which have arrived quite safe, and are very handsome. I hear from Mr. Grattan and others, who wintered in Rome, that you are getting on well, and that there are good hopes of Hibernia.

"I shall remain here about six weeks longer, after which I shall become a wanderer, whether towards the Eternal City I cannot say, though I should hope so.

"This country is in a state of very great distress and consequent agitation, of which nobody can foresee the end, but which all dread and deplore. Ireland, also, suffers, but comparatively less than England, and there is a prospect of a most abundant harvest. I hope that his Holiness and all friends in Rome continue well.

"Very truly yours,
"CLONCURRY."

The Repeal movement rapidly gained ground; but Lord Cloncurry held aloof. Nay more, he left Ireland altogether, and proceeded "a lone wanderer," as he called himself, to the Continent. On the 26th of December, 1842, we find him addressing a letter to Mr. Hogan from No. 18, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, expressive of his uncertainty as to whether he would wend his way towards the Eternal City. It would also appear from this letter, that his lordship was now undecided about sending "Hibernia" to Ireland. The reason will be shortly evident.

During Lord Cloncurry's absence from Ireland, the Repeal agitation had reached its highest point, and threatened to fall like a mighty avalanche on those who

* Brother of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Esmond, Bart., and son of Dr. Esmond, whom the reader will remember as identified with the rebellion of 1798. See p. 183.

† The word is completely obliterated by damp.

‡ Lord Cloncurry's private residence in London.

steeled their hearts against all concession. The entire stock of the long disused machinery of the old Catholic Association was reproduced, under the direction of O'Connell, and, after due preparation, set in motion once more. Repeal wardens were substituted for the old chapel wardens, Repeal Rent for the Catholic Tribute. An association hardly less powerful was established. Simultaneous meetings were holden as before—processions, with banners marched in military order and array. Missionaries went through the country to animate the lukewarm —Pacificators followed in their wake, to preserve an impulsive people from wrecking their cause on the breakers of the law. No one, save him who possesses a most accurate recollection of the eventful year '43, can form the remotest conception of the intense state of excitement to which the public mind was raised. O'Connell possessed a power which no other man was ever known before to possess. He had but to say "strike!" and four millions of a brave, determined people would have struck. For eighteen months, those masses awaited, in anxiety and suspense, for the talismanic question—"Are you ready?" to answer "We are!" They fully expected that some great struggle was at no distant day to take place. Illiterate as they were, they knew that England was rarely known to concede aught of value to Ireland, save from the effects of force or fear. He never spoke but thousands hung delighted on his words, and when with a countenance radiant with manly animation he would exclaim, that he could not see why a man should not be able to fight as well in a frieze coat as in a red,* it is impossible to describe the peal of enthusiasm and acclaim which rent the air around him. The faintest hint to the people was amply sufficient to act instantaneously as cause and effect. It is our full conviction, that had Daniel O'Connell so willed it, he possessed sufficient authority, and

* Whenever O'Connell gave expression to a spirit-stirring expression like this, he almost invariably so qualified it, in a subsequent one, as to deprive it of all admixture of treason. The people were always told in conclusion to return home peaceably, and that the man who committed a crime gave strength to the enemy.

sufficient numbers at his disposal, to have swept, almost bloodlessly, the island clear. Certes, equal popularity will never again be gained by Irishman, or equal power wielded.

There cannot be a doubt, that much greater likelihood appeared to exist in 1843, that Repeal would be triumphantly extorted, than was the case with Emancipation at a similar stage of the proceedings. The weekly Catholic Rent, at its highest pitch, never approached anything like the amount of the Repeal Rent in 1843 and 1844. At one time £2,000 a-week was considered the average sum. In 1828, defiant as was the posture assumed by Ireland, no one ventured to suggest the propriety of holding monster meetings. In 1843, however, more determination existed, and seven hundred thousand men, from every quarter of Ireland, assembled on the site of the Battle of Tara.

Lord De Grey having received due instructions from his Cabinet, at length decided upon arresting O'Connell, and delivering him up to the hands of justice. It was a bold stroke, and few Lord Lieutenants would have ventured to make it. Warrants were issued, and the Liberator and seven of his associates found themselves, one fine morning, in the grasp of the law.

Of all charges, the most extravagant and barefaced was brought by the Attorney-General against him. O'Connell was accused of conspiracy, a crime of which he scorned to be thought capable. In his agitation for Repeal, everything was "above-board." He struggled, by moral force alone, to achieve the restoration of our legislative independence. "I did so in the open day," said O'Connell, "in presence of the Government, in presence of the magistrates—nothing was secret, hidden, or concealed." Yet, on this absurd charge he was found guilty, by a packed jury and partisan judges. With unblushing *sang froid*, they sentenced him to one year's imprisonment, in Bridewell, and imposed a personal fine of £2,000.

Men were struck dumb at the unexpected issue of the prosecution. Public opinion condemned the trial as a

huge mockery, from beginning to end. The House of Lords was appealed to, on the plea of a Writ of Error. Lords Campbell, Denman, and others of the highest judicial station in the land, discussed the propriety of the recent decision. Postponements, however took place, and not until O'Connell had undergone four months' incarceration, was that celebrated verdict pronounced in the British House of Lords, which contemptuously set aside the decision of a Dublin jury, and the sentence of a Dublin Judge. "If such practices," exclaimed Lord Denman, "as have taken place in the present instance, in Ireland, shall continue, the trial by jury will become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. On these grounds, I would reverse the judgment!"

Great was the triumph at the liberation of O'Connell. Nothing was thought about but festivity, processions, triumphal cars, joy bells, sky rockets, bonfires, banners, and bands. Men who were never Repealers before, announced themselves from that moment converts to the cause. Everybody, save the Orange faction, seemed to participate in the jubilee. The almost entire neighbourhood of Britain-street was illuminated. In Dominick-street, however, but a partial illumination was observable. Amongst the few houses lighted up none was more conspicuous than that of the Duke of Leinster. "Every window," observed a journal of the day, "was brilliantly illuminated, thus giving evidence, that the love of Ireland, which has always characterized the Geraldines, still glows in the breast of the present noble representative of this ancient family." Lord Cloncurry participated in the general feeling of triumph and jubilee. He suggested to his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Ennis, of Booterstown, that a handsome *jet d'eau*, or fountain, should be at once erected in the Black Rock, which, in addition to celebrating the triumph of truth and justice over fraud and venality, would henceforward prove an ornament to the village, and an important convenience to the humbler portion of the inhabitants. His lordship offered a munificent sum towards liquidating the outlay, if his wealthy neighbours would only meet him half way in the matter. "From this

day forward," wrote his lordship, "we should all join heart and hand in a generous brotherhood of affection, and oblivious of the prejudices of caste and religion, seek for the regeneration of our common country."

O'Connell once more breathed the fresh air of liberty, but the object, nevertheless, of Lord De Grey was gained. During his imprisonment, the Repeal agitation, from having lost its Agitator, drooped. For, at least, two months previous to his liberation, the flame of excitement had flickered, and sunk. Within the walls of Richmond Bridewell matters were no better. The spirit of O'Connell had broken in twain. He left his dungeon the moral skeleton of him who entered it. Softening of the brain had set in, and to its insidious efforts to slay body and intellect, coupled with the gloom of political disappointment, he, at length, succumbed in less than three years after.*

At the moment of O'Connell's arrest in Dublin, Lord Cloncurry was in the city of Versailles. His eye, however, still rested on Irish interests, and Irish affairs generally. He read the sworn informations against O'Connell and his brother conspirators, and before the commencement of their trials, published the following letter. He had but an indifferent opinion of the ruling Administration, and expressed his fears, lest the law officers of its appointment should not conduct the prosecution with justice and impartiality. "Time," he says, "will show." And so it did:—

[No. 71.] TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

"*Versailles, October* 25, 1843.

"SIR,—In your paper of the 21st, you set forth the advantages a person accused of sedition or libel, in Ireland, has over a person similarly circumstanced in France. Few persons will dispute the accuracy of your statement, or yield unwilling praise to the beauties of the British constitution, as *theoretically* extended to Ireland.

"But, Sir, what was the practice in Ireland? When, before the time of Perrin, and the lamented O'Loghlen, was an unpacked and impartial jury heard of, when the Crown was the prosecutor? Was not that ægis of freedom, that palladium of liberty, converted into the direct engine of oppression, when a Catholic was a party? For the last ten or dozen years impartial juries have been first known in Ireland, with some exceptions in the North, and the people, accordingly, began to have a respect for the law. But can

* The reader is referred to the Appendix, where some extracts from Dr. Lacour's paper on the *post mortem* examination of O'Connell appear.

the same be expected from the present Government, and with officers of their appointment?

"In the case of Mr. O'Connell, and others, do the Government themselves imagine that an impartial jury will convict, on the sworn informations as published in the newspapers. There may, however, be other and stronger evidence: time will show. * * * *

"Your obedient Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

For a considerable time previous to the State prosecutions of 1843, the deadliest rancour pervaded all sections of the Tory party against anything, or anybody, connected directly or indirectly with the Repeal movement. Through the medium of their organs—the Conservative press—they gave expression to the impotent malice that sought for utterance. Some clothed their odious and deformed sentiments in the garb of poetry. One editor, who approved of the goading policy so successfully worked out under the Irish rule of John Lord Camden, sang forth his specifics for Ireland's grievances in the following words. They appeared in the *Mail*, *Warder*, and *Packet*, during the first week of November, 1843:—

"These, these, are the secrets
Of peace in the land—
The scourge for the back,
For the forehead the brand;
The chain for the neck,
And the gyves for the heel,
Till the SCAFFOLD lets loose
The base blood of Repeal!"

The glee of Lord de Grey, at having placed the Lion Agitator in chains, knew no bounds. He was heard to boast of having been the first Viceroy who succeeded in caging the wary old bird. This proceeding may be said to have given the finish to that unpopularity which had now approached a state of the fiercest intensity. Lord de Grey found himself, not in hot water, but in boiling water. Indeed, it appeared to some as if his Excellency desired to make himself as unpopular as possible. Shortly after his arrival the Mendicity Institution made their accustomed Christmas application for some benevolent assistance, which it was usual with Viceroys to award. Instead of sending, as some of his

predecessors had done, half a dozen oxen for the use of the poor, he forwarded, with much ostentation, a—SHIN OF BEEF! Ireland never forgot this to him, and ever afterwards he went by the uncomplimentary soubriquet of "Shin of Beef de Bray."

Having lodged O'Connell in Richmond Bridewell, his Excellency soon found that the indignation of the country had become too hot and too general to permit him much longer to enjoy his Viceregal salary in comfort. Execrated, he left the land as Lord Camden had done before him. The streets through which he passed were lined with military. The people yelled contempt at him. The dragoons pointed to their sabres, and scowled behind their beards. All to no effect, however; the indignation of the populace increased. At Westland-row, just as the noble Earl was alighting from his carriage, a laughable incident occurred. "Three athletic young men," observes a journal of the day, "were seen rounding the corner of Brunswick-street, each armed with the leanest possible *shin of beef*. Never did the priests of Juno, in olden times, carry offerings to the goddess with more solemnity than that with which these modern hero worshippers were distinguished as they slowly wended their way to the terminus, along the dense array of warlike dragoons, to present the consecrated shins." The guards could hold their countenances no longer, and actually shook upon their saddles with laughter. Thus terminated the Viceroyalty of Earl de Grey.

But, in the mean time, we had well-nigh forgot to chronicle a very daring and important anti-Repeal proceeding resorted to by Earl De Grey, previous to either his arrest or trial of O'Connell. We allude to the celebrated Viceregal proclamation forbidding an advertised monster meeting to take place on Conquer Hill, Clontarf, the site of Brian Boroihme's successful efforts to rid the old land of Danish domination. Seven hundred thousand men had already assembled on Tara Hill. The Clontarf meeting promised, in point of actual numbers, to exceed it. The harvest had been reaped—the meadows had been mown—both had been drawn home. The

peasantry had now no engagements of importance to attend to. O'Connell looked forward to his Clontarf meeting as the Repeal demonstration *par excellence*, which must inevitably hurry ministerial determination to the highest point of tension; and, unable to hold out longer against so great an engine of strength, suddenly snap, as was the case in 1829. Lord De Grey arrived at the determination of smothering in blood the struggles and the cries for Repeal of the Union. We make this startling allegation advisedly and without metaphor. The Clontarf meeting was advertised for a fortnight. Thousands, from every quarter of Ireland, had arranged to be present. Men were on their way to it, and processions in full march, when the De Grey proclamation, forbidding the meeting, appeared. This was to have taken place on Sunday, October 8. The proclamation appeared so late on the afternoon of Saturday, the 7th inst., that it was quite impossible the knowledge of its existence could have been communicated in time through the usual official channels, or by post, to the thousands who intended to swell the ranks at Clontarf. Lord De Grey's proclamation "strictly cautioned and forewarned all persons whatsoever, that they do abstain from attendance at said meeting." What was to be done? Tom Steele, as we have heard him repeatedly say, mounted his horse, and galloped to the distance of eighty miles into the country, beseeching the people to remain at home, and not to put themselves in collision with the Queen's forces. O'Connell drew up a manifesto exhorting the people to the same effect; but, by the time it came from the hands of the printer, night-fall had set in. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, thousands of copies were extensively circulated amongst the peasantry, and with much better success than many shrewd intellects at first expected. The intelligence spread like wildfire, the people had got the habit of discipline, and a comparatively small number flocked into Dublin. At the Lucan cross roads, two venerable priests, bare-headed and vested, in order, doubtless, to render their exhortations the more impressive, stood, as we have heard, conjuring

the people to return with all expedition to their homes.

At Clontarf every warlike preparation was made by Earl de Grey to resist an assemblage of unarmed people. With the exception of a reserve corps stationed in Aldborough House, on the Clontarf road, the entire military force of Dublin was drawn up by ten o'clock, A.M., on Conquer Hill. The canon and mortars at the Pigeon House were turned so as to sweep the road clear between the metropolis and Clontarf. Lord Cardigan commanded the cavalry, General Fane the infantry, and Colonel Higgins the horse artillery. The guard usually mounted at the Bank, Castle, and other public edifices, was doubled. The Royal Barracks presented an almost impregnable aspect, and every arrangement was made at the Magazine in the Park, and the Martello Towers commanding the bay, to co-operate, in case of need, with the Pigeon House guns.

On the afternoon of the day previous to the projected collision at Clontarf, a Privy Council assembled in Dublin Castle. Lord Cloncurry, surmising the intentions of Earl de Grey, attended. With all the energy of which he was master, he insisted upon ample notice being given, even at that late hour, of Lord de Grey's determination to oppose, with grape and canister, an assemblage of the people. His lordship's influence produced the desired effect, and at half-past three o'clock a proclamation, drawn up, as O'Connell said, "in loose and inaccurate terms," was issued. The good peer published a forcible letter soon after, wherein he pronounced Earl de Grey's *coup d'état* to have been "A PROJECTED MASSACRE."* Verily, Ireland owes much to Lord Cloncurry.

* Even in England Lord de Grey's unconstitutional measures towards Ireland met with reprobation. When the news of the proclamation reached London, several able articles appeared. One, in that influential journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, began as follows:—"Ministers have at length determined to act in Ireland. *It is not their fault if even a little of the streets of Dublin are not deluged with blood.* The efforts of Mr. O'Connell, of the popular leaders, and the priests, may have succeeded in preventing an outbreak; but, we repeat, it will have been no fault of the Irish Government

We have latterly lost sight of Lord Cloncurry's patriotic exertions in the House of Peers. Whenever any question affecting Irish interests came upon the *tapis*, he was sure to be at his post, and both by voice and vote lending important service to fallen Ireland. The Parliamentary speeches which remain on record as having been delivered by his lordship are full of cogency, sound sense, and patriotism. His old and favourite project for the reclamation of Irish bogs and waste lands he frequently pressed under the attention of the Legislature. In May, 1844, we find Lord Cloncurry reminding them that many years before the Royal Commissioners suggested a method of draining nearly 8,000,000 acres of good Irish soil, now, unfortunately, left unproductive. "The sum of money yearly abstracted from Ireland," said his lordship, "in absentee rents, does not fall short of £6,000,000. An immense portion of its floating capital is also drawn from the country in the shape of taxes. If part of this amount were restored to the country, for the employment of the population in the construction of public works, it would be amply repaid to England, and would, moreover, have the effect of keeping the people from listening to political agitators. * * It has hitherto been the policy of England to discourage every attempt at domestic industry in Ireland. Her woollen manufactures have been entirely destroyed, and the exportation of wool strictly prohibited. Lord Cloncurry's exhortations did not meet with much attention. Nothing daunted, however, he continued for years after to preach the necessity of drainage. Many members approved of his views, and amongst the number Mr. Osborne, as we can easily collect from the following little paragraph in the report of the Parliamentary proceedings on April 3, 1848:—"Mr. Osborne gave notice that on Monday next he should

if the soldiery and the people have not been already brought into deadly conflict."

A verbose article in the *Quarterly Review* (from the pen, it was said, of an illustrious ex-senator) protested against Irish nationality as the symptom of a fever which stood in need of blood-letting, and accordingly defended most vehemently the probable phlebotomy of Clontarf.

move for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the subject of waste lands in Ireland."

In August, 1844, the Irish Precursor petition, signed by eight peers, was laid before Parliament. Lords Leinster, Miltown, Gosford, Meath, Arran, Leitrim, Charlemont, and Anglesey, conjured the Government to consider and redress the chief grievances of Ireland. They complained that a universal spirit of discontent pervaded the people, and that soldiers and steam frigates were the only response to their murmurs. They justified the existence of that discontent from the conduct of the Legislature. They pronounced it to be unjust that Ireland should have few, and England many electors; and that while the latter with fifteen millions had 471 representatives, Ireland with eight millions possessed but 105. They also stigmatized as unjust, that the Irish corporate franchise should be, in a country so poor, considerably higher than in wealthy England; that the religion of the few should be dominant, and that the Catholics should be, with few exceptions, excluded from the higher offices of the law and the state.

The petition was passed by in silent scorn by the 471 Members of the British Parliament. Well Lord Cloncurry knew, when his noble friends went to the trouble of drawing up this document, that insult, and not concession, would be the response. The experience of seventy years had taught him what to expect from English generosity. He was not the man to brook contempt, and therefore refused to append his name to the memorial.

On the return of Lord Cloncurry from the Continent, in 1844, he took an active part in remodelling the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland. In August, the great cattle show was held, and at its conclusion, the banquet. The company present on the latter occasion were computed at 900 persons. The Duke of Leinster, in his presidential capacity, occupied the chair. On his left sat Lord Cloncurry, who, in the course of the evening, proposed the toast, amidst loud cheers, of "The Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland, its noble Pre-

sident, and the hundred local Societies in connexion with the central one."

Father Mathew, after having conferred on Ireland the most important service that it was possible to render it, found himself, in 1844, overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties. Drunkenness was a demon that had long possessed his country; and, through the agency of God, he completely drove it out.* Whilst he fought the good fight against its debasing influence, Father Mathew made sacrifices of health, time, and money, that few other men would have had the spirit and the single-heartedness to make. Innocent of worldly matters, lavish of expense in the prosecution of his object, unconscious of all pecuniary liability, confiding in those whom he ought rather to mistrust, he looked neither to the right nor the left, but followed enthusiastically his onward course. He acted as an apostle sent from heaven to regenerate, and was happy; he did not act according to the dictates of worldly prudence, and was sorry. "The liabilities that oppressed me," wrote the good man at this period to Dr. Hayden, "were not the accumulation of many years, but incurred amidst the excitement and enthusiasm of '39 and '40, the two first blessed years of the sacred temperance movement." An unavoidable expense attends, of course, every great popular movement. During its existence, from 1839 to 1844, Father Mathew never received a single shilling to defray it, with the exception of £100 from the Marquis of Lansdowne. Other large sums were offered him while in England, but he wished to act independently, and refused them. We have heard, and believe it, that Father Mathew's only creditors were the medal manufacturers.

In October, 1844, Father Mathew reluctantly consented to have his pecuniary difficulties made public by the Rev. Mr. Hincks, editor of the *Cork Inquirer*. The

* Can it be credited, that, when this holy movement had first advanced into full activity of operation, many Protestants denounced it as "proceeding from the devil, and insulting to the majesty of God?". They compared it to the Trojan horse, within whose body a phalanx of enemies lay concealed. The Rev. Mr. Sewell, of Oxford, in an article on "Romanism," published in the *Quarterly Review*, asserted that murder was the ulterior object of Father Mathew's teetotal organization.

Irish are a grateful people; and it required little persuasion to induce them to open a fund for the relief of their regenerator. Lord Cloncurry was the first Protestant who forwarded his subscription. It was a cheque for £50.

In the month of January following, the Duke of Leinster, James Haughton, Esq. (the well-known Dublin philanthropist), and the late Right Hon. Antony Blake, expressed to Father Mathew their willingness to form a committee, and endeavour, as practical, experienced men, to put his deranged affairs in order, provided he consented to place in their hands his private papers and memoranda, for the purpose of having it ascertained precisely how he stood in relation to his creditors. Father Mathew, who appeared to think as if this proposal indicated the existence of some suspicion, replied, that nothing would induce him to let a single document of his go before a committee for examination. He, however, thanked Mr. Haughton, as spokesman, warmly for the kind and friendly manner in which his Grace and others had come forward on the occasion.

Next morning, the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Blake, and one or two others, assembled, by appointment, in the study of Mr. Haughton's house. The latter at once apprised his visiters of the substance of Father Mathew's reply. The Duke of Leinster appeared surprised and disappointed. "I will have nothing to say," exclaimed that nobleman, seizing his hat and leaving the house, "to any business involved in the slightest mystery."

Mr. Haughton, in the course of the evening, apprised Lord Cloncurry, by letter (who took a lively interest in the pending movement), of his Grace's observation relative to it. The following is his answer, which, however confidential it was at the time, may now, without scruple, be given to the world:—

[No. 72.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JAMES HAUGHTON, ESQ.

["*Private.*]

"*Maretimo, January 17th*, 1845.

"My dear Sir,—The view taken by the Duke of Leinster, at your house, on Monday, of the Mathew affairs, is the same taken by Mr. Blake, myself, and many other zealous friends of the good apostle whom I have had the pleasure to meet.

"His Grace, though so much younger than I am, has, fortunately, a firmness of character which I have never been able to attain, and without which, in his exalted station and most feeling heart, he never could make any distinction between the many tales of distress, whether true or false, with which he is constantly assailed. At the same time, whilst I lament that Father Mathew does not follow the course recommended by his Grace, and many other sincere and munificent friends, I look upon the apostle as so mere a child in mundane affairs, and so entirely absorbed in the duties of his heavenly mission, that I see the inutility, if not the indelicacy, of diverting his attention to money accounts, and am most willing and anxious to fly to his relief on his own terms.

"I am much afraid that there is an active party desirous to counteract the temperance movement as a Catholic affair. The writings, in many papers, look very like it.

"I lately saw in the report of the Adelaide Hospital, Bride-street, that PROTESTANTS ALONE are to have the benefit of that charity, supported chiefly by persons drawing their large incomes from the public of every persuasion. How different from the conduct in St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's-green, where the sisters of charity extend their Samaritan aid to sufferers of every persuasion! How long will religion, the foundation of all good, be perverted in Ireland to the injury of our noble and suffering people?

"Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 73.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JAMES HAUGHTON, ESQ.

"*Maretimo*, 19*th January*, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I shall at any time attend a committee for the good purpose of aiding temperance and its holy apostle. I should not wish to be very prominent in this labour of mercy, my political conduct being distasteful to many of the aristocracy or High Church party.

"I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY.

"P.S.—Many thanks for the newspapers. I admire and approve of the Mechanics' Institution, and I believe was an early subscriber to it both in Dublin and in Limerick. I endeavoured to imitate it by a Labourers' Institute at Lyons, which is productive of much good in that locality. '*Parvo si licet componere magnis.*'"

Lord Cloncurry considered that the Mathew money poured in sluggishly enough, and it pained him to think that there was not more gratitude in the country. Three days after we find his lordship again addressing Mr. Haughton. It is the late, not the present Lord Meath, to whom he alludes in the following letter:—

[No. 74.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JAMES HAUGHTON, ESQ.

"*Maretimo, January* 22, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—We want money for the good man. Most of the Liberals, at least of the old party, have subscribed. With them I have some

influence. The aristocracy and Young Ireland must, if possible, be called on by those most active amongst them. I really fear my name would do more harm than good: but if the committee think otherwise, I am entirely at their service. I do not believe there are a full dozen of peers who have as yet subscribed. The outstanders would gladly say,—'There is no account given in, and the committee put in their chair a man who has so often opposed us.' Lord Charlemont or Lord Meath would be less obnoxious to the wealthy of the High Church party. I say all this to show my fear of being misled; for though I have passed the age of pride or ambition, I shall be really proud of joining in this good work whenever or wherever called upon. Give me *two days' notice* and I shall obey your summons.

"Politics should have nothing to do in this case, and yet my name has for sixty years been mixed up with the politics—stormy politics, of my unfortunate and ill-treated country.

"My dear Sir, very faithfully yours, "CLONCURRY."

The only movement on the part of O'Connell between his liberation and death, that may be said to have indicated any of his old intrepidity of spirit, was the establishment, in 1845, of the '82 Club. It was a sort of perpetuation of the old Volunteer system. Each member equipped himself in a suit of green and gold regimentals, but eschewed, as a matter of course, the use of arms. There existed considerable doubts at first as to whether the organization could be legalized; but the opinion of some of the greatest jurists in the land finally set that question at rest. In the teeth of English defiance, of scorn, and contumely, of bad reasonings and worse jokes, the Eighty-two Club was at length declared inaugurated, and on the 16th April, 1845, its first great meeting and subsequent banquet were holden. The peal of thunderous applause that greeted the announcement of Lord Cloncurry's accession to their ranks, will never be forgotten by those who were present on that occasion. His lordship had been for some years comparatively dead in politics. With the Repeal agitation he entertained little sympathy. Advanced age, and domestic sorrows also, contributed to hold him aloof. "We are glad," said the *Nation*, "of his accession, for his patriotism, his rank, and his reputation; but still more, because he is an old nationalist, long estranged, but now restored to hope and exertion."

A great demonstration in favour of Repeal took place at Dundalk on May 1st, and was characterized by much of the zeal and enthusiasm which the people manifested

at the monster meetings of '43. At this banquet (for such it was) O'Connell received complimentary addresses from some of the most Orange districts of the North. The men of Derry, Armagh, Dungannon, and Belfast, travelled distances varying from twenty to seventy miles in order to do homage unto the "the man of the people." Banners depended in gorgeous drapery from the galleries, and displayed sentences of an unusually "Young Ireland" nature. Amongst them were—"O'Neill and Sarsfield;" "Clontarf, Bealanath-a-buidhe, Dungannon, and Benburb;" "the besiegers driven from the walls of Limerick by women, Aug. 1690, the maids and matrons of the North are ready to emulate their example." On a shield immediately over O'Connell's chair, some poetical lines, commencing, "*If again the sword we draw*," attracted general observation.

The secretaries of the dinner were desired to invite Lord Cloncurry. He replied as follows:—

[No. 75.] "*Maretimo, April 26th*, 1845.

"GENTLEMEN.—I am truly grateful for the honour of your most kind invitation to the banquet of the 1st of May. To find myself amongst my noble and much loved countrymen has ever been my greatest pride, and to join them in wringing tardy justice, a most sacred duty. I feel and know that its achievement is in rapid progress, and cannot long be withheld.

"But for the present I am forbid to encounter the excitement of a large assembly or a heated room, and this alone forces me to decline many invitations I would otherwise enjoy.

"I have the honour to be, with greatest respect, Gentlemen,

"Your obliged and faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

By a judicious stroke of policy, Sir Robert Peel and his brethren of the Tory Cabinet lost a large portion of their unpopularity by introducing, in May, 1845, their celebrated bill for the endowment of Maynooth College. Their object, almost avowedly, was to endeavour, by placing the Irish Catholic Church under a sense of pecuniary obligation, to disconnect its priests from participating in political agitation. O'Connell repeatedly declared that without the co-operation of the hierarchy he could do nothing,—that they were the life that animated the muscle of his strength. The failure of Smith O'Brien's attempt

in 1848 to rouse the Tipperary peasantry to general insurrection, was directly attributable to priestly opposition.

After one of the fiercest efforts of resistance that was ever yet offered to the passing of a bill, Maynooth gained the day, and £30,000 per annum became its endowment. From that day forward Sir Robert Peel occupied a much higher position in Catholic estimation than ever he did before. Men long identified with the democratic movements of the country frankly admitted that their acerbity to Toryism was considerably softened.

Lord Cloncurry had long entertained the opinion that the training at Maynooth, and its general system of education, were much too monastic, circumscribed, and austere. This he considered as in a great measure attributable to its scarcity of means. Since 1795, it was, no doubt, "the Royal College of Maynooth;" but nothing could be more unprincely than the amount of the yearly grant. His lordship once observed to the late Mr. Conway, that Great Britain was bound, in common equity, to replace the funds for the education of Irish Catholics which were confiscated as British property during the French war. The views of Lord Cloncurry on this subject will be found in Letter 45. In 1835, Lord Cloncurry repeatedly pressed on the attention of the Melbourne Government the propriety of additional grants to Maynooth. Lord Holland, in a private letter to his lordship, said that the recommendation quite took him by surprise, as he thought that that project had failed long ago. "However," added he, "your opinion is quite sufficient to make inquiry and re-consideration advisable, and Melbourne, and Mulgrave, and Morpeth shall all be aware of it." So they were. Lord Melbourne, after due deliberation, wrote to Lord Cloncurry, perfectly agreed with him as to the undoubted legitimacy of his views, but added, that he must be sufficiently aware of the feelings of England to be persuaded that such a proposition would fail in Parliament, and that the bringing it forward would be of the utmost prejudice to the Government.

What William Lamb (the Whig) timorously shrank

from doing, Robert Peel (the Tory) resolutely achieved. He was pretty well execrated for it, no doubt, but then the number of Catholic benedictions which descended on his head more than counterbalanced that annoyance. What is more, he partially succeeded in gaining his object.

O'Connell, to the last, refused to compromise Repeal. But some of the more moderate members of the Hall commenced, in the year 1845, a movement for a federal Parliament, which they considered England had not the same insuperable objections to concede as unlimited, and unconditional, legislative independence. They talked, in glowing language, of the federal unions of antiquity, of the Etrurian confederacy that whilom extended from the Alps to the Tiber, of the Æolian and Achæan leagues, and of the republics of the Bœotians and Lysians, which so often formed the theme of Montesquieu's praise. Modern examples were not overlooked. They descanted on the federal principle so long established, with beneficial results, in Holland, Switzerland, and North America.

The tone of the English ministerial journals in reference to the movement was not that of a defiant and sneering nation, such as had arrayed itself in strong antagonism against O'Connell's previous demand for a complete Repeal. Ireland firmly believed for a time that a federal parliament *would* be conceded. Some wise old heads were of this opinion, too, and amongst them we may particularize William Murphy of Dublin. When the grave closed over him, in 1849,—when he left behind him an honourable name and the largest private fortune ever realized in Ireland, it became publicly known, for the first time, that he had exerted the entire amount of his great influence with Government to obtain for us the substantial compromise of a periodical Parliament. A senate with only municipal powers was no doubt a sorry substitute for complete Repeal; but then where were we to look for the achievement of that measure, and federalism was surely better than nothing.

During the nine years through which the Repeal Association lived, Lord Cloncurry, although a Repealer,

had little or no communication with it. Upon inquiry, we find that the only letter ever addressed by him to the secretary was in acknowledgment of a literary present, which, by order of O'Connell, was forwarded to his lordship. In 1845 the Association offered pecuniary prizes for all essays on Repeal that should appear to them, on examination, to be written with sterling ability. Many were produced, but one by Mr. M. J. Barry having elicited most praise, a boon of one hundred sovereigns was handed him. The second best emanated from the pen of Michael Staunton. For this he received seventy pounds. A careful selection from the essays was made, and at the expense of the Repeal Association printed. A handsome presentation copy having been sent to Lord Cloncurry, he promptly acknowledged it in the following words:—

[No. 76.] LORD CLONCURRY TO T. M. RAY, ESQ.

"*Maretimo, Oct.* 19*th*, 1845.

"Dear Sir,—I beg you will thank the Loyal National Repeal Association in my name for the very handsome volume they have so kindly presented to me, assuring them that I will preserve it, as containing the most able exposition of the wants, wishes, and just claims of the great body of my countrymen, loved by me, if not wisely, at least full well.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful Servant,

"Cloncurry."

Meanwhile, Lord Cloncurry continued to encourage every charitable institution, not only with his generous donation, but by participating personally in their meetings and demonstrations. The following note is addresed to the saintly proprietor of Olive Mount Institution, whose exertions in restoring fallen innocence to peace and purity could not be extolled too highly:—

[No. 77.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. DR. KIRBY.

"*Maretimo, July* 21*st*, 1846.

"Very Rev. Sir,—I was prevented from attending your festival on Sunday by the heavy rain which overtook me on the road, and gave me a large dose of Father Mathew's favourite beverage,

"Your very faithful Servant,

"Cloncurry."

It would appear that Lord Cloncurry about this period entertained some serious notions of becoming a Benedict for the third time. The lady, whose name we refrain from mentioning, possessed more substantial attractions than title or dowry. His lordship knew her long—but not long enough to make her an old maid—and esteemed her highly. In 1846 this esteem merged into love, and Lord Cloncurry made an offer of his hand and heart. Miss —— accepted the proposal, and arrangements were at once entered into for the speedy celebration of the nuptials. At the eleventh hour, however, it transpired that Georgiana, first Lady Cloncurry, was still living; and, although a divorce in the Protestant Church is considered equal to a death, and no obstacle to subsequent marriage, Roman Catholics sternly refuse to regard it in this light. Of the latter persuasion was Miss ——. Horrified at the intelligence, she shrank from her engagements with Lord Cloncurry, and, on religious grounds, justified the step. Not having any personal knowledge, however, of this transaction, we hesitate to vouch for the accuracy of its details; but, from the reliable nature of our authority, we should be sorry to disbelieve them.

We now approach one of the saddest epochs in the history of Ireland—the famine of 1847. In October, 1845, the alarming intelligence was circulated far and wide that the entire potato crop of Ireland—the people's only food—had become, by some mysterious means, utterly destroyed! The consternation produced by this announcement baffles all description. Clear-sighted men, like Lord Cloncurry, saw at a glance that famine was inevitable. But they did not give way to despair, or consume precious time in unavailing lamentation. They endeavoured to devise means to mitigate the evil, and formed a committee for that purpose. On All-Hallows Eve, instead of spending their time unprofitably in festivity at home, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, Messrs. O'Connell, Grattan, and others, assembled in the Music Hall for the purpose of considering the awful condition of the potato crop, and to adopt such measures as

might be deemed advisable for averting the calamity that threatened them. Lord Cloncurry, after describing the fearful prevalence of the potato blight, of which he had personal cognizance from having recently travelled through the South of Ireland and the midland counties, observed, that the crop of oats, at the present moment, happened fortunately to be unusually abundant. He would at once wait upon the Lord Lieutenant, and assure him that if he did his duty in closing the ports, and stopping the distillation of spirits, there was yet ample provision to which the people could have resource. They should not suffer the corn to be sent to England, and for himself he would say that he would give every farthing he possessed to preserve the people. Lord Cloncurry observed, in conclusion, that the periodical famine in Ireland could have been prevented years ago, if his plan for the reclamation of bog soil and waste land had been adopted. Six million acres of it, according to an official return, existed.

A project more deeply rooted, or more strengthened by conviction, never clung to human mind. Almost from his youth Cloncurry sorrowed to behold his country possessing an expanse of waste and unproductive land, which a little industry and a little enterprise would have long since converted, and could yet convert, into golden fertility, and of course into a source of golden revenue. We are enabled to assert without the fear of contradiction, that many acres of this bog soil, which, previous to reclamation, was bought for one penny each and twenty years' purchase, became, before the lapse of four years, value for thirty shillings. And yet, Lord Cloncurry rarely gave expression to his views on this subject that he was not accused of uttering Utopian theories! It was Lord Devon, if we mistake not, who, in answer to Lord Cloncurry, exclaimed in the House of Peers that the wastes and bogs of Ireland were not worth reclaiming.

On his return from the conference on All-Hallows Eve, his lordship wrote at considerable length, and privately, to Sir Robert Peel, stating the very perilous situation of Ireland, and the fears generally prevalent amongst the people. The Right Honourable Baronet replied that he

had taken measures to mitigate the evil "by the importation of bread-stuffs."

Next morning Lord Cloncurry waited upon Mr. Labouchere, the Chief Secretary, and not only recommended the cessation of distillation, but urged the necessity of restricting the exportation of corn, as a measure essential to the preservation of the people's lives. He produced, as he said so, an old Act of Parliament which empowered the Privy Council to effect these desiderata; but the Secretary, with admirable *sang froid*, replied, that if the course advised by Lord Cloncurry were pursued, the Government would not keep office for eight-and-forty hours. "If these be your sentiments, then," rejoined his lordship, warmly, "the sooner you are all packed off, bag and baggage, the better." The Russell Government remained comfortably in office, and the people perished. From that day Cloncurry never entered the Privy Council.

Although verging on his eightieth year, and residing several miles from Dublin, there was not a more active member of the Famine Committee than Lord Cloncurry. This body met twice a week, and Lord Cloncurry was always at his post. On the 19th November he occupied the chair, and assisted to draw up a long series of resolutions. These went on to say, that they felt it an imperative duty to discharge their consciences of all responsibility regarding the approaching famine and pestilence, which could be obviated only by the most prompt and efficacious measures for procuring food and employment for the people; that they arraigned in the strongest terms the culpable conduct of the Administration in refusing to adopt any efficacious measures for alleviating the existing calamity, and in keeping the ports closed against the importation of foreign provisions; thus, either abdicating their duty to the people or their sovereign, whose servants they were, or involving themselves in the enormous guilt of aggravating starvation and famine by keeping up the price of provisions. How cruelly the warning voice of Cloncurry was disregarded time has shown. Before the lapse of a year mothers ate their own

children amid 16,000,000 tons of grain, which a paternal Government permitted its starving people to look upon but not to touch. A circumstance occurred at the time that the foregoing resolutions were passed that gave great pain and offence to Lord Cloncurry. The meeting of Parliament was inhumanely postponed until the following year.

One of the earliest letters written by Lord Cloncurry, on the first appearance of the potato blight, appears to be the following:—

[No. 78.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. CONWAY.

"25*th August*, 1846.

"My dear Sir,—I have read with attention your able and most satisfactory article of last Thursday, on the potato, and the steps to be taken in consequence of the failure. I agree in the whole, excepting, perhaps, the averages, which are rather high, as our soil is at present cultivated. I hope that after a time they may be thought low; but the present average I believe to be eighteen of oats and eight and a half barrels of wheat per acre. I have often eaten rye bread and meslin bread; the latter I think excellent, and more wholesome than all wheat bread. Rye is easy of cultivation, prolific, and hardier than most other grains.

"I fear we have done with the potatoes. I almost see them decay as the men dig them; the sound ones brought from market one day are bad the next. The potato has deteriorated in Ireland, at least in the poor man's garden. For many years I remember apples succeeded by blacks, blacks by cups, and cups by lumpers. It is more than twenty years that the late Lord Wellesley, being on a visit at my house, I urged this as one reason for reclaiming the bogs of Ireland, as recommended in the able report of the commission that cost so much money, and has never been acted upon. * * *

"Piers and fishing stations, with their necessary appendages, are most worthy of consideration; but the piers should be substantial and permanent, and not such miserable jobs as were accomplished some years ago. We well know in Ireland what it is to be penny wise and pound foolish. How many vessels are yearly lost in Kingstown harbour, for want of that finish which could be better and cheaper done in ten years than in twenty? We farmers don't like to lose a sheep for a half-penn'orth of tar. Was there ever heard of such a thing as the almost yearly famines of this country, abounding in all the necessaries of life, and endeavouring to beg or borrow some of its own money to escape starvation?

"My dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"Cloncurry."

The year '46 expired, and '47 arrived, but still the Government did little or nothing. The prospect of famine and pestilence became every day more glaring, and their advent more inevitable. It was, however, not yet too late to

avert a large portion of the attendant horror if the Legislature would humanely set on foot some species of reproductive employment for the famishing poor of Ireland. Lord Cloncurry well knew that the only chance of eliciting the slightest assistance from Government was by such earnest and incessant importunity as could not fail to arouse them to some sense of the awfulness of our position. Conjointly with several other nobles, and the entire of the Irish Parliamentary party, he convened a meeting of the peers, commoners, and landed proprietors of Ireland, on January 14th, 1847. It was a really influential meeting, and this even England acknowledged. In addition to a large staff of Irish pressmen, reporters from the *Times* and other London journals were present. When the reader is informed that the resolutions passed at the termination of the proceedings numbered twenty-four, he will at once perceive how inconsistent with our limits it would be even to epitomize them.

During the general prostration of strength and spirit which characterized the year 1847 Lord Cloncurry endeavoured, by his example, to stimulate the manufactures of Ireland. He gave constant orders to the principal manufacturers of Irish cloth, tabinet, and carpeting. Mr. Sheridan, of Dublin, supplied his lordship with the latter article, and received a considerable sum in payment. The good peer also endeavoured to give some impetus to the glass manufactures of Dublin. On May 5th we find him attending a meeting of the glass company, in Dame-street, inquiring if any steps had been taken to increase their capital, so as to enable them to proceed more extensively.

The secession of Young Ireland from the later policy of Conciliation Hall is probably too fresh in the reader's recollection for him to require, or expect from us, more than a passing reference. Lord Cloncurry, although never a member of the Repeal Association, sorrowed to behold the national party sundered. Knowing union to be strength, and that England's policy was always "*divide et impera*," he grieved to behold the Confederation, in the Rotunda, and the Association on Burgh-

quay, labouring separately for a similar object. This unfortunate division his lordship regarded in silence for some months: but, unable any longer to appear unconcerned, he addressed a public letter to Mr. Smith O'Brien, wherein he offered for the first time to occupy the chair in Conciliation Hall ("if the voice of an old man—older than O'Connell—would be of any use") on condition that he, and the other Confederates, should forget bygones, and return to the fold. O'Connell had at this time left Ireland for the Continent, never to return. Bent with decrepitude, his frame was no longer the stalwart colossal one of former years, nor did his intellect possess any of that freshness and activity that for half a century characterized the man. His spirit was crushed by a series of afflictions—the mortal blow which crippled the Repeal movement, by the imprisonment of the leaders—the desertion of the people, who formerly idolized him—the famine and pestilence which decimated their ranks, and the failure of his own great political project. "The lamentable illness of O'Connell," observed Lord Cloncurry, in the letter we speak of, "has, I verily believe, been chiefly caused by his fears and his anxieties for his country. * * For the sake of Ireland, and for the sake of him whom we may never see again, you will resume that position which you alone can adequately fill. Never was union and brotherly love so necessary."

It caused a great and universal feeling of consternation when, in the midst of famine and scarcity of employment, the Government intention was announced of dismissing many thousands of the peasantry previously engaged on various public works. Some affected incredulity, and smiled at the extravagance of the idea. A few days, however, served to confirm the intelligence. The men *were* dismissed. "If the magistrates of Ireland," said Lord Cloncurry, in reference to the subject, "were an independent body, would they quietly, and methodically, suffer any Government to devote a million of the people, intrusted to their care, a sacrifice to mercantile avarice? Would they not at every sessions remonstrate at the stoppage of public works, at the dearest and idlest time

of the year?" Lord Cloncurry had reason to feel displeased with some of his brother magistrates for their slothful indifference to the interests of the people. He declared that all justices of the peace should be henceforward *elected*. Lord Cloncurry was himself "a Magistrate for All the Counties," an honour conferred upon him in consideration of his successful labours to establish the system of petty sessions.

On the 8th May, 1847, Lord Cloncurry, in his public letter to O'Brien, prophesied that Ireland would probably never see her Liberator again. Six days after he died at Genoa. The sad event happened somewhat unexpectedly. Even his own family had no idea that death was so close. The public papers, for some days previous, were filled with contradictions, "upon authority" of certain gloomy reports circulated by *Galignani*. They went further, and announced the cheering news of O'Connell's convalescence.

The black pall of mourning which hung over famine-stricken Ireland, the thousands who fell lifeless beneath the touch of the plague, and the wailing and lamentation amidst which the news of O'Connell's dissolution fell upon the land, sends a thrill through the chronicler as he gazes on the past. The people, long sunk in an apathy of indifference to the many important services rendered them by O'Connell, suddenly awakened to a sense of their orphaned position; and, with tears standing full in their eye-lids, and voices almost too choked for utterance, wondered and wondered again, how ever they could have been so foolish and so ungrateful as to abandon him who struck their chains off, in favour of those young and inexperienced spirits who, disowning all authority, aspired boisterously to unsheath that parent's sword, which, throughout a long life of hot excitement and trying difficulty, never for a moment left the scabbard.

The Irish, however, are a fickle people, and that day six months found them the most ardent partisans of Meagher and Mitchel.

As the grisly form of famine came closer, a "General Central Relief Committee of all Ireland" was established, of which Lord Cloncurry became both trustee and a member. As every Irish institution or movement must

divide sooner or later, it did not surprise many that an exclusively Catholic Relief Committee should soon have been set on foot. Of this the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt may be said to have been the head. It effected much good, and numbers of Protestants sent in their adhesion to it, in preference to the General Central one. Upon recently examining the weekly subscription lists of this charity, we were surprised not to observe the name of Lord Cloncurry. Dr. Spratt, however, soon explained to us the reason of his lordship's apparent indifference to the Catholic Relief Fund. As one of the trustees of the Central Committee, he felt a natural delicacy in allowing his name to appear mixed up with the proceedings of its rival. He, however, handed Dr. Spratt, anonymously, the sum of £150.

The Irish Council of 1847 was a phenomenon in politics. It had no prototype. Men of every class, section, and profession, without distinction of wealth, or title, or creed, or principle, met together, for the assertion (to use their own words) of national rights, and to consult upon the pending fate of Ireland. One year of famine and plague, like a poisonous reptile, and the pestilential slime it leaves behind, had crawled over the land. Another impended, with its weary cycles of pauperism and calamity. It was no time to measure the differences of opinion between Protestant and Catholic—Liberal and Conservative—nobleman or artisan. The time was come for Ireland to act, and she did so. In June this council for national protection was inaugurated. Lord Cloncurry and some other able Irishmen modelled it so as to suit the perilous and growing necessities of the time. Two of the principal subjects which lent life and purpose to their discussions were Irish Manufactures and Tenant Right. Never were these questions more ably discussed, or shrewder suggestions in connexion with them urged.

Some twenty meetings of this excellent League were held; but on no occasion was Lord Cloncurry known to be absent from the council board. He occupied its chair on June 22nd. "I avow myself a new member," said his lordship, "although rather an old man; but I

think it my duty to do this Association the justice of saying, that, since I joined it, I have heard more good sense, moderation, and forbearance, than are generally to be met with in any society in this country." His lordship's speech at the Council, on November 4th, was unusually interesting. He let his memory travel back to its earliest starting-post, and then, laden with recollections, accompanied it homeward, in order to their distribution amongst the host of anxious listeners who hung delighted on his words. "I beg to recall your attention," said his lordship, "to a few circumstances which I recollect to have happened in the course of my long life, and everybody can deduce therefrom such opinions as they may think proper to adopt." He then went on to say that it was exactly fifty years since he first presided at a political meeting. He entered into full particulars of the Naas and Royal Exchange meetings of 1797 (already noticed), and the perilous circumstances attending them. He told his auditory what he remembered Dublin before the Union, and drew an effective parallel between its present and past position. Many an eye became dimmed with tears, as the old man, gradually warming with his subject, depicted, in vivid colours, the wealth, brilliancy, and fashion that characterized Dublin, until robbed of her luxuriance by the British Minister. In breathless silence the meeting listened to his speech. They felt too deeply interested to clamour forth cheers.

But all this was, strictly speaking, foreign to the subject which called them together. Lord Cloncurry, ere he left the meeting, spoke earnestly to the point. "They were met to see what was to be done to avert approaching famine. They could not recall the hundreds of thousands that were snatched away by the horrible visitation of last year; but perhaps the sufferings of the coming season might be mitigated, and the occurrence of so many deaths from poverty prevented. He could not say that the people appointed to act for their benefit were so thoughtful or so wise as they ought to have been. He conceived that the conduct of many of the

public boards was negligent and ignorant. A ministerial man of great renown had once said, that if the people of England were in want, they should be employed; and, if there was nothing else for them to do, they should dig holes one day, to fill them up the next. On a recent occasion, they had certainly dug the holes, but they never filled them up." Lord Cloncurry concluded a long and able speech by saying that he was sorry to find that those who ought to be the principal actors at the Irish Council had left the duty of occupying the chair to a person of such minor ability. To the eternal shame of the Irish nobility be it recorded, that not one peer worked at the Irish Council Board but him, who was never known to shrink, even in his age and decrepitude, from the performance of a patriotic and laborious duty.

The meetings of the Irish Council terminated with the old year. "I hope, gentlemen," said Lord Cloncurry, "that this day will bring us to a conclusion of the chief matters which induced the Council to call together the friends of the country." Thus terminated the year 1847. Were all the suggestions of remedial measures which found expression at the Council Board acted upon, Ireland would now be wealthier, and England more respected.

It would be most unjust towards the English people to omit recording that large sums of money were collected amongst them, and applied to the alleviation of Irish famine. In amount, however, it was greatly disproportioned to what India and America liberally sent. The English gentlemen who gave the money cannot be branded as ungenerous, but those who had the dispensing of it unquestionably were. "How many millions," exclaimed Lord Cloncurry, in a letter to Mr. Smith O'Brien, "were put into the pockets of English merchants at our expense. Even the charitable collections made by the people of England they have endeavoured to make subsidiary to their service. They resolved that nothing should be given but food or clothing bought in London; they pretended that if they gave us money, we would

buy arms; and it required all the influence of persons high in office to induce them to give some money for the purchase of provisions *spoiling* in our harbours."

In a conversation with Dr. Grattan, at this period, his lordship observed, that of the money subscribed in England for the relief of Ireland, a large sum passed into the hands of speculators in corn, who paid themselves liberal prices for what was damaged and unsaleable, which they shipped for Ireland, instead of throwing into the Thames. "Just like them," exclaimed his lordship; "they refused to send us money, that could have been of use, because, indeed, it would have been made an Irish job of; but they jobbed the money themselves, and sent us corn that was only fit for pigs!"

When the appalling intelligence of so many thousand deaths by famine reached America, a considerable quantity of corn was collected together at New York for the relief of our famishing and dying peasantry. Lord John Russell refused to allow an English frigate to proceed to America for the corn so generously contributed, assigning as a reason, that "a ship of war could not be made available for such a purpose without extensive alterations, involving much loss of time and expense." America, as if in derision of this assertion, in forty-eight hours loaded with corn the "Macedonia," once a British ship of war, and sent her to Cork. Few other ministers would have been so destitute of prudence as to exhibit, at a moment so critical, such a reckless disregard of the interests of Ireland, or of Irish opinion; nor would they have exposed the English people to the humiliation of witnessing, in an Irish port, a ship of war captured from them, and bringing to the people of Ireland that assistance which England's chief minister refused to aid us in obtaining.

Notwithstanding the food contributed by India, England, and America, one million of people, at the lowest official calculation, perished by the famine of 1847.

Lord Cloncurry was always a warm advocate for spade cultivation. He considered that it both improved the ground and increased the amount of produce. He frequently impressed its advantages on his tenantry of both

Kildare and Abington; but finding them more indifferent to the suggestion than he could have wished, he commenced offering prizes, which appear to have at once produced the desired effect. In the *Limerick Reporter* of October 4th, 1847, we find a manifesto signed by his lordship, promising the farmer on his estate holding 100 acres, who should have the greatest quantity of land cultivated by the spade, not less than nine inches deep, and sown before March 20, 1848, a prize of £50; to the second largest quantity, £20; to the farmer holding forty acres, £20; and for the second largest quantity, £15.

In connexion with Lord Cloncurry's exertions, in 1847, to bring about a coalition of the jarring elements of Irish agitation, we find the following note to the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt—the first, we may observe, of a long series of private letters periodically addressed to that dignitary, until his lordship's death, in October, 1853.

The more Lord Cloncurry knew of Dr. Spratt, the more he loved and respected him. We can have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Spratt possessed more of Lord Cloncurry's confidence, during the last three years of his existence, than any other Roman Catholic friend, or many Protestant ones. The reader will himself observe how the phraseology of each letter becomes, by degrees, less cumbered with the shackles of restraint and formality. It is pleasing to see this, and to observe the gradual warming of its tone in the expressions of respect, admiration, gratitude, and love, which it is well known the good peer entertained for his Reverend correspondent. Few Irish readers will require to be reminded that the Very Rev. John Spratt is a Catholic clergyman of the Order of Mount Carmel. His labours in the cause of temperance rank next to Father Mathew's; and, now that disease has rendered that clergyman incapable of further ministration, Dr. Spratt may be regarded as his authorized representative and successor. His exertions, however, in other missions of philanthropy, are inferior to none of his clerical cotemporaries. Perhaps the best criterion of the good man's worth is to be found in the general feeling of respect and esteem with which Irish-

men of every creed and party regard him. In the second letter, Lord Cloncurry recommends to Dr. Spratt's notice a young Scotch lady, a connexion of his lordship's, who had, a short time previously, read her recantation, and been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

[No. 79.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"10*th May*, 1847.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—I thank you very much for your kind and encouraging letter. I am not without hopes that a reconciliation of the jarring elements of our patriotism may be brought about. My feeble efforts shall not be wanting to point out the rocks on which the hopes of our unhappy country have ever been wrecked—feeble they must be; but I hope much for the aid of yourself and the many good men who listen to you.

"With thanks and respect, faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 80.] "*Maretimo*, 29*th September*, 1847.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty to recommend to your kind offices Madame la Chanoinesse Murray, a lady of one of the first families in Scotland, and connected by marriage with Mrs. Douglas,* the Fitz-Patrick,† M.P. for the Queen's County, and myself.

"Though a young woman, she has long thought for herself, and from conviction, has embraced the Roman Catholic faith. As such she is much thought of in France and Germany, where she holds a distinguished station. She is also a writer, and has come amongst us to find out the true state of matters in Ireland. If you will make her acquainted with some of your venerable brethren, their institutions, and the good Sisters of Charity, it will greatly oblige, dear and Very Rev. Sir, your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY.

"P.S.—If the Chanoinesse pleases to see our new church, or my villa, I shall be most happy to receive you both at dinner or lunch."

"Our new church" is that very beautiful stucture designed by Byrne, which stands almost immediately opposite Lord Cloncurry's residence at the Black Rock. Although a Protestant, Lord Cloncurry contributed £150 to the building fund, and constantly watched the progress of the works with a fatherly eye. On the completion of the sacred edifice, he regarded it with a fatherly pride, and derived much pleasure when able to secure the attention of some friend of architectural taste to its beauties.

* Wife of the Rev. Archibald Douglas, brother-in-law to Lord Cloncurry.
† The Right Hon. John Wilson Fitz-Patrick.

The large, handsome stained glass window, emblazoned with his lordship's arms, and worth at least 120 guineas, was the present of Lord Cloncurry. He also contributed handsomely towards the interior embellishment of the church. He presented some handsome oil paintings to the Rev. Dr. Ennis, P.P., of which one (a Virgin and Child, after Murillo) was considered so finely executed, that Lord Cloncurry sent it for exhibition to the Dargan Industrial Palace of 1853. On a later occasion, when he gave the order to Mr. Sheridan for his handsomest Irish carpeting, and saw how well it looked on his own drawing-room, he sent to Dublin for a corresponding quantity, which he presented to Dr. Ennis for the covering of the altar steps and a portion of the sanctuary.

Another clergyman who exerted himself notably in endeavouring to effect a reunion between the disciples of O'Connell and O'Brien, was the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley. The only letter he received from Lord Cloncurry in relation to this subject was the following characteristic "private" one. It throws some light on his lordship's reasons for never joining the ranks of Conciliation Hall. Mr. O'Malley is one of the most accomplished scholars in the Irish Church:—

LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. THADDEUS O'MALLEY, EX-RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MALTA.

[No. 81.] "*Maretimo, May 25th*, 1847.

["*Private.*]

"Rev. Sir,—Dr. Gray had the kindness to send me on Sunday an extraordinary *Freeman*, with your letter, and I have this moment received yours of yesterday, marked '*Private.*'

"I agree with you that, for the present, general grief must render all good Irishmen incapable of active exertion; but, after a few days, I for one will be most happy if I can in any way contribute to the union and reconciliation of the young and ardent friends of their poor country's rights.

"Much allowance, however, should be made for my age and incapacitude for the warfare of violent discussion, and I fear that any further offer on my part of mediation might draw down from Mr. J. O'C——— some further assertions relative to me, which, however unfounded, would hurt my feelings. When I publicly addressed Mr. O'Brien, it was in the hope of reconciling men whom I respected, as true friends of their country, and I spoke of them as such. Mr. J. O'C——— taunted me as recreant and tardy in adopting national feelings—as one who was slow in '*knocking at the Union.*' Now, Sir, I *knocked at the Union* before he was born, as I believe, and certainly

before his lamented father did so. I wrote and published against the 'Projected Union' in 1796. It was one chief cause of the vengeance of Pitt and George III., and cost me upwards of £60,000, and twenty-six months' imprisonment. I invited O'Connell and Sheil, in 1824, to struggle for Repeal, as the surest road to Emancipation. I never for an hour, for the last forty-seven years, ceased my warfare against the Union; but I did not join the (Repeal) Association, because in it some of my best friends were undeservedly and imprudently held up to public odium; and I thought I could work better in my private capacity than in an assembly where I would have daily to contradict accusations made against men whom I know to be devoted to their country. Neither could I now listen patiently to hear young and talented persons, though strangers to me, held up to the *vengeance* of Government for a rash word, perhaps uttered in the heat of debate. Ireland can only be saved by mutual forbearance, love of one another, and incessant exertion; avoiding to offend anybody, but laying before the world the simple and undeniable facts of our cruel persecution by unjust government and foreign controul.

"I think Mr. O'Brien quite right in demanding publicity for all accounts, and a pledge against acceptance of office by the members of a national union for themselves or their friends; and I think the giving of the Church revenues to the poor, on death of present incumbents, should be made a *sine quâ non* with these fundamental rules. I think there should be no rivalry, unless in doing good; and as to leadership, there will be no dearth of young men who will rush fresh to the battle. Amongst these O'Brien and J. O'Connell must stand prominent, but other ardent spirits will soon come forward to their aid. They will be certain to have enemies enough without quarrelling with each other.

"I am, in great haste, Reverend Sir, your faithful Servant,
"CLONCURRY."

Dr. R. R. Madden, the eminent Irish literateur, was at this time appointed to a Government situation in the East. He would have preferred, if possible, a home appointment, and wrote to Lord Cloncurry, in the hope that his lordship would exert what influence he possessed with Lord Clarendon in endeavouring to get something more congenial to the tastes of a patriot Irishman. "The books" alluded to by Lord Cloncurry embraced the third series of Dr. Madden's "United Irishmen," which was, by permission, dedicated to his lordship. That license we find conveyed in the following note to Dr. Madden's nephew, Mr. William Cogan, now M.P. for Kildare. It was written fifteen months previous to the succeeding communication:—

[No. 82.] LORD CLONCURRY TO W. F. COGAN, ESQ., M.P.

"29, *King-street, St. James's, 15th May*, 1846.

"SIR,—Your favour of yesterday I have just received at the Reform. I shall be very happy to accept the compliment intended me by your worthy

uncle, Dr. Madden. I beg you to remember me very kindly to him when you write to Lisbon.

"I have the honour to be, very truly, your humble Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 83.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"*31st August*, 1847.

"DEAR DOCTOR MADDEN,—I am greatly obliged for your most interesting books, and indeed feel truly sorry at the idea of your expatriation. What could make me so happy as to keep good men in this good though unhappy land, if it were in my power? Would I not be most dishonest if I pretended to have interest when I have it not?

"I know, from the Lord Lieutenant himself, how he is worried by his colleagues, as well as by county members, for everything that falls. What chance could I have, who, though I personally respect the man, never call on him but to express my dissatisfaction at the Government—dissatisfaction which I have expressed for fifty years, at great loss and detriment to myself, but from motives, I hope, truly disinterested.

"I shall endeavour to say a word in conversation, but I know it will be vain. A friend who supports the Union, the chief curse of the land, will certainly have far more chance of that success which I very anxiously wish for.

"My dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

The following letter is so clear as to need no editorial preface:—

[No. 84.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN HOGAN, ESQ.

"*Maretimo, Dublin, September 18th*, 1847.

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—Amelia Curran has paid the debt of nature in the Eternal City. She was the most witty and agreeable woman I ever knew, full of talent and of kindness—a musician, a painter, and a writer. I loved and respected her sincerely. She was the eldest daughter of my steady friend, John Philpot Curran, a true and fearless patriot.

"I wish some memorial of her to be placed in the Church of St. Isidore, at an expense not exceeding fifty pounds, which, if *you* undertake, you will enhance my obligation to you.

"I am most interested for the life and success of your truly good and valiant Holy Father. In the midst of our misery we exult in his success and his virtues. Even to us he extends his charity, which will bring a blessing with it. We are truly deserving of pity.

"Let me hear from you. Every day your Hibernia is admired more and more. It is a splendid work of an honest Irishman.

"Yours very faithfully,

"CLONCURRY"

Here his lordship wrote the inscription which he wished to be inscribed on Miss Curran's monument.

"AMELIA CURRAN
WAS THE MOST TALENTED AND VIRTUOUS DAUGHTER OF
THAT FIRST AND ABLEST OF IRISH ADVOCATES,*
JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN,
WHO FEARLESSLY PLEADED THE CAUSE OF HIS COUNTRY AND HIS
OPPRESSED FELLOW-CITIZENS, BEFORE CORRUPT JUDGES
AND HOSTILE JURIES.
THEY WERE TRUE PATRIOTS.
TO THEIR MEMORY THIS TABLET IS INSCRIBED BY THEIR
SURVIVING FRIEND, VALENTINE, SECOND
LORD CLONCURRY."

This proceeding on the part of Lord Cloncurry lost little time in achieving notoriety. The Roman correspondent of the *Daily News* was the first to circulate the intelligence. "Lord Cloncurry," he wrote, "has just commissioned our great Irish sculptor here to erect a fitting and classic memorial, in the national church of St. Isidore, over the grave of the daughter of John Philpot Curran. It is no secret that about the year 1798, the Honourable Mr. Lawless was an unsuccessful suitor for her hand: and his lordship's present directions are alike creditable to the veteran's patriotism, and the love that age has not extinguished.—*His saltem accumulem donis et fungar amoris munere!*"

At the above romantic bit of gossip, his lordship was, or affected to be, much displeased. In a letter to Mr. Hogan, he commissions him to put an extinguisher, as far as possible, on the reports. He denies that Amelia Curran was ever in his house, unless after his marriage, and we are not aware that there is any evidence of a previous attachment.

[No. 85.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN HOGAN, ESQ.

"*Maretimo*, 29*th October*, 1848.

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—Doctor Ennis has brought me your letter of the 4th instant, and the accompanying daguerreotype, which I have sent to Dublin to be draughted. I doubt not it will answer my intentions, and sustain your high character as an artist. Each day gains new admirers for Hibernia. I really have not seen anything more perfect, as to the marble, or the execution. Would that the original was as fortunate as her statue is beautiful. Do not allow the inquisitive public to fabricate loose stories as to Amelia Curran. She never was in my house, but when I was a married man, with

* This line his lordship thought fit subsequently to omit.

her father, and other good, and true Irishmen who felt for their country, and were most indignant at the cruelty and injustice with which she was treated.

"Draw on my bankers at twenty-one days' sight. They are either Latouche and Co., Dublin, or Puget, Bainbridge and Co., St. Paul's, London. The state of this country is very wretched, and our prospects grow darker every day.

"I am, very faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

Well might Lord Cloncurry sorrow at the wretched state and prospects of the country. Famine tore its way through the ranks of the people, and the survivors fled in panic from the land.

To mitigate the poverty of his tenantry at Abington, Lord Cloncurry placed £200 in the hands of Mr. George Duhig, to be by him distributed according to his discretion.

In January, 1848, while famine still raged, we find Lord Cloncurry, in a published address to his Limerick tenantry, complaining that nothing had been as yet done to improve the resources of Ireland. "The only attempt at public improvement," said his lordship—"the Shannon—has been a miserable failure from the ignorance of the engineers. Your county, and others bordering on that noble river, have paid dearly for that slave-begging experiment; even the new islands of Arran with difficulty escaped the tax, their Atlantic being mistaken for the Shannon." Lord Cloncurry concluded with an expression of his long established conviction that had just Government expended a little money on "our most improveable wastes, it would have greatly mitigated the existing famine. By no private understanding," proceeded his lordship, "can the bogs be reclaimed until the main drains be executed as a public work. Those who deny the virtue of reclaimed bogs, should measure the oaks constantly dug out of them, fifty and sixty feet tall, and three feet in diameter. Cobbett would tell you that 'such trees could not grow in bad land.

CHAPTER XVI.

Influence of the French Revolution on Irish Politics—Smith O'Brien's Mission to France—Lord Cloncurry refuses to accompany him—Father Corkran—A National Congress—Lord Cloncurry's Letters on that and other Subjects—Generosity of his Lordship—Unpopularity of Lord Clarendon—Transportation of Mitchel—Lord Cloncurry sends £100 to the Convict's Wife—Great Excitement—Pikes manufactured by Order of the Government—Lord Ffrench's Letter—*Habeas Corpus* Act suspended—Battle of Ballingarry—A False Alarm—Arrest of O'Brien—Letters to Dr. Grattan, Mr. Owen, Mr. M'Kenna, and the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt—Prostration of the Country—Jury Packing—Death-Bed of Lord Dunsany—"The Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry"—Letter to Dr. R. R. Madden—His Lordship finds himself in a Hornet's Nest—Mr. Aylmer's Letter, and Lord Cloncurry's Reply—Letter from the Duke of Leinster to Lord Cloncurry—Letters to C. G. Duffy, J. Burke, Drs. Gray, Madden, Spratt, Grattan, &c.—Extraordinary Dissolution of a Political Society—Letter from S. Ferguson—Dr. Graves—Appalling Destitution—Royal Visit—"Illuminations in the midst of Death"—Lord Roden and Dolly's Brae—Proposed American Packet Station at Galway—£500 offered by Lord Cloncurry to encourage it—Letters to his Steward—Louis Napoleon in Debt—Interesting Correspondence—Lord Cloncurry's Generosity to the Dublin Library—Private Charity—Dargan Banquet—Letters to and from the Earl of Carlisle, Sir John Bradstreet, &c., &c.—Lord Cloncurry's last Dinner Party and last Letter—Fatal Illness—Funeral—Impressive Scene—Death of the Hon. Cecil Lawless.

THE bold and defiant attitude assumed by the French people from the summit of their national barricade in February, 1848 — the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe—the proclamation of the Provisional Government—the establishment of a republic, and the successive revolutions which shook down the Governments of Europe—all served as so many fresh breezes to fan into a flame the already heated embers of Irish disaffection. Smith O'Brien at once announced his intention of waiting personally on Ledru Rollin and Lamartine with an address of sympathy and congratulation. It will be per-

ceived by the following letter that Mr. O'Brien ventured to throw out a hope that Lord Cloncurry would form a member of the proposed deputation. The old peer, however, was no advocate for separation, and expressed his determination of continuing at home in that dignified retirement which his advanced age would seem, even of itself, to demand. Almost immediately after, the deputation left Ireland, and, on their arrival in France, at once obtained interviews with the principal members of the Provisional Government. In addition to the address of sympathy and congratulation on the "successful vindication of their liberties," Mr. O'Brien and his colleagues went so far as to solicit military aid for the establishment of an Irish Republic, in the same manner as WolfeTone, Fitzgerald, and O'Connor had executed a similar mission exactly fifty years before. Lord Cloncurry was a man of much shrewdness and foresight; and although no mention of the treasonable part of the intended expedition appears in Mr. O'Brien's letter, he suspected what was in the wind, and sagely held aloof.

[No. 86.] WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ., M.P., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*London, February 28th*, 1848.

"MY DEAR LORD CLONCURRY,—The present moment appears to be a favourable opportunity for making a national demonstration in favour of Repeal; and as you did me the honour to write me a letter last year, suggesting a union of the different sections of Repealers, I am encouraged to answer that appeal by expressing to you my opinion, that the time has come when Old and Young Ireland may at last unite in public demonstration, in order to prove that whatever may be their differences, they are both resolved that the Union shall be repealed.

"Reserving until a future occasion a development of ulterior measures, I am inclined to think that such a meeting as I have contemplated ought to adopt an address to the Queen, declaratory of the reasons which induce us to seek a Parliament, accompanied by a firm but respectful demand. Second, an address to the French nation, congratulating them upon their recent success in vindicating their liberties, to be conveyed to Paris by a deputation, of which your lordship would probably be one member.* Third, a declara-

* The Confederates, who were sanguine of success, settled in their own minds that Lord Cloncurry should be the Dupont de l'Eure of the National Government. His lordship, early in the year 1848, asked Messrs. O'Brien, Mitchel, and Duffy to dine with him at Maretimo. He spoke encouragingly of their recent labours to promote popular amelioration, and referred to the objects of the Confederation as in principle legitimate. But beyond the

tion of unceasing and uncompromising hostility to every Government which shall oppose Repeal, and an instruction to that effect to the representatives. Fourth, an address to the Irish people, recommending them to preserve order as the basis of liberty, and to hold themselves prepared to take every legitimate advantage of whatever circumstances may arise to facilitate the acquisition of the legislative independence of Ireland. In case your lordship and others, who hitherto occupied a neutral position, should be of opinion that such a united meeting is, under present circumstances, desirable, I shall avail myself of an early opportunity of addressing to you a *public* letter upon the subject. * * *

"I remain, my dear Lord, yours very sincerely,

"WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN."

After the congratulatory mission to France, those popular leaders who professed the O'Connell policy publicly renounced all connexion with Young Ireland for evermore, and reprobated them as Republicans in principle and infidels in religion. The benevolent exertions of Dr. Spratt and Father O'Malley to coalesce the jarring elements of patriotism went for nought, and the two great rival parties were in stronger antagonism than ever. Another clergyman came to the rescue, the Rev. Cornelius Corkran, Roman Catholic Pastor of Tracton, in the County Cork. He acted a part as arduous as it was noble. Far removed from the seat of strife—Dublin—he sacrificed his health, his interests, and his time, in endeavouring at once to discharge his parochial duties at home, and act the man of peace, and mediator, abroad. Whilst this work was in progress, we wrote to Father Corkran for copies of any correspondence that had passed between him and Lord Cloncurry on the subject of the attempted reconciliation. The letter which follows was the result of our application.

On the 17th March, 1848, Father Corkran's parishioners assembled in Tracton, and passed some resolutions expressive of their grief at the disunion then exhibited among the leaders of the Repeal movement as being calculated to aggravate the horrors of famine, to annihilate the prospect of Ireland's independence, and establish misrule on a firm basis. It was also resolved that Lord Cloncurry (as

sympathy which Lord Cloncurry frequently manifested in the acts and the fate of the Young Ireland party, he was committed to nothing that was said or done by them. The invitation to Maretimo at so critical a moment appears to have been regarded by the confederates as a most favourable omen.—W. J. F.

its vice-president', be solicited to convene, at a public banquet, the '82 Club, and that a prudent selection from that body be instructed to perfect a lasting reconciliation between Young and Old Ireland. The transmission of these resolutions fell to Father Corkran's lot. "In conjuring your lordship," said he, "to comply with the request expressed, I will offer no apology to one whose love of liberty is purified by his allegiance, and whose nobility is ennobled by his patriotism. To heal the bruises of your smitten country, to pour oil into her wounds, to restore to her impaired energies a healthful action, is a task worthy of your lordship. *Dignus vindice nodus.*"

[No. 87.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. CORNELIUS CORKRAN, P.P.

"*Maretimo, 29th March*, 1848.

"REV. DEAR SIR,—Your very kind letter, announcing the resolutions at Tuam, being forward to Lyons, had some delay in reaching me here. I sincerely thank the good people of that locality for their high estimate of me, and which testimony was still enhanced by the polished medium through which it passed. Heaven knows that dismion was ever the curse of Ireland, and I fear ever will be. The conflict between the Young and Old Ireland lots would be silly under any circumstances, but ruinous at this crisis, when the poor are perishing for want of food, and the landed interest ruinously crying out for protection against foreign corn again.

"I fear the grand question of Repeal will be seriously damnified by this schism. It ever was, and is, my opinion and desire, that Great Britain and Ireland should be linked together for mutual support under one crown, each having a distinct and independent legislature, Ireland having a responsible minister, and the Lord Lieutenancy (that nucleus of corruption) abolished for ever. The salvation of both countries depends upon their reciprocation of friendship and justice.

"If a meeting of the Volunteers be called for the purpose of establishing peace and unity among the conflicting parties, I will gladly attend: but as many of the belligerents are young, but men, unknown to me, I do not feel myself in a position to take the initiative in calling the '82 Club together.

"I have the honour to be, yours very truly,

"CLONCURRY."

The exposition of his lordship's political creed in the foregoing letter is worthy of attention. It forms a conclusive refutation of the charge so often preferred by the Tory party, that Lord Cloncurry was in principle a separatist and a republican. Much as he had reason to find fault with the British minister for his most cruel and tyrannic conduct towards poor Hibernia, he nevertheless

resolved to give him a very long and patient trial before disowning all further allegiance, and insisting on a separation. The same prudence and circumspection observable in Lord Cloncurry's stern refusal to co-operate with Smith O'Brien after February, 1848, pervades his letter to the Rev. Cornelius Corkran. He looked into the future of his country, and saw its horizon reddened, not by the rising sun of prosperity, but with unavailing bloodshed!

With Dr. Richard Grattan, J.P. and Ex-King's Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, Lord Cloncurry for years corresponded on public matters confidentially, and he, on his part, fully expressed to him, at all times, whatever he thought. It is to be regretted, however, that none of his lordship's letters have been preserved by Dr. Grattan, with the exception of the half-dozen introduced into this work, and which were accidentally discovered amongst some papers referring to the famine.

The two following letters were written in the eighth month after the lamentable re-occurrence of the potato distemper, and when it had become perfectly plain that the pretended remedial measures introduced by the English minister were sure to aggravate the evil, and plunge the country into irretrievable ruin. Under this impression Dr. Grattan conceived that perhaps the surest way of saving the lives and properties of the Irish people would be to call together a meeting of all classes, and of all sects and parties, so constituted in every respect as to give a strictly national character to the expression of their feelings and wishes. "With this view," writes Dr. Grattan, "I suggested to Lord Cloncurry the expediency of inviting each county to nominate six persons, who, with their county members, should meet a similar deputation from every other county; the boroughs nominating, in addition to their representatives, so many as would make the entire number equal to three hundred. I proposed that the Irish members should be directed by their constituents to attend, or failing in this, to be declared unworthy of confidence, and required to resign forthwith."

Dr. Grattan supports that a body thus constituted (after serious deliberation on those measures which reason, truth, and justice call for as essential to the proper government of Ireland) could, with some prospect of success, demand from the English minister the recognition of our right to beneficial legislation, or in the event of refusal, then, by declaring him the enemy of Ireland, give him every imaginable opposition, and eventually drive him scathed from office. "I would thus compel him to feel," writes Dr. Grattan, "that an Irish party in the English House of Commons was no longer a mock embarrassment, but a real and insurmountable difficulty."

Dr. Grattan is a man of peculiar political opinions. He never approved of any agitation confined exclusively to Ireland. He always thought that he observed the people, and especially the unfortunate freeholders, victims to this proceeding, while the leaders of the agitation invariably derived profit from it. He aspired to originate useful measures for Ireland, in Ireland, and to clothe them with the authority of a great national congress. He was, and is satisfied, that by this mode alone no useful, or even honest legislation, could be obtained for Ireland. "We must put forth our strength at home," he often said, "deliberately and constitutionally, but the great struggle should be made in England, to thwart, harass, and oppose the minister, in order to render it impossible for him to conduct the affairs of the empire until our demand for justice shall have been first complied with." Lord Cloncurry approved of Dr. Grattan's plan, but he considered the public mind not sufficiently ripe for its adoption, and that the attempt, for this reason, would prove a failure.

[No. 88.] LORD CLONCURRY TO RICHARD GRATTAN, ESQ., M.D., J.P.

"*Maretimo, 9th April*, 1848.

"DEAR DOCTOR GRATTAN,—From the productions of your pen, I always gain useful information. It is guided by good sense and true patriotism; but I much fear that neither you nor any man can save poor Ireland from further diminution by war of those who have escaped from famine and pestilence. Both parties seem to me to be quite demented—the Government and

the masses. The former I think most in the wrong, and with far less excuse than the poverty-stricken people.

"I beg you will propose me for your club. Several addresses and declarations have been sent about for signature. You have, of course, seen them. The only one I could bring myself to sign, I enclose. If the three hundred can be legalized it would be most useful; but Government would not permit us to exist a week. In fact, they are now resolved to rule *whilst they can* by the sword, and to exclude us from every benefit save that of clergy. With more than sixteen months' provisions in the country, we have mothers eating portions of their dead children, whilst the produce of our fruitful soil is exported under the escort of foreign bayonets. If even now justice was done us, I would preach forgiveness and peace; but I see no hope.

"Yours most truly,

"CLONCURRY."

The County Kildare Independent Club, of which Lord Cloncurry requested his friend Dr. Grattan to propose him a member, was established in August, 1847, for the purpose of securing by law the Tenant Right, improving the condition of the people, upholding the freedom of election, and procuring the return to Parliament of members willing and competent to represent the feelings and interests of their constituents. In March, 1848, the first Report of the County Kildare Independent Club was published. Dr. Grattan, who drew it up, transmitted a copy to Lord Cloncurry. His lordship read the pamphlet attentively, and took such notes from it as he considered worty of transcription. There were, however, some passages which he could not agree to, and amongst them the following:—

[No. 89.] LORD CLONCURRY TO RICHARD GRATTAN, ESQ., M.D., J.P.

"*Maretimo, April 12th*, 1848.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—In the first Report of the County Kildare Independent Club, page 8, line 10 (from bottom), are these words:—

"'For example—if a tenant shall take one hundred acres of land for a definite time, at the yearly rent of £1 per acre, and that it shall be found on the expiration of the term that the value of the land had been increased by *drainage, manuring*, by the erection of useful buildings, or in any way by general good management, to the extent of 10s. per acre, or £50 yearly, the tenant's property or right in the farm would at twenty years' purchase amount to £1,000.'

"Now, I believe the good effects of manuring in tillage land never last over three years, and drainage, as ordinarily practised, not more than seven; and as the tenant gets an immediate, and very great advantage from both, it would be very unjust to charge the landlord twenty years' purchase for either; whereas, buildings may last for fifty or one hundred years; and if a special

agreement be made in open court at the time of leasing, as to what should be built, what should be the cost, and how much each party should pay towards it, there could be no after dispute. If neither had the necessary funds, let a third party lend them as a first charge on the farm. I, in general, charged ten per cent on buildings, and so did my father, and neither of us ever yet had a dispute with one of our tenants. If I give a thirty-one years' lease, I have a right to my land at the expiration of this time. In honesty I should give a preference to the resident tenant if he was an improver, otherwise his good works would be lost to him if I was unjust or embarrassed. It is therefore to prevent the great hardship to tenants, that I think the bargain with all particulars should be made in open court.—'*Coram judice, et vulgi stante corona.*'

"The poverty of the landlords is one great evil in Ireland, and the Tenant Right would increase that poverty *and the poverty of the labourer*. Sharman Crawford endeavoured to explain his plans, and did not do it after all.

"Suppose you took a farm from me and built kennels and stables on it, the valuators might be years disputing whether I should pay for such useless things or not, but if we agreed before-hand in open court there could be no dispute, whereas, if you build barns and cow-houses without previous agreement, you would offer a premium to a necessitous or dishonest landlord to dispossess you. The tenant should not underlet at an *increased* rent on any account. Such arrangements would, I think, give security to all parties, which could be greatly facilitated by an arrangement of corn rents, which would enable landlords to give perpetuities without possible injury to their successors. Of all things, every landlord *interfering directly or indirectly with his tenants' political rights at elections, should be subject to the penalties of misdemeanour*. It is, however, vain to endeavour to better our condition as long as the great drain of absentees and taxes for imperial purposes continue. We have now mothers eating their own offspring, while there are sixteen millions of grain in the country, and eight million tons of nutritive vegetables, independent of amount of foreign food. And of 147 paupers in a poor-house, 142 are from the estates of absentees, and five only from these of residents. I fear you will not be able to read this scrawl of

"Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

Immediately after the above correspondence, Lord Cloncurry started for London. He considered that his attendance in Parliament at that juncture would conduce to the interests of Ireland.

[No. 90.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT, M.S.T.

"*6th May*, 1848.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I shall send you £3 for the St. Peter's Schools as soon as I get home, which I much wish was to-morrow. Our own folly adds daily to the rancorous and most unreasonable prejudice and hatred of the rulers against our unfortunate country. God, in his own good time, will send us relief.

"I remain, dear and Rev. Sir, with much respect, yours,

"CLONCURRY."

His lordship had a tedious to-morrow to wait for. On the 17th May he got home, and at once enclosed Dr. Spratt not only the promised donation of three pounds, but sixty in addition.

[No. 91.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT, M.S.T.

"*Maretimo*, 18*th May*, 1848.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I send you sixty-three pounds, which, pray, distribute as follows:—

"Sisters of Mercy, ...	£20	0	0
"Sisters of Charity, ...	20	0	0
"Father Kirby, ...	20	0	0
"St. Peter's Schools, ...	3	0	0
	£63	0	0

"Pray forgive this trouble from, with great regard and respect, Very Rev. Sir, your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

We have seen by Lord Cloncurry's writings, throughout a long life, what an implacable enmity was his against Tories and Toryism. The English Russell and Irish Clarendon Whig Administrations, however, filled him with feelings not distantly akin to it. O'Connell branded the Whigs, in his own forcible style, as "base, bloody, and brutal." In May, 1848, Lord Cloncurry, for a wonder, agreed with him in this opinion. His lordship thought their policy murderous, first, for neglecting a starving people, secondly, for suspending the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, instituting the "Gagging Act," and making it felony, and a transportable crime, to speak or write in denunciation of English misrule. From that time forward his Excellency fell, never to rise again, into the dark slough of Irish unpopularity. As the Hon. Mr. Villiers, a member of Lord Anglesey's back-stairs Cabinet, the Earl of Clarendon enjoyed, for a considerable time, the good-will of Ireland.

On the 26th May, 1848, Mr. John Mitchel, editor and proprietor of the *United Irishman*, was found guilty of felony by—to quote his own alliterative diatribe—"a packed jury, a partisan judge, and a perjured sheriff." His crime consisted in publishing seditious articles through the medium of the *United Irishman*. Lord

Clarendon had converted, a short time previously, genteel sedition into vulgar felony, for no other object than to render the punishment the more severe. His Excellency appears to have reposed great hopes, and great faith, in the salutary effect of the humiliation attendant upon irons, prison diet, solitary confinement, removal in the pick-pocket caravan, convict dress, the transport, and the hulks; and when Mr. John Mitchel, a respectable Presbyterian, and professional gentleman, was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for seditious writings in his own newspaper, it is impossible to conceive an adequate idea of the wide-spread sorrow and indignation that prevailed. Lord Cloncurry, as a matter of course, shared in it; and, as the best mode of proving the substantial nature of his sympathy, sent, through the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, one hundred pounds to the convict's wife.

[No. 92.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*May* 29, 1848.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR.—I pray you to tender the enclosed acceptance to Mrs. John Mitchel, for herself and children. The miserable state to which the country has been reduced by the Union, and the different phases of bad government to which we have been subjected, prevent my offering more to that unhappy lady.

"Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

The transportation of Mitchel, and the humiliating treatment to which he was, by order of Lord Clarendon, subjected, vastly increased the flame of Irish discontent. Wm. Smith O'Brien, M.P., the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, of Dromoland, County Clare, and brother to Sir Lucius, the present baronet, openly set himself at the head of the revolutionary movement. He preached the doctrine of armed resistance to British tyranny, and threatened to raise all Ireland in insurrection if Repeal of the Union continued to be withheld. Ireland regarded him as the Fitzgerald of the nineteenth century; and he, in return, looked upon each "Confederate" as a United Irishman, resolved to do or die.

In the midst of this excitement, the Protestant Repeal

Association started into existence. The first meeting was held on May 9th, 1848, George Washington Vance in the chair. The speaking, though moderate, was marked by determination. This Protestant confederacy alarmed the Government. Its appearance was about the last thing they expected. It drew from Lord John Russell the assertion that he would oppose Repeal to the death. By way of a reactionary movement, each peer in Ireland, except Lords Cloncurry, Wallscourt, Miltown and Ffrench, signed a declaration condemnatory of the agitating system then in progress. The signatures numbered about two hundred. The country was indignant at this patrician interference with the great plebeian movement. The *Nation*, as its mouthpiece, literally thundered. "The Irish peers," it said, "have declared for the Union. They have acted madly in provoking the attention of the people in their present temper. They might, if it had so pleased their lordships, kept under hatches, and slept out the storm, and found themselves little the worse of it when it had blown over."

It is hardly possible for any man, who does not retain a most vivid recollection of the Irish events of 1848, to form an adequate idea of the state of excitement which agitated the public mind, and what a general impression appeared to prevail, that British domination would, at no distant day, be eradicated, root and branch, from the land. Some of the shrewdest intellects in the kingdom participated in this feeling—peers, lawyers, commoners, citizens. Separation was very generally regarded as absolutely inevitable. On the 25th March, Lord Ffrench, a venerable Irish peer, put upon record the deliberate opinion of one whose experience it was considered could not be deceived, and whose station was a guarantee against any desire on his part to exaggerate the peril in which Ireland appeared to be placed. In his letter to Mr. J. O'Connell, he declared that Repeal or separation, an Irish Parliament or an Irish insurrection, followed by an Irish Republic, were the only alternatives that then remained. "If England," observed his lordship, in conclusion, "do not anticipate, by concession, the determination of united millions, a

severance of legislatures will not be the *only* object contemplated. * * Our demands, therefore, if not now granted, a civil war is the inevitable consequence, which will probably end in a total separation from England, and in the establishment of a Republican form of government." Almost everybody, even stock jobbers, believed his lordship. The public funds, both in England and Ireland, began to tumble down with unusual precipitancy. The Bank of Ireland was besieged for gold, and paper money threatened to become valueless.

It would seem as if the Government, looking upon insurrection as inevitable, desired to force it to a premature head. The Camden policy was once more resorted to. Lord Clarendon followed up a stimulating course of coercion. He even endeavoured to suborn the manufacture of pikes. On March 31, a man bespoke six pike-heads from a smith named Hyland, residing in Charles-street. On his calling for them the next day, and taking away three with him, the smith, who did not like the appearance of the matter, followed his patron and traced him to the Castle! He appeared to have free egress into the seat of Government. The sentries on duty did not hinder his entry, whilst, on the other hand, they rudely repulsed that of the smith. The suspicions of Hyland now became so strong, that he acquainted Dr. Gray and other special constables with a history of the transaction, and when the fellow came next day for his three remaining pikes, they at once removed him to Church-street police office.

In Limerick the same discreditable policy was pursued. Two men (by their own account from Bruff) waited on Mr. Thomas Ahern, and gave an order for ten pike-heads, at 3s. each. Having obtained them, they left the shop. Mr. Ahern, suspecting how the land lay, pursued both one and the other to the city police office, where they at once were seen to enter into confidential communication with an official attached to that establishment.

In reference to these discoveries, the *Dublin Evening Mail*, long the unwavering supporter of "law and order," observed:—"It will do more to damage the cause of the Government, and, as we think, the cause of order in

Ireland, than all that could be spoken in Conciliation Hall, or the Confederation, or written in the *United Irishman*, or in the *Nation* during the ensuing twelve calendar months." The provocations to insurrection daily increasing, the Council of the Irish Confederation at length found it necessary to issue a sedative address to the people. "Fellow-citizens," it commenced, "seeing the incentives that are daily applied to hurry you into fatal indiscretion, we dare not shrink from the duty of giving you that counsel which the interests of our cause demand. Within the last few days very plain indications have been given by the agents of the British Government in this city, of a desire to provoke you to a collision with the troops. On last night several thousand men were under arms in the University, and a strong body of police were sent out into the streets for the purpose, as we conscientiously believe, of creating a riot, and thereby furnishing the Government with a pretext for shedding your blood. Fellow-citizens, do you trust us? Do you deem us men, honest, bold, and prudent enough to advise you in those days of peril? If you do, hear us now. Under no circumstances suffer yourselves to be provoked into a collision at this moment. The game of the enemy is plain, and so is yours. Theirs is to hurry you into a fight, when they are prepared and you are not. Yours is to bide your time."

Smith O'Brien sat in the House of Commons on Tory principles until 1836. In the "Repeal year," he identified himself with O'Connell's agitation, and was visited by Government with a *supersedeas* in consequence. Disapproving of O'Connell's later policy, he seceded from him in 1846. His singularly daring speeches as leader of the Irish Confederation drew down on his head a State prosecution. The jury disagreed, O'Brien was discharged, and the agitation recommenced with renovated vigour Disciplined clubs were extensively established throughout the country; but before a thorough organization could take place, the *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended, and proclamations, offering £500 for O'Brien's apprehension, and £300 for Meagher's, O'Gorman's, and M'Manus's, ap-

peared. No time was to be lost, and O'Brien, accompanied by his colleagues, repaired, with every possible secrecy and expedition, to the County Tipperary, and there endeavoured to instigate the people to rise *en masse*. The priesthood, however, opposed them with the most determined hostility, and as no popular movement in Ireland can derive strength without their aid, the insurrection was only a partial one, and, when too late to retract, it became evident to Mr. O'Brien and his friends how fatally they had been deceived. With the handful of men that *did* flock to their banner, O'Brien determined upon making a beginning, and at once repaired to Ballingarry* in the hope of inducing some police who had fortified themselves in a farm-house, to fraternize. Sub-Inspector Trant entertained little sympathy with the popular movement, and ordered his men to fire. Several of the rebel party fell, and after discharging a few volleys the rest withdrew. Sickened at the apathy shown by the people, his spirit crushed, and callous to all consequences, Smith O'Brien may be said to have "surrendered himself up to justice." On the 5th August he walked into the town of Thurles, which was literally swarming with military and police. A railway guard named Hulme seized him; and Mr. O'Brien was in a special train removed to Dublin. Hulme received the proclaimed reward of £500, and almost immediately after died. The late Maurice Leyne, Messrs. Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghoe, were arrested a few days afterwards in the vicinity of Thurles. Next to clerical antagonism they attributed their failure to the prostration of national spirit by the recent visitations of famine and pestilence.

* It is a curious fact that the inhabitants of Ballingarry, who co-operated with O'Brien in such a contemptibly petty manner when the moment for acting came, avowed themselves years before as his most devoted servants. On the 17th May, 1846, during Mr. O'Brien's temporary imprisonment in the cellar of the House of Commons, we find the voice of this little Tipperary village, which scarcely knew O'Brien, or he them, expressing, perhaps, the loudest sympathy. They held a meeting, and passed a series of resolutions. "The imprisonment of Mr. O'Brien," said they, "is not only an act of tyrannical oppression, but a gross insult and a grievous injury to his constituents and to Ireland. *Mr. O'Brien is entitled to our highest respect, our intense regard, and our fullest confidence.*"

O'Brien possessed few of the necessary qualities for a rebel leader. Humane, generous, honourable, gentlemanly, and refined, he shrank from those acts which achieved such successes for the Murphys, Roches, Dwyers, and Cloneys of '98.

On the 27th July, strange news reached London. A telegraphic despatch from Liverpool went so far as to assert that O'Brien was triumphant. All the late editions of the London morning papers contained it, and few ventured to throw a doubt on the veracity of the statements. In Parliament that night it formed the all-engrossing topic of conversation. The following is a copy of the false despatch. It appears to have been a piece of stock-jobbing trickery:—

"OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION—THURLES, CLONMEL, AND KILKENNY "IN ARMS.

"*Half-past six o'clock.*

"I had scarcely despatched the above, when I was informed that most important intelligence had reached the Castle. I set out to make inquiry, and I find that the crisis has at length taken place.

"The railway station at Thurles is on fire, and for several miles along the line the rails have been torn up.

"Dreadful fighting is going on in Clonmel, and the people are armed in masses. The great leaders of the Dublin clubs are there. The troops are said to have been overpowered, and some to have refused to act. The military force at Carrick, which manifested disaffection, is driven back, and their quarters fired. The contest is also going on in Kilkenny, and there also the insurgents are said to have been successful.

"No reliable accounts later than the mail have reached Cork, but it is believed rebellion has there also broken out, and all through the south.

"The policy of dividing the troops into such numerous small divisions is very much questioned.

"The Queen's messenger is just started with despatches for London."

A few days after the arrests at Thurles, Lord Cloncurry, while thanking Doctor Grattan for a public letter addressed to his lordship, made some feeling allusions to the unfortunate prisoners.

[No. 93.] LORD CLONCURRY TO RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D., J.P.

"*Maretimo, 12th August*, 1848.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR GRATTAN,—Many thanks for your most excellent letter. It appeared in the *Pilot*, *Register*, and *Mail*. I shall endeavour in a few days to revive the subject, by an answer; but, during the present fever and excitement, I am alive to nothing but a struggle for mercy to the poor captives.

"There is to be a meeting at two o'clock on Monday at Dr. Carmichael's, in Portland-square, on the subject of periodical Parliaments in Ireland. Will you attend? I can give you bed and board.

"Yours truly,

"CLONCURRY."

In September Robert Owen heard from his old friend, Lord Cloncurry, for the first time since 1838.

[No. 94.] LORD CLONCURRY TO ROBERT OWEN, ESQ.

"18*th September*, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received papers from various places which tell me of your existence, and I hope of your well being; but as to your whereabouts, your projects, or your hopes, I know nothing.

"I wish you were equally ignorant of the situation of Ireland; but her misery and her madness are too well known to the world. You can't conceive, nor I describe, anything so wretched, so ill-treated, and so hopeless. I suppose that a knowledge of our state has prevented your promised visit for this fall; and, indeed, with your feelings and your heart, we have no comfort, no pleasure to promise you.

"Your affectionate Friend,

"CLONCURRY."

The trials for high treason of Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghoe, took place in October, 1848, at Clonmel. All were found guilty, and sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered. Mr. Meagher, on his trial, bitterly complained that only eighteen Catholics were returned on a panel of nearly 300 jurors. In what light this and other abuses appeared to Lord Cloncurry will be evident from the following letter:—

[No. 95.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MICHAEL M'KENNA, ESQ.

"*Maretimo*, 27*th October*, 1848.

["*Private.*]

"MY DEAR SIR,—I think the trials of those very foolish and very unfortunate gentlemen at Clonmel were conducted without any respect for decency, or in one instance for law, and I hope the House of Lords may set them aside. We must, however, feel that the active opposition of the Whig law lords cannot now be expected, and the Tories will be, as usual, for severity.

"I can hardly conceive any law that will now save the landowners of the West and South from utter ruin. Those of the East and North may struggle a little longer before they meet the fate they deserve. After that the cultivation of our soil and our wastes, and the prosperity of American intercourse, will probably place this country amongst the first of the earth, but neither you nor I can hope to see it.

"I never see any of our great men—disgust seeks privacy.

"Very truly, your obliged

"CLONCURRY."

True it was that Lord Cloncurry felt disgusted at the policy of the Whigs. We have seen how often he supported them—how long he reposed confidence in their benevolent intentions. He felt cruelly mortified from the consciousness of having been in his old age betrayed. Disheartened and disgusted he held himself aloof. He remained in the retirement of Maretimo, with arms folded, and mourning like Marius over the ruins of his country. People wondered how it was that the voice of Cloncurry could remain dumb, and see his well-beloved countrymen trampled down, roughshod, by ministerial despotism. Prostrate and inert, they submitted without a murmur. Their spirit was crushed from the combined effects of famine and pestilence, failure and humiliation. The grasp of an angry Government held its victims tight. Advantage was taken of this wide-spread apathy to revive the foul system of jury packing. The men and the times of Tone and Toler, of Sheares and Castlereagh, appeared suddenly restored. Every great social and political triumph since 1798 was forgotten, and Ireland within a short interval had retrograded with railway speed. A reign of darkness and gloom hung over the people. They had gone fifty years back, and stood paralyzed and dismayed, within the black cavern of the eighteenth century. A sectarian ascendancy was established. All the old engines of despotism resumed their work. The entire proceedings on the part of the Government—the entire proceedings on the part of the people, belonged to the close of the last century, and not to the middle of this. Nothing could be more foreign to the era of popular light and liberty than the principle which guided the movements of the legislature and the law. The latter, in theory, abjures all tampering with juries as a desecration of the sanctuary of the British constitution. Six-eighths of the population of Ireland are Catholic. Can it be believed that not one Catholic was allowed to remain on Mitchel's jury? According as each Catholic juror appeared, the law officers of the Crown set him aside. This observation applies to almost every State prosecution throughout that year and the next.

Prostrate, humbled, and inert, the people held their

peace. Scarcely a voice was raised even in remonstrance. Not until December did they awaken from their lethargy. Then it was that a forlorn-hope of Dublin citizens issued a protest. Lord Cloncurry instantly joined them in a letter of thrilling indignation. "Petitioning against exclusive juries!" he exclaimed, "Is it not like petitioning against highway robbery? Taking the best horse of a Roman Catholic for five pounds, is nothing to taking away his chance of justice by packing the jury which is to decide on his life or liberty."* The effect of such a declaration, at such a moment, was startling. A noble example exercises an electric influence on our people.

Charles Gavan Duffy's was the last of the State Trials. Every means had been employed by an unscrupulous Government to ensure his conviction. One of the most subtle and dangerous was libelling him day after day, in a shower of official pamphlets and journals, as a Red Republican and a destructive. "No man who witnessed it," wrote Duffy himself in reference to this matter, "will ever forget the scene, when the venerable peer entered the crowded court, took his seat beside the judges on the bench, and tendered himself to be examined on the character and policy of the prisoner in the dock. These were among the first strokes that restored the courage of the people."

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* Simultaneously with the appearance of his public letter, Lord Cloncurry addressed the following private one to the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt:—

[No. 96.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*Maretimo*, 12*th December*, 1848.

"DEAR AND VERY REV. SIR,—I am careless as to an acknowledgment from the Mendicity, provided there be a certainty of the money being applied as intended. Of this there could be no doubt with the good Sisters. I think the publication of one's charity is a minor sin, and it brings its own punishment in the shape of multiplied applications.

"On other occasions I greatly lament my frequent appearance in print, *but where* (there) *is so much wrong, I cannot avoid raising my cry, however feeble, against it.* I sincerely hope that you are perfectly convalescent. I hear that fever is very rife at present, but thank God, not amongst the very poor.

"Dear and Rev. Sir, your faithful and obliged

"CLONCURRY."

On the 11th of December, 1848, Lord Cloncurry sustained a severe shock in the death of his well-beloved brother-in-law, Baron Dunsany. The same year gave birth to both. Lord Dunsany on his death-bed expressed a wish to see a Catholic priest. The Rev. Dr. Esmonde, S.J., an old friend of Lord Cloncurry's, was sent for, and arrived in time to perform the impressive ceremonial. His lordship's ancestor, Edward, twelfth Baron Dunsany, was the first member of that sept who conformed to Protestantism.

From this period, Lord Cloncurry employed his leisure hours in stringing together a series of what he has himself termed "Personal Recollections." These he handed, with a selection from his political correspondence, to ——, a gentleman for many years connected with the Conservative Press of Dublin, but who, in 1845, wrote a pamphlet favourable to federal parliaments, and thereby received the thanks of the national party. Lord Cloncurry knew him intimately, and entertained a high opinion of his literary talents, judgment, and industry. —— set to work, and at length produced that remarkable work, known as the "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry." Those acquainted with the writings of the venerable peer had little difficulty in at once detecting that occasional incongruity of style and sentiment, which soon obtained for Lord Cloncurry, in his capacity of "Recollector," more enemies than friends. By the English Reviews the work was roughly handled. In the *University Magazine*, *Nation*, and other Irish journals, favourable *critiques* appeared; but many of them, nevertheless, gave expression to a feeling of dissatisfaction at the "confused arrangement," frequent introduction of "uninteresting documents," "imperfect autobiographical information," "failure in historical completeness," "disregard of chronological order," &c., &c., which disfigured the work.* The Irish people were disappointed with

* In answer to some of the Reviews, Lord Cloncurry observed, in the preface to the second edition of his Recollections, that "it was not his intention to produce a complete story of his own political life."

what they innocently dubbed "The Life of Lord Cloncurry," and which many, even yet, with ludicrous perversity, insist upon styling it. Imperfect as his lordship's "Recollections" are, they cannot be said to extend beyond the recall of Lord Anglesey. The *Nation*, while reviewing the work, expressed a hope and a surmise, that the various political and social movements in which he had since been engaged would be found faithfully chronicled in another volume.

Lord Cloncurry sent several presentation copies to his friends.* The following is his letter to Dr. R. R. Madden, a gentleman not less known in the literary, than Lord Cloncurry was in the political world:—

[No. 97.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"*Maretimo*, 21*st September*, 1849.

"My dear Sir,—I was made happy by hearing of your recovery. We cannot afford to lose more good men, and a better than our friend William Murphy he has not left after him.

"In looking over my poor book, you will observe that there are scant authorities or correspondence in the early part of my eventful life. A little reflection explains the cause. My voluminous papers were seized in 1798, and again in 1799, and a third ransacking took place at Lyons, in 1803, by my magistrate tenant, Clinch, whilst I was in Italy.

"In this latter robbery was an interesting correspondence with Lord Hardwicke and Mr. Kirwan.

"The most interesting State papers (Lord Anglesey's letters), never revised by himself, I obtained his unwilling permission to publish. They show his honesty, his talent, and his desire to save Ireland, to do which he was, I think, more fit than any other living man. If Ireland could be saved, it would have been by him.

"Very faithfully yours,

"Cloncurry."

Lord Cloncurry's old friend, Michael Staunton, whose correspondence with his lordship the reader will remember, was not forgotten. "To Michael Staunton," he wrote, "whose able pen has so often pointed out safe and easy remedies for the manifold evils by which his country is oppressed. August 25th, 1849."

Among the enemies whom we have referred to as having been created by the appearance of Lord Clon-

* For the letter which accompanied hi lordship's presentation copy to Dr Gray, editor and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, see page 555.

curry's Recollections, was Gerald Aylmer, Esq., of Painstown, one of the most respectable grand jurors and magistrates of the County Kildare. The following is his letter to Lord Cloncurry:—

[No. 98.] GERALD AYLMER, ESQ., J.P., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Painstown, 8th October*, 1849.

"My Lord.—It is with much concern I conceive myself obliged to notice some objectionable and offensive allusions you have made in your lordship's recent publication, with regard to my many years' deceased brother, William Aylmer.

"Although he did not enjoy in the Tower that '*otium cum dignitate*' which, like the Roman philosopher, your lordship preferred to the dignity of consul, or even the power and privileges of a commander; yet I believe his field exploits were of a character that reflect higher honour on his memory than the imprisonment, of which you are so proud, does on your lordship. Allow me to observe that my brother's conduct on all occasions was above *suspicion*, and that any measures which the minister of the day might have thought proper to adopt with respect to *him*, an act of parliamentary indemnity would never have been required to have borne the Government harmless.

"Now to specially refer to a few of what I must term the invidious inaccuracies of your lordship's work.

"In the first instance, by stating that my brother was the son of a tenant of Mr. Wogan Browne, you obviously wish to convey to the reader that my father had been of no higher grade in society than a tenant farmer, whereas *the Aylmer* family, unlike your lordship's, have been for many generations seated in this county, and our branch of it seized in, and possessed of, the very domain from which I now address you. I have never spoken much of the accidents of birth, and have always regarded 'an honest man as the noblest work of God.' * * * So much for one difference between us. Your lordship then goes on to mention that my brother, 'after lying in jail,' &c., &c. Allow me to tell you that my brother *never was in jail*, nor am I aware that during his sojourn in his native country his constitutional activity led him into a quarrel with the Duke of Leinster's game-keeper. He wa likewise too much of the gentleman, and knew too well the usages of society, to pay a morning visit to Carton, 'attired in his full Austrian uniform, with sabre and helmet — a display which,' your lordship quaintly observes, 'somewhat surprised his Grace.' No incident of the sort occurred; and on his behalf, and as his only surviving brother, I repudiate with scorn and indignation your lordship's concluding assertion and base calumny, that my brother died from the effects of intemperance—'*an ancient love for new rum in South America.*' With respect to his death, I take leave to quote an extract from a private letter written at the time (midsummer, 1820), and now before me:—'He fought bravely at the battle of Rio de la Hache, on the Spanish Main, where he received a wound in his arm, above the elbow. He and several others were conveyed in a small vessel to Jamaica, during the raging heat of June, in the torrid zone. This, united to the closeness of the ship, caused the wound to mortify, and he died a few days after his arrival.'

"Your lordship is, of course, at liberty, in those days of materialism and

profane speculation, to turn your own stock to the most advantage; but I really do not think making an unauthorized and wholesale use of other persons' names speaks much in favour of your present scheme, or to the credit of a peer and privy councillor.

"I am, my Lord, your lordship's obedient Servant,

"GERALD AYLMER."

It might very naturally have been supposed that the tone of the foregoing letter would agitate his lordship's temper, and provoke a hot reply. Not a bit of it. Immediately on its receipt, he indited to Mr. Aylmer the following temperate answer, which we print, for the purpose, mainly, of showing the admirable equanimity of his lordship's disposition.

We can readily understand the irritation of Mr. Aylmer's feelings, when reading, for the first time, that a near and dear relative had died from the effects of drunkenness, when, in reality, he died from wounds honourably received in battle; that he was the son of a tenant-farmer, when, on the contrary, the representative of a sept seated for many successive generations in Kildare; that he was thrown into jail, when he never was in jail, &c., &c. But, however just and called for Mr. Aylmer's indignation was, there are very few men who would brook being told of their faults with the meek equanimity of Lord Cloncurry. Everybody knows that—

"Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

[No. 99.] LORD CLONCURRY TO GERALD AYLMER, ESQ., J.P.

"*Maretimo, Oct. 9th*, 1849.

"SIR,—However intemperate your letter of yesterday may be, it is my duty to do all in my power to redress the wrong which your brotherly feelings have provoked you to vindicate. If William Aylmer were alive, he should be my advocate. I am certain our love was mutual and sincere. If the habits of youth, and of the times, at all diminished the success of his reckless valour, I should not be the person to proclaim it. I assure you I had not the most remote idea to write slightingly of one of Ireland's bravest men—my valued friend.

"I am told I must prepare a new edition. In it I will endeavour to do justice to the memory of William Aylmer, and effectually correct any error I may have heedlessly fallen into.

"Asking pardon for my unintentional offence, I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

There was one reminiscence connected with William Aylmer which Lord Cloncurry felt quite confident he could not possibly have been mistaken in. Mr. Gerald Aylmer supposed that his brother knew the etiquette of society better than to pay a morning visit in full military uniform. "Nothing of the sort," he said, "occurred." Lord Cloncurry could scarcely bring himself to believe that his memory was so defective, and wrote to the Duke of Leinster, requesting to be informed by his Grace whether Aylmer's appearance was or was not as he had alleged. The Duke at once replied in the following note:—

[No. 100.] THE DUKE OF LEINSTER TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Carton, Maynooth, Oct. 24th*, 1849.

"My dear Lord Cloncurry.—I have received your letter of the 23rd October, and, in answer, beg to state that I have a perfect recollection of your bringing Mr. Aylmer to Carton to introduce him to me, and that he was in uniform.

"I am, my dear Lord Cloncurry, yours very sincerely,

"Leinster."

The family of the late Sir Frederick Faulkiner were not less displeased with Lord Cloncurry than Mr. Aylmer. His lordship spoke of the baronet in immediate connexion with some rudeness shown him at school, and attributed a painful local complaint to the confinement attendant on a personal accident to which Sir Frederick Faulkiner was privy. But this was only a weak objection. The same family will probably have just as much reason to feel displeased with ourselves.

The irritation of Lord Anglesey at the publication of his private letters was, we think, uncalled for. One of Cloncurry's first acts, in his capacity of literary "Recollector," was, to forward under cover to Uxbridge House a large package of the noble marquis's letters, in order that he might at once examine them, and, if necessary, notify to Lord Cloncurry any passage or passages which, as an influential member of a recently existing Cabinet, he could not feel himself justified in publishing to the world. The package arrived inopportunely at Uxbridge House. It came into the Field Marshal's hands at a moment when his lordship was not in the very best

humour, from the effects of a more than ordinarily severe attack of tic doloreux, which had chronically tortured his existence, and without even breaking the seal of the wrapper, he returned it to Lord Cloncurry, with a peevish assurance that he never in his life wrote one single line that he cared if the whole world were to sit in committee upon. Lord Anglesey was at all times extremely careless about his correspondence. His celebrated letter to Lord Grey, in 1834, and his not less celebrated letter to Dr. Curtis, in 1828—both of which, although marked "Private and confidential," found their way into the public journals—attest sufficiently this observation of ours. "Lord Anglesey's incautious habit of showing his correspondence" has been already made the subject of complaint by Lord Hatherton. When Viceroy, he never placed a letter, no matter how important, in his escritoir. For many years after his return to England, Mr. C—— continued to be the sole depository of all his papers, and may still be so for aught we know to the contrary.

When the "Recollections" appeared, and Lord Anglesey read his confidential letters for the first time in print, he expressed himself in terms of annoyance; Lord Clarendon was also rather wroth; and their dissatisfaction was not mitigated when the *University Magazine*, *Nation*, and *Freeman's Journal* chuckled, with unaffected satisfaction, at certain political revelations which took them avowedly by surprise.

One interesting letter from Lord Melbourne, a few from Sir Francis Burdett, and several from Lord Holland, appeared in the book. The representatives of each (for all three were deceased) expressed themselves as not less irate. The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, in the *Quarterly Review*, attacked Lord Cloncurry with considerable asperity. Among other charges, he accused him of not asking the leave of either his surviving correspondents, or the representatives of his dead ones, to publish these letters. "Has he got leave from their heirs?" asked Mr. Croker. "We can undertake to answer that question with a direct negative, for we have been distinctly informed by some of them that no such

leave was asked, and never would have been given it asked. This is an offence which cannot be too strongly reprobated."

The manner in which O'Connell was spoken of in the "Recollections" excited a general feeling of surprise. His funeral had but a short time previously traversed the streets of Dublin. The people wept as it passed, and thought only of the good qualities of the great deceased. His failings were crushed into nothingness beneath a mountain of gratitude. His most inveterate foes through life now honoured his memory, and elegies instead of diatribes rolled from their lips.

It therefore excited some astonishment, not unmixed with pain, when O'Connell's series of expedients, in 1831, to avoid the lasso of Lord Anglesey's rapidly pursuing Algerine Act, were pronounced by Lord Cloncurry "to have assumed a character of ludicrous absurdity that rendered it impossible for an Irishman who loved his country to look upon without sorrow and humiliation;" when O'Connell was stated to have "worked his battery of abuse with his accustomed vigour;" when it appeared that the coolness between Lord Cloncurry and O'Connell "was now and then warmed up by a burst of vituperation on his (O'Connell's) part;" when the three public letters to Lord Cloncurry, in 1831, were pronounced to have been "specially devoted to the business of vituperating" his lordship;*—these and other observations in reference to the dead patriot, surprised many, and occasioned some pain to the family and admirers of O'Connell.

As their tone, however, is somewhat at variance with the sentiments elsewhere expressed by Lord Cloncurry, the feeling we allude to, in consequence of them, ought not to exist. In his lordship's public letter to Smith O'Brien, some time previous to O'Connell's death, he speaks of him as "illustrious;" and in reference to the occasional peals of thunder which marked the past sum-

* The first of the three letters referred to appears on page 411 of this work. The greater portion of it is, we think, highly complimentary to Lord Cloncurry.

mer of his life, added, "those outbreaks were a part of his nature, otherwise so kindly and so good." In a private letter to Dr. Spratt (published in this work) he assures his reverend correspondent that although he had sometimes reason in past life to find fault with O'Connell, he always loved him, and he (O'Connell) knew it. The good peer also mourned at the thought of Ireland's Liberator having been "forgotten."

The Roman Catholic Church, for which Lord Cloncurry always manifested a marked respect, felt hurt, and justly so, at some contemptuous expressions in "The Personal Recollections." The solemn exercise of the censer, for example, which forms a remarkable feature in the impressive and sacred ceremony of High Mass, Lord Cloncurry spoke of as "*fumigating!*" This offensive word, was in the second edition, expunged, and the more respectful and correct one, "incensed," substituted. We have seen, on page ninety-five of this work, how hurt the friends of Thomas Braughall expressed themselves at Lord Cloncurry's reference to him as "a zealous and *faithful servant* of his father."

The errors of date and fact were numerous enough, though hardly of a very serious nature. It is our intention to allude to one only; and that cannot be well avoided, because a note of Lord Cloncurry's, *apropos* to it, claims insertion at our hands.

Lord Cloncurry spoke of General William Lawless as having lost his leg at the battle of Flushing. Colonel Byrne, an officer in the Irish Legion, and an old friend of Lawless, contradicted the statement, with an elaborate detail of the real circumstances of the catastrophe. In a letter of Colonel Byrne's to the author, at page 278, further reference is made to this matter.

[No. 101.] LORD CLONCURRY TO CHARLES G. DUFFY, ESQ., M.P.

"*3rd November*, 1849.

"DEAR SIR,—Thank Colonel Byrne for me. His account of the loss of General Lawless's leg must be the most accurate, as he was on the spot when the casualty occurred.

"Dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

Meanwhile the correspondence with Dr. Spratt continued:—

[No. 102.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*Maretimo, 5th April*, 1849.

"My dear and Very Rev. Dr. Spratt,—Having some business which I think will be likely to take me, though very unwillingly, to England, I take the liberty of troubling you with a commission of the kind you so amiably and willingly undertake, and beg you will *privately* distribute the enclosed to the following charities:—

"Sisters of Charity (St. Vincent's) . .	£10	0	0
"Sisters of Mercy (Baggot-street) . .	10	0	0
"Father Kirby (Olive Mount Institute) .	10	0	0
"Room-keepers' Charity, ...	7	0	0
"St. Peter's Schools, ...	3	0	0
	£40	0	0

"A thousand thanks for your excellent Essay on Temperance. Your labours in that cause are invaluable and now doubly useful, as I am sorry to say the necessities of the good Father Mathew placing him in the category of Government pensioners, has lessened the *prestige* of his respected name.

"Misery drives men in despair to drink. When we better our condition we will have few drunkards.

"With great respect and regard, yours faithfully,

"Cloncurry."

At this time we find the Very Reverend gentleman labouring hard to organize the National Conference. It was proposed to form it of the remnants of both Young and Old Ireland. He toiled unceasingly to fuse them into one, and in doing so called upon Lord Cloncurry for his co-operation.

[No. 103.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"13*th April*, 1849.

"My dear Sir,—With thanks for your kind letter of the 12th, I would ask what can anybody do for Ireland at present, and particularly a man of my age and of my sorrows? I have not seen Mr. Percival's letter—have you it?

"I observe in yesterday's *Freeman* the credit given to '*Anonymous*,' for a donation through you to the Roomkeepers, is 15s. instead of £5. I do not know Mr. ———, do you think him very accurate?

"Pray forgive this trouble to one so much and so usefully employed.

"Dear and Very Rev. Sir, faithfully yours, "Cloncurry."

LORD CLONCURRY TO THE SECRETARIES OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

[No. 104.] "28*th October*, 1849.

"Gentlemen,—I am really inclined to hope that much good may come from the National Conference, and I feel that something is much needed to

relieve our people; but I am so circumstanced at present, that I could not attend any meeting, and consequently will not request any one else to do so.

"Your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 105.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"VERY REV. DEAR SIR,—Most sorry am I that your wise and benevolent exertions to bring about unanimity amongst the contending factions, who so deeply injure the cause of our country at this crisis of her fate, have not been successful. May they open their eyes to the irreparable mischief they are labouring to accomplish. You have the good wishes and thorough respect of all good men, and in particular of

"AN ENGLISH PEER AND REFORMER.

"May I beg of you to distribute the enclosed mark of my sympathy to the following excellent charities:—

"Sisters of Mercy,	£10	0	0
"Sisters of Charity,	10	0	0
"Roomkeepers,	10	0	0
"Father Kirby,	10	0	0

"*Monkstown Parish, December 18th*, 1849."

In many of the letters addressed by Lord Cloncurry to Dr. Spratt, anonymous signatures like the above appear. Dr. Spratt, however, never experienced the slightest difficulty in determining whom they came from. Some of the letters have no signature at all. This apparent eccentricity is easily explained. Those so written generally enclosed a sum of money which his lordship wished to be applied anonymously.

Beneath is a chance relic of Lord Cloncurry's voluminous correspondence with Dr. Grattan, ex-King's Professor in the College of Physicians.

[No. 106.] LORD CLONCURRY TO RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D., J.P.

"*June 2nd*, 1849.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—My son Cecil has written to Colonel Dunne and Mr. Napier on the subject of your examination by the Poor-Law Committee. They probably will not issue any new summonses. Cecil himself goes over in a few days. Lord W. F. seems to have got enough for the present of all societies, and, indeed, until the fate of the poor State prisoners be decided, and until the restoration of the law of *habeas corpus*, I think we should confine our labours to the *Cabinet*,* and a very select one too.

"It is said that R——, our great leader of Rotatorys,† got money for drain-

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* *Note by Dr. Grattan.*—"His lordship's rather obscure allusion to the *Cabinet* refers, I suspect, to those persons whose opinions were in unison with his own, and with whom he was accustomed to communicate confidentially on public matters."

† Rotatory or Periodical Parliaments in Ireland.

age under the Act, and employed it in slating his offices. I hope it is not true, but every day brings to light our propensity for jobbing, and the intense hatred of the English towards the best of our people.

"Specimens of diseased potatoes of the young crop have been sent up from almost all quarters to the Lord Lieutenant.

"The two Relief Committees are at private war, to the destruction of useful energy and of the small hope of the famishing poor. One set is for aiding the Pope, and putting down the Godless Colleges; the others for aiding the landlords and not the tenants. I see little or no room for hope, but will not be the less anxious to aid, as far as an old man can, every exertion to better our condition.

"I think Maunsell's examination before the committee must be of great use, and one of yours in the same direction would greatly tend to elucidate our case. England has brought us to ruin. How can she now contrive to relieve us, or save herself?

"Most truly yours,

"C."

The party whom Lord Cloncurry alludes to in the foregoing letter as Lord W. F., is Lord William Fitzgerald, brother of his Grace the Duke of Leinster. He was Chairman of the Society for promoting the Annual Meeting of Parliament in Dublin,* of which Lord Cloncurry, Dr. Grattan, Dr. Hayden, and one or two others, were invited to become members, in order that they might, in some degree, popularize the Society, which originated with persons of decidedly Conservative opinions. This they well knew; but Lord Cloncurry decided on joining it, simply because he considered it a move in the right direction, although, as he avowed to Dr. Grattan, he felt convinced it would end in no useful result. The truth of this remark was very soon confirmed by the dissolution of the Society, in a manner the most unprecedented and irregular. It was effected in this way. The Lord Lieutenant expressed to Sir Montague Chapman, and to another leading member, that their proceedings were not approved of by the Government, and would materially interfere with measures of the "greatest utility" to Ireland, which ministers were preparing to bring

* There were several meetings of this Society held. Dr. Grattan has assured us, that the language uttered by its principal members fully equalled, in seditious intensity, the most furious of the speeches delivered at the Irish Confederation. "It is an evidence," said he, "of the latent but widespread spirit of discontent that prevailed." The press was excluded, and, of course, no reports of the treasonable speeches appeared.

forward in the approaching Session of Parliament. His Excellency requested them, therefore, not to create an additional difficulty by continuing their agitation, but to confide in the good intentions of the ministry, and leave the question in their hands. Accordingly, Sir Montague Chapman, and the other member, on the next day of meeting, attended half an hour before the appointed time, when, in the absence of Lord William Fitzgerald, and of every other associate except the Secretary, he took the Chair, and resolved, with the assistance of his colleague, "That this Society do now adjourn its meetings until after the next Session of Parliament."

There never was another meeting of the Society, the object of which, even from the first, was absurd and chimerical. The originators and promoters of it, though Conservatives, were dissatisfied with England, and, at heart, Repealers, but afraid to acknowledge themselves such. However, they adopted this half way course of obtaining justice for Ireland, not unmixed with a little personal advantage to some of the members, who, trading on their newly invented scheme of "Irish agitation," disposed of their entire stock to the Castle, at a small premium.

[No. 107.] LORD CLONCURRY TO RICHARD GRATTAN, ESQ., M.D., J.P.

"*Maretimo, 8th July*, 1849.

"DEAR DOCTOR GRATTAN,—A man of your cloth, Doctor Graves, dines with me on Thursday next the 13th inst. He is a good man and a Repealer. He meets two or three of the same way of thinking, and I much wish that you could be of the party, and remain with me the following day. I dine at half-past six, but come early if you can.

"Very truly yours,

"CLONCURRY."

Doctor Robert Graves was, with perhaps one exception, the most deservedly eminent medical practitioner in Dublin. He revered Lord Cloncurry for his unswerving patriotism, and loved him for his benevolence. He admired alike the stern sincerity that characterized the man, and the uncompromising attitude which, throughout a long life, it was his pride to assume. Lord Cloncurry, on his part, venerated Graves for his kindly feeling towards the people. In principle he was a democrat. The flame

of nationality burned within the breast of Graves, but not resplendently. It was hidden. Lord Cloncurry loved to fan it. He would often ask Graves to Maretimo of an evening, and discuss with him until midnight the political posture of Ireland, and plans for her amelioration.

Dr. Graves died from a complication of most distressing diseases in 1852. Almost every portion of his body became disordered, and Robert Graves died a martyr's death. That giant mind, however, impregnable against the assaults of disease, remained to the last vigorous and unimpaired. Shortly before his dissolution, he composed his own epitaph, and requested that it should be engraven on his tomb. It was short and simple, and ran as follows:—"Robert James Graves, son of Richard Graves, Professor of Divinity, who after a protracted and painful disease, died in the love of God, and the faith of Jesus Christ."

A certain physician, now at the head of his profession in Dublin, numbered Graves amongst his most intimate friends. "Ah," said he to us within the last few months, "no one appears to know what a loss that man has been to the medical profession. G—d," he added earnestly, after a moment's thought, "I can compare those he has left after him to nothing save so many little children." No traces of Lord Cloncurry's correspondence with Dr. Graves can be found amongst the papers of the latter.

Lord Cloncurry would seem to have been fond of gathering the doctors about him. We remember on one occasion to have heard of the following party dining at Maretimo:—Dr. Gray, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, Dr. Maunsell of the *Evening Mail*, Dr. Grattan, ex-King's Professor of the Practice of Medicine, Surgeon Carmichael, of Rutland-square, Dr. Nuttal, a radical cosmopolite, Dr. Spratt, D.D., S.M.T., Dr. Robert Graves, Dr. Wilde, and Dr. R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A.

With the latter, Lord Cloncurry's correspondence was for the most part of a very trifling character. We place upon record the two following notes, solely because of their reference to his lordship's old and fast friend—Billy Murphy—who died of cholera in the autumn of 1849.

[No. 108.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"*Maretimo, July 9th*, 1849.

"My dear Sir,—The first time you called on me you did not leave your direction. When you called yesterday I was at home, as I always am on Sunday.

"The misfortunes of the country have quite upset me, and made me more invisible than our friend W(illiam) M(urphy), but if you can come here at half-past six or before it on Thursday next, the 12th, I shall be most happy to see you.

"My dear Sir, yours most faithfully, "Cloncurry."

[No. 109.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"*Maretimo, 3rd September*, 1849.

"My dear Sir,—I was only next door when you called, visiting a sick friend. I have heard of the death of my dear friend, William Murphy, one of the best and honestest of men. Pray dine with me to-morrow or Thursday.

"Yours, very truly,

"Cloncurry."

The famine which decimated Ireland in 1847 continued, though in a mitigated form, throughout the two following years. The people, foolishly imagining that the *aphis vastator* was but a temporary visitation, sowed their potatoes as before. We have seen in Lord Cloncurry's letter to Dr. Grattan, dated June 2nd, 1849, that specimens of diseased potatoes of the young crop had been forwarded from almost every quarter of Ireland to the Lord Lieutenant. The consequences of the catastrophe were similar with those in 1848. Men died in hundreds in the distant country districts, and as no public works at that time existed, the people had no employment or relief to hope for but what the resident gentry could afford them. In the midst of this distress Queen Victoria visited Dublin. Since 1821, Ireland had not been honoured by the tread of royalty. A similar spirit of infatuation now prevailed. Nobility and gentry, hungry for presentation, poured from every quarter of Ireland into the metropolis. Forgetful of the axiom that "property has its duties as well as its rights," they left the starving peasantry to die from neglect, and radiant with smiles, fluttered around the brilliancy of the castle. The papers teemed with "fashionable arrivals." Every hotel in Dublin was full. Titled families were repeatedly, and much to their astonishment, refused admission. Every

second dwelling-house became an inn. Any terms were asked, and any acceded to.

When the first fever of triumphal arches, cannon booming, banners, and platforms* had in some degree subsided, levees, balls, and receptions were holden. Nothing now was thought about but Court waistcoats, knee-breeches, silk-stockings, ruffles, dress-swords, and the order of precedence. The file of the *Freeman's Journal* for 1849 lies open before us. In the very impressions which record the progress of the pageantry,† and the strange infatuation that animated the Court-smitten gentry, columns of letters appear from Roman Catholic and Protestant pastors, the Archbishop of Tuam, and other dignitaries, calling in piteous language on the wealthy to forward some relief, however trifling, for the poor unemployed, starving, and plague-stricken peasantry. Only one citizen of Dublin appeared exempt from the fashionable contagion. Mr. O'Reilly, of George's-street, on one of the nights that Dublin blazed with illumination, hung from his drawing-room window a black flag, with the words "Famine and Pestilence" inscribed in skeleton characters. The police seized it, and Mr. O'Reilly paid the penalty for his misdemeanour.

Lord Cloncurry sickened at the heartlessness of his countrymen, and held aloof from participating in what

* Several platforms were, in every street, erected for the purpose of affording those who wished to pay, a comfortable view of her Majesty. The prices of admission varied from five shillings to a guinea. A general mania prevailed for the erection of platforms. Even Baggot-street convent was not exempt from it. For years six lofty elms flourished beneath the windows of the House of Mercy. These, in the excitement of the moment, were mutilated by order of the nuns, and a platform capable of accommodating 500 persons erected on the trunks. Their unsightly remains still exist.

† In the impression which records the names of the nobility, gentry, and aristocratic squireens, who thronged to the levee, the following epitome of the proceedings of the Relief Committee appears:—"Several letters were read from different parts of the south and west, representing the state of the people there to be most deplorable, and beseeching the Committee, in the most earnest manner, to give them some assistance. Owing, however, to the want of funds, the Committee were unable to make any grant; but it is to be hoped that when the charitable are made aware of the absolute necessity of continuing their support, they will not be long until they are supplied with the means of doing so."

*

appeared to him as unseemly pageantry. His name may vainly be searched for amongst the myriads of nobles who thronged to the throne-room through the private *entrée*. He received letters from several, desiring that his lordship would present them at Court. To these he returned such courteous answers as the following:—

[No. 110.] LORD CLONCURRY TO W. J. O'NEIL DAUNT, ESQ.,

"*Maretimo, August*, 1849.

"My dear Sir,—I shall be happy to receive your friend, Mr. Charles Glendouwyn Scott. I do not myself intend to go to Court, but I have the privilege of presentation, which is much at your service.

"Dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

"Cloncurry."

In a private letter to Dr. Gray, dated July 25th, and which will be found a few pages further on *in extenso*, his lordship says:—"Only think of ordering illuminations in the midst of death and suspended laws. Illuminations will cost more than all that has been collected by the two Relief Committees—about £8000."

The three following most interesting letters, addressed by Lord Cloncurry to the talented Editor of the *Freeman*, belong, properly speaking, to a somewhat earlier portion of this work, and had they reached us sooner they would have been inserted with all due attention to chronological accuracy. They were written immediately after the appearance of Lord Cloncurry's public letter to Smith O'Brien, and before the sad intelligence of O'Connell's death at Genoa had reached Ireland:—

[No. 111.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN GRAY, ESQ., M.D.

"*May* 12, 1847.

"My dear Dr. Gray,—In the *Freeman* of last Tuesday Mr. J. O'C—— is reported to have said of me:—'It is said that Lord Cloncurry would join us if we threw certain considerations overboard. * * Let him not ask us to jeopardize the legal safety of the Association, or peril the very existence of the Repeal cause.' And again:—'He has kept a long time without knocking (at the Union).'

"Now I don't recollect ever having asked anybody to throw anything overboard, or to jeopardize anything; and I never recollect to have ceased for one moment knocking at the Union for the last forty-seven years.

"I did not attend at Conciliation Hall because I could not tamely hear

the Duke of Leinster and other friends of mine libelled. They never ceased to love Ireland, but were driven to silence by ill-treatment, to the great loss of the cause. I believe that out of above two hundred Irish peers, there are not a dozen liberal and patriotic. These dozen have been more abused than the other two hundred. All this annoys me, only because I know how it injures the cause of the country.

"I wrote to O'Connell and Sheil in '27 or '28, that no Emancipation worth having could be carried but in an Irish Parliament. Sheil said, *he was a beggar, and a sufferer, and that he sought relief wherever he could get it.* O'Connell said, that if he agitated Repeal, he would lose Emancipation. I answered, that Emancipation, at the cost of the forty-shilling freeholders, would not be worth two pence. My letter to Mr. O'Brien, which appeared in the *Freeman* of last week, was merely to ask him to return to the Hall; and, to carry that point, I would have gone myself, though very unfit for such a place.

"I feel with great pain and sorrow the impossibility of accomplishing a union of Irishmen, and I fear that J—— O'C——'s manner is one great impediment, and that the treatment of the seceders has been unfair, though I wished them to pass it over. Alas! poor Ireland!

"Yours truly, "CLONCURRY."

[No. 112.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN GRAY, ESQ., M.D.

"13*th May*, 1847.

"DEAR DR. GRAY,—Lord Wellesley being my personal friend, and a good, though rather vain man, I rather supported his Government; but even in *his* time my hostility to the Union was concentrated, as you will perceive by the letter herein enclosed. I never for one moment gave up Repeal, though I often proposed palliation to diminish the sufferings of the people. Many were the offers made to me to induce me to give up my opposition. I always refused. The Duke of Leinster often said, 'I agree with you on all subjects but that of Repeal.' I verily believe that if he had not been unfairly abused, he would have joined us in that. Lord Anglesey said to me, 'Join me in striving to do good to your country, and if I disappoint you, I will join you for Repeal.' My answer was, 'I will help to do good, but will not give up Repeal.' I never gave up knocking; but I could not stand by to hear our best men abused, and now without ever thinking of asking Mr. J—— O'C—— to risk the existence of the Association, I would not join it whilst younger, better, and more able men are abused or unfairly dealt with.

"P.S.—The ruin of this country is the love of place-seeking. Since Cecil has been in for Clonmel, I am daily tormented by persons insisting that I should get them places.* I apologised to the poor Ld. Lt. for not dining with him, lest the moment it appeared in the paper I should be overwhelmed with solicitations. In that respect the Confederates are quite right."

[No. 113.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN GRAY, ESQ., M.D.

"18*th May*, 1847.

"MY DEAR DR. GRAY,—Out of sixty years of energetic labour in behalf of my suffering country, I was for about three a friend of the Government of

* For a curious letter to Mr. Lawless, offering him a bribe of £300, see Appendix.

the day, viz., two when Lord Anglesey was here, and once whilst Lord Normanby was Viceroy. I enclose you the only letter I recollect to have written in favour of the Government. You will see what I said of the Union by the enclosed, which I beg you to return, with the letter to O'Gorman already sent. Excuse this trouble, but I wish to show you how false the accusation of Mr. J—— O'C——.

"Yours very truly, "CLONCURRY."

In 1849 we again find Dr. Richard Grattan pressing under Lord Cloncurry's notice his favourite plan of a national congress. Lord Cloncurry did not lack the will to rise and act, but the chains of bodily infirmity bound him to his seat:—

[No. 114.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. RICHARD GRATTAN, J.P.

"*Maretimo, 8th October*, 1849.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. You may remember me a never-failing attendant on the *Society for the Improvement of Ireland*, though living at the time at Lyons. I can now seldom leave my own chimney-corner, and though I altogether wish for, and approve of, the formation of such a body as you project, I would not for worlds make promises of utility by which I would probably disappoint better men. There was a dinner at Mr. Duffy's on Saturday, at which I hear that several young men of spirit, talent, and good figure entered into resolutions to form a society for the practical education of the people.

"I have been for many years President of the Dublin Library Society; a most valuable institution, which has gradually and most unfortunately gone to decay. It has been suggested to revive and improve it: to have evening meetings, conversations, and lectures, which I really think might be productive of great good, and, perhaps, lead to the reunion you so wisely and ably recommend. If you would come here on Saturday for a day or two I would get Maunsell to meet you, and, perhaps, we might strike out something useful: but to be candid with you, I never possessed so little of hope or energy—shall I say of reliance—on public men as I do at present. This, however, may be the effect of age and disappointment. A prospect of better things might revive me. All the rest of the world—happy America excepted—is in as bad a state as can be. The only Christian in Europe is the Grand Turk!

"Very faithfully yours, "CLONCURRY."

In spite of rapidly increasing bodily infirmities, Lord Cloncurry never relinquished his old habits of hospitality. The kind spirit expressed in the following note pervaded his language on all occasions to those about him:—

[No. 115.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"*Maretimo, 4th November*, 1849.

"DEAR DR. MADDEN,—Will you do me the favour to dine with me on Thursday next, the 8th? It is cruel to ask you to come so far in November but I am always glad to see you.

"Very truly yours, "CLONCURRY."

The following letter to Dr. Gray accompanied a presentation copy of his lordship's "Recollections," which was very favourably reviewed in the *Freeman's Journal* a few days subsequently. The earlier portion of the letter is almost *verbatim* with No. 115, addressed to Dr. Madden:—

[No. 116.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. GRAY.

"21*st September*, 1849.

"DEAR DR. GRAY,—In the book I venture to publish, it will appear that there are scant authorities or correspondence of my early life. This can be readily accounted for by the fact, that all my papers were seized in 1798, and again in 1799; and whilst I was in Italy, in 1803, my tenant, the magistrate Clinch, stole everything from Lyons: amongst the rest, an interesting correspondence of Earl Hardwicke and of Kirwan the geologist. I am somewhat surprised that so many letters have escaped, my habit being to destroy letters as soon as answered. Lord Anglesey's letters, never revised or corrected by himself, I value as most able and honest state papers, and I with difficulty prevailed on myself to seek his permission for their publication. He loved justice and he loved Ireland; if she could be saved he was the man to do it. *Sed diis aliter visum.*

"Yours very faithfully, "CLONCURRY.

"P.S.—I take this opportunity to state to you some circumstances relative to the '82 Club, of which you were, I believe, Secretary for a time. S—— O'B—— asked me to become a member. I said I was too old and too *blasé* for it, and that I could not wear the dress. He urged me in presence of my brother Douglas;* I told him I would consider. He got me elected without further notice, and contrary to the rules of the Club.

"He again proposed me as ambassador to France, without any consultation: and of this the Government had notice, as if it was not merely to congratulate the French on their revolution, but to concoct treason. Now, much as I loved S. O'B., these were mischievous liberties to take with a man of seventy-four years, who had already suffered so much, and who had entirely disapproved of all his plans, as far as he knew of them. I think the '82 Club might still be turned to useful Irish purposes."

"The Irish Alliance," accomplished mainly through the instrumentality of Dr. Spratt, held an aggregate meeting, on November 20th, 1849. In principle it was neither an Old nor a Young Ireland body, but pertained of the qualities of both, without the marked characteristics. All loud allusion, however, to physical force, as an instrument for the work, was sedulously excluded from their councils. Mr. M. R. Leyne declared that to talk of waging war in their then distracted and almost exanimate state, would be braggart buffoonery, of which he was incapable. At the unanimous call of the meeting, Dr. Grattan was moved to the chair.

* Rev. A. Douglas, brother to Emily Lady Cloncurry. He died at Qui Si Sano (a residence adjoining Maretimo), Feb. 13, 1855.

A general feeling of sympathy, at that time, existed for the fate of Smith O'Brien and his fellow-prisoners whom a cruel verdict was about to consign for ever (as people then imagined) to the hulks. There were many of their friends and ex-colleagues present at the aggregate meeting of the Irish Alliance. In the course of the evening some warm allusions were made to their fate. Dr. Grattan did not feel himself called upon to interrupt them. The attempt would have created confusion. His business was to preserve order.

Dr. Grattan was never an O'Connellite; he was never an O'Brienite. Personally he knew neither Meagher, Mitchell, nor O'Brien; but he was not altogether devoid of sympathy for their sad transition from affluence and comfort to the cold, dreary atmosphere of a felon's cell.

Robert Jocelyn, Earl of Roden, and "the brothers Beers," three rampant Orange magistrates of Ulster, had just been dismissed by Lord Clarendon for personally aiding and encouraging "True Blue" processions, as they strutted to Dolly's Brae, with a view to celebrate in blood the Twelfth of July. A large body of Orangemen, panting to retaste the pleasures of "the Diamond," marched, as a preliminary step, to Tollymore Park, the seat of Lord Roden. His lordship does not appear to have been taken by surprise. Refreshments for hundreds lay spread upon the lawn. The hundreds arrived and partook of meats, wines, and alcoholic drinks galore. Lord Roden contemplated the disappearance of his good things with truly Irish hospitality. He gazed upon the prostrate feeders, gloated over their strength, and addressed them from his windows in accents of bland approval. With appetites for beef appeased, but not for Popish blood, the Orange band formed into line once more, and proceeded on their march. Though considerably out of their way, they insisted on passing through the village of Dolly's Brae (where the Catholics had congregated in large numbers), and the consequence was a sanguinary collision. Women were murdered, children assassinated, idiot boys immolated at the shrine of Orangeism. A frightful scene ensued. The Catholics fled, they knew not whither,

panic-stricken and defeated. The ground was strewn with slain. From the summit of each Papist's cottage a sheet of flame shot forth. The military and police, sufficient to disperse the assailants, looked on paralysed and inert. Advantage was taken of this apathy with a vengeance. The scenes of '97 were once more enacted. Never was triumph more exuberant or complete.

In the following letter to Dr. Gray, the reader will find a reference to this subject. The royal visit to Ireland had been just announced:—

[No. 117.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. GRAY.

"29*th July*, 1849.

"Dear Doctor Gray,—I approve greatly of the address to the people of Great Britain, the memorandum, &c.; but as long as the Union lasts there can be no well-grounded hope for Ireland. I forward your letter to Cecil, and am certain he will be grateful if you act for him; he has gone to Glengariff.

"Only think of ordering illuminations in the midst of death and suspended laws. *I have no doubt that Lord —— knew and approved of Lord Roden's gathering. He (Lord R.) had invited my nephew, Dunsany, to go to Tollymore Park that day*, but he came to Maretimo.

"Illuminations will cost more than all that has been gathered by the two relief committees, about £8,000. I am almost ashamed to belong to both: the one favouring bad landlords, the other the massacre of the poor Romans. However, there will be plenty of potatoes for all except the poor con-acre men. We are an abject, wretched people.

"Yours very truly, "C."

The Orange faction vowed vengeance on Lord Clarendon for his dismissal of their idol. Twenty Orange magistrates resigned the commission. His Excellency, in order to demonstrate the thorough impartiality of his Administration, resolved to visit Dr. Richard Grattan with a *supersedeas*. This was done, and he accordingly ceased to exercise magisterial authority over the King's County and the County of Kildare. How inferior in magnitude must his offence be considered when placed in the balance with the Earl of Roden's.

Dr. Grattan's able answer to Lord Chancellor Brady (who addressed a communication to him animadversive on his conduct) appeared in all the public journals of the day. Voluminous in extent, it was a masterpiece of eloquence, and of calm but forcible argument.

"Should you, my Lord, consider," said Grattan, in conclusion, "that I have forfeited my claim to hold the commission of the peace, you best know what course it is your duty to pursue. I never solicited the commission. It was, to a certain extent, forced upon me. By accepting it, I by no means considered that I was bound to support any political party, or to eschew any line of political action that might be displeasing or inconvenient to the party in power. * * I do not undervalue the commission of the peace, as it is a useful and constitutional office, but in any other point of view I care nothing for it. Its acceptance gave me no additional rank—the deprivation of it can impart to me no degradation."

Lord Cloncurry no sooner read the correspondence, than he addressed the following note to his old friend:—

[No. 118.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. GRATTAN.

"*Maretimo, 6th Dec.*, 1849.

"My dear Doctor Grattan,—I have read your very true and very admirable letter, and subscribe to almost every word it contains. I am sorry for the country and for the honour of the magistracy, that you are no longer of that body: but I congratulate you on the occasion offered you for speaking your ever honest opinion.

"Had your advice been followed when we were fellow-labourers years ago in "the Society for the Improvement of Ireland," we should not now be in the wretched state to which bad government and bad men have reduced us. With respect and regard, most faithfully yours,

"Cloncurry."

The "*almost*" has reference to some severe strictures on O'Connell's later policy, and introduced by Dr. Grattan in his letter to the Chancellor.

The question of Tenant Right reached the zenith of its agitation in the spring of 1850. Nothing else was spoken or written about in Ireland, until the appearance of Lord John Russell's famous Durham letter. Government, at length, brought forward a Tenant Bill, but nothing could give less satisfaction to the country. In such bad odour does it appear to have been held, that a deputation proceeded to London for the purpose of opposing it. The Ulster journals, ever distinguished for their advocacy of Tenant Right, acceded to the proposition of the *Nation*

that there should be a general coalition of the four provinces on one wide and common platform, to demand a satisfactory settlement of it. In August the great Tenant Right Conference met in Dublin. Presbyterian clergymen and Catholic priests went hand in hand in the national labour. Amongst the Tenant Right editors present were Messrs. Duffy, Godkin, Gray, Maguire, Lucas, and M'Knight. They promised never to relax in their exertions one iota until Ireland should receive the full measure of her demand for social justice. The conference sat for five successive days, and the unanimity that pervaded it (being a perfectly new feature in Irish discussion) excited much astonishment, and no small satisfaction. From the labours of this council resulted the Irish Tenant League. In connexion with it a tenant charter was established, and a plan of action drawn up for organizing the counties. Efforts were made to raise £10,000 with a view to extend their working machinery; but, from that day to this, the requisite fund has remained almost in embryo, and the number of adherents have hardly increased. Let us hope that Ireland will arouse itself to a perception of the necessity for at once demanding the redress of a grievance which has been the cause of almost every species of Irish disturbance and calamity.

The following letter, bearing upon the then all-engrossing subject of conversation, was written during the spring of 1850. It comes from the pen of Samuel Ferguson, Esq., the distinguished poet, and ex-editor of the *University Magazine*. We regret to be only able to make room for a few extracts:—

[No. 119.] SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ., M.R.I.A., TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"9, *Upper Gloucester-street, April 13th*, 1850.

"My dear Lord Cloncurry,—I willingly comply with your lordship's desire that I should put on paper my views respecting the landlord and tenant question. Your lordship is already familiar with those opinions, from the repeated discussions they underwent when I used to have the pleasure of acting with your lordship in the Irish Council.

"The evils, under the apprehension of which that body came together, are now realized. Few owners, at the present day, can tell how long they are

to continue proprietors of their estates; and the mass of the occupiers, uncertain who are to be their landlords, and having no legal interest in their holdings except from year to year, venture on no improvements in husbandry, and are rapidly returning to a scrambling and precarious cultivation of the potato. * * *

"It is simply whether compensation for improvements should be limited to the value of the improvements themselves, or be measured by the increased value conferred by them on the land. An expenditure of £100 might make a farm worth £200 more in the market. Ought the tenant who makes that expenditure be satisfied to get his £100 back again on giving up the land, or ought he to be allowed the whole £200 due to the improvements effected by him? There is no landlord organ of any weight or influence but admits that, if the improvements have been so judicious as largely and permanently to raise the value of the land, the tenant ought to be compensated to the full value of the work done. But, on the other hand, most of the tenant-right organs whose opinions, I apprehend, these deputations represent, insist that he ought to get the full increased value of the land due to his improvements, and be at liberty to ascertain that by the simple method of selling his interest to the highest bidder. * * *

"A tenant is one who hires the use of land. Whatever improvement he makes upon that land, the law now unjustly declares shall cease to be his on the expiration of his tenancy. The question is, how best to correct that injustice? If his improvements were moveable, it is evident that he would be entitled to carry them away, as he carries away his farming stock or household furniture. If he could detach his buildings from the surface, and lift up his drains from the body of the soil, he would be entitled, in natural justice, to take them with him, and leave the land without buildings, and undrained, as he found it. * * *

"It would seem, therefore, that, agreeably to the laws of natural justice, the full cost of the improvements should be the *maximum* of compensation. * * * "I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, &c.,

"SAMUEL FERGUSON."

In the spring of 1850, the good citizens of Dublin were thrown into a state of much agitation, in consequence of a well-authenticated report which had pronounced the days of the Irish Viceroyalty to be numbered. Perhaps the greatest amount of consternation overspread the countenances of briefless barristers, hungry placemen, deputy-lieutenants, and the swarm of professional and would-be professional men who throng St. Patrick's Hall and the throne-room. To these the mock court presented attractions of no common order. Lord Cloncurry observed this, and it filled him with a feeling of disgust towards the Castle. We have seen, in Letter 86, how his lordship speaks of the Irish Viceroyalty as "the nucleus of corruption."

Dr. Gray had a long correspondence with Lord Clon-

curry, in March, 1850, on the subject of the threatened abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy. Dr. Gray advocated its continuance, because he considered that the trade of Dublin would derive benefit from it. The following letter grew out of the correspondence:—

[No. 120.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. GRAY.

"*Thursday*, 28*th March*.

"My dear Doctor Gray,—I should have said Tuesday, the second of April, instead of the third. Can you conveniently make it so? If you are otherwise engaged, come the 3rd (Wednesday), for I wish much to see you. This is a time when to recover the two portions of the constitutional Legislature of which we were robbed in 1800. They would be worth fighting for; and as the good citizens are so awake to the threatened privation of the *peel* of the orange, which they cannot arrest, perhaps they may look for the recovery of the fruit. There is some appearance of unanimity North and South. Will the East join? All the colonies have now Assemblies.

"Yours very faithfully, "Cloncurry."

The Irish manufacture movement, which lived and died in 1841, became resuscitated with some prospect of longevity in 1850. Dr. Spratt, Dr. Hayden, and a few other active and philanthropic men, formed its chief pillars of support. Lord Cloncurry contributed handsomely, through the medium of his reverend friend, and ordered twelve Irish tabinet vests and half a dozen carpets. The fatherly anxiety with which his lordship, even unto death, watched the tottering progress of this movement (which soon split, by the way, in true Hibernian style, into two or three segments), will be evident from several forthcoming letters.

In Lord Cloncurry native manufacture always found a warm friend. No foreign fabric, when Irish could be, at any price, procured, ever entered Maretimo. So far back as the year 1829, we find his lordship presenting Messrs. Willans with a prize of £100 for superfine black cloth. When in Rome, the mother of classic sculpture, he found an Irishman to execute "a group" in Carrara marble, and erect a statue in a Roman church.

In October, 1850, a deputation from the Manufacture Board waited on Lord Cloncurry with an eloquent address.

"We recognize in you," it began, "the Irish patriot of three generations. In youth ardent and uncompromising, suffering the martyrdom of a long imprisonment with fortitude, and with fidelity to your country; in manhood the consistent statesman, the enlightened magistrate, and the poor man's friend; in advanced years, the calm and patient sage, counselling your countrymen by your example, enlightening them by your experience, rewarding and encouraging them by your generous patronage; during a long life a resident among us, mitigating by your interference the harshness of unfit laws—often standing between the distant throne and the suffering people.

"HISTORY WILL DO YOUR CHARACTER JUSTICE. To be approved and patronized by such a one is a reward to us for many anxieties and some labour which the revival of our native manufactures has cost us. Your lordship, ever the unvarying patron of Irish manufacture and enterprise, saw Ireland comparatively a manufacturing country, and saw that manufacture dwindle away year after year, until nothing remained of the manufactures of other days but the linen weavers of Belfast, and about one hundred silk weavers in Dublin. At such a disheartening period in our country's history have we commenced our humble labours, and early in this effort have those labours been recognized encouragingly by your lordship's generous donation to our little treasury."

[Lord Cloncurry replied at some length.] "Let bygones be bygones," he went on to say—"let us forgive, though we cannot forget. After the thousands who have been starved in this most plentiful land, the thousands who have emigrated, the thousands who have perished by shipwreck and disease, let us see what we can do with those who remain. Let *us manufacture*. The first manufacture is farming—in the land we have the best raw material. The best artisan is the bold and intelligent denizen of the soil. You have shown me what could be done by girls and children. Their embroidery is beautiful, but I could wish to vary their labour by some active occupation. Constant sedentary continement injures the health of females, and on their health depends the strength of future generations. Could not your industrial schools be made more perfect by including in their course instruction in the work of the dairy, the laundry, the kitchen, and the general household? * * *

"The battle for Ireland has been lost at the bottom of Pandora's box. However, hope remained. I have hope, great hope, of your resurrection, and of your filling that place in the civilized world to which you are entitled. My hope shines from the west, and eschews bad advice, whether it come from the south or from the east. But I must avoid politics; yours is a safer, and, I trust, a more successful pursuit—to revive and extend the trade of Ireland. This is your humane and useful object; may none be so wicked as to endeavour to counteract you."

The following letters are chronologically in place, and require no introduction.

[No. 121.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"*Maretimo, 25th March*, 1850.

"DEAR DOCTOR MADDEN,—When I, yesterday, asked you to come to me next Sunday, I forgot that it would be Easter, and that perhaps you might wish to observe the festival by a family *reunion*, in which case I will

beg to substitute Tuesday, April 2nd, when I purpose asking Maunsell and Gray to meet you. If you like both days you will give me greater pleasure, and be certain of your Easter game of whist. I assure you I am most happy at your comfortable restoration to your own poor and well-loved country.

"Very faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 122.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"*Maretimo*, 26*th July*, 1850.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR MADDEN,—I wish you could dine with me to-morrow, and talk over matters: nobody but Maunsell.

"I went to England to vote for the £5 franchise, and found ministers willing to concede to their enemy a £10, so I came off *re infecta*.

"Yours very truly,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 123.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*Maretimo*, 7*th Oct.* 1850.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR SPRATT,—I enclose my mite for your most laudable undertaking, and hope your labour of charity will have its reward and due success.

"I intended to have had some conversation with you on the very interesting and vital subject of education. I laboured for many years to establish the National System as a means of bringing up our children to manhood in mutual love and knowledge of each other. Of that good undertaking I believe there are twenty Catholics who now profit, for one Protestant. I had in view to open Trinity College, where I was myself brought up, and to free it from all the theological differences, and had no doubt that in a very few years the Catholics would predominate in that wealthy establishment, as far as any sincere Christian would wish them to do, and as far as the illustrious Doyle desired: that is, in proportion to their relative numbers.

"*Fas est et ab hoste docere.* That is, 'Take from the bigots what you can, and let there be national union, if not uniform religion.' Even of this last, many of the best men I ever knew entertained good hopes, and Doyle said that the differences were too small for men of sense or patriotism to fight for.

"I am sorry to say that I now apprehend melancholy retrogression on the part of many Catholics, justifying the worst predictions of the Orange party, and throwing back the country three or four centuries. It is most melancholy. Oh, cannot you, and some good and wise man, step out and save our country? I am in great distress at the death of my friend and agent, William Lewis, so can write no more. Pray, if any acknowledgment of the enclosed be necessary, let it be 'from anonymous,' or 'from an old friend to united education,'—no more!

"Faithfully and respectfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

Poor Lord Cloncurry's frame had been for some time past "falling into the sear and yellow leaf," but his heart

was still young, and the spirit of patriotism blazed as brightly as ever. In February, 1851, Dr. Madden requested that his lordship would join the Celtic Society.

[No. 124.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.

"19*th February*, (1851.)

"DEAR DR. MADDEN,—I am totally unfit for any society, and never go out of an evening. I have taken my name out of all clubs, &c.

"But, as far as inclination to do good to poor Ireland I am still willing, so when I see you shall pay my subscription.

"I believe I should also pay you for the two books you kindly bought for General (Arthur) O'Connor, which I return.

"Yours very truly, "CLONCURRY."

In the Summer of 1851, when the Catholic Defence Association was in progress of formation, Lord Cloncurry and other liberal Protestants received invitations from the Secretary to co-operate as far as possible in resisting the threatened encroachment on religious freedom. Several Protestants came forward, but Lord Cloncurry stated that *he* would prefer not acting with any movement that had an exclusively sectarian hue. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. James Burke, communicated by letter with Lord Cloncurry, and observed that though the movement had superficially such an appearance, it was intrinsically in defence of the principle of religious freedom. His lordship's answer was not published with the other correspondence appertaining to the movement, and now appears in print for the first time.

[No. 125.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JAMES BURKE, ESQ., A.B., BARRISTER AT LAW.

"*Maretimo*, 18*th July*, 1851.

"SIR,—With thanks for your polite note of last evening, I must refuse to change my resolution. I have proved my love of *all* my countrymen of every class and creed for more than three-quarters of a century; we are hated as Irish, not as Catholics or Protestants, and our constant division is the strength of the enemy. Will we ever meet as Irishmen? I trust to time and the mercy of God to enlighten and relieve our good, but most unfortunate people.

"Your very faithful Servant, "CLONCURRY."

Simultaneous with the sectarian movement of 1851, a social question, amply calculated, if successfully worked out, to serve the interests of Ireland, started into life. We allude to the project for establishing a direct com-

munication by steam between some of the Irish ports and North America. The superiority of *many* of these, over *any* of the English ones, no writer has, we believe, ventured to controvert. Never was more conclusive evidence uttered, than in 1829, before the Commons, and in 1836, before the Lords. Some enterprising Irishmen laboured, in 1851, to establish a packet station at Galway, which, from its geographical position, as regards the Western world, could hardly fail, even in one voyage, to effect for England a considerable saving of time and expense. Lord Cloncurry saw that American intercourse must materially aid in raising up our fallen and poverty-stricken country. He appealed to the British Minister for assistance, but no assistance came.

At length a small pamphlet was published at the Office of the *Commercial Journal*, offering "Suggestions for the establishment of a direct system of steam communication with America, without the aid of the English Government." The pamphleteer concluded by saying, that it was vain to hope for assistance from a British minister; and therefore it was, that he suggested the propriety of opening communication at once with the proprietors of some of the American first-class steam boats, in order to induce them to run two or more vessels between Galway and New York. He furthermore proposed, that a public subscription should be set on foot, with a view to the creation of a fund sufficient to indemnify those who would embark in the enterprise, against any loss which might result from its partial, or total failure.

Lord Cloncurry enclosed the pamphlet, in a letter to Dr. Gray. Neither it, however, nor his lordship's truly spirited proposal, appeared in the *Freeman*.

[No. 126.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN GRAY, ESQ., M.D.

"*Muretimo*, 31*st July*, 1851.

"My dear Dr. Gray,—As the battle has been fought and lost for justice to Ireland, I think you could do very great good by extending your excellent arguments on the all-important subject of American intercourse; I know no other chance we have of regaining our position amongst the nations of the earth.

"What have not those men to answer for, who made the cry of Repeal the ladder to paltry place-hunting and selfish display?

"I do not know whether you have seen the enclosed; I admire it greatly, but though I take the *Commercial Journal* I have not seen it therein.

"Your circulation is so great, that if etiquette permitted, I would most willingly pay for its insertion; but at any rate, the motive is well worthy your pen, and I believe, accords with your best feelings.

"Lord Anglesey was so angry with the Pope,* that he sent back my proxy too late to be transferred. I am not sorry for it.

"The most determined enemies of Ireland, irrespective of religion, are the English Catholics. I know them all, and would not give them a pinch of curry powder.

"Yours very faithfully, "CLONCURRY."

SUBSCRIPTION TO BUY OR HIRE A FIRST-CLASS AMERICAN Steamer, to go from Galway to New York, from New York to Limerick, and back; from New York to Valentia, and back, and from New York to Berehaven. First voyage, 1st October, 1851, to be advertised so as to give time for passengers and freight to be collected.

	£	s.	d.
. . . . .	0	0	0
. . . . .	0	0	0
. . . . .	0	0	0
An Irish Peer, . . .	500	0	0

We find a very characteristic manuscript note, in Lord Cloncurry's handwriting, attached to the pamphlet. The writer referred to Ireland's commerce in former days. "Our woollen manufactures," wrote his lordship, "put down by King William, the favourite of the Orangemen *and of Prince Albert.*" The Royal consort's speech in praise of William III., at this period, will probably be in the recollection of the reader.

[No. 127.] LORD CLONCURRY TO DR. GRAY.

"*Maretimo, Saturday*, 3 *o'Clock*, 1851.

"DEAR DR. GRAY,—I have read with great pleasure your short speech at the Stoneybatter dinner. If we get a good packet station we owe it not to Downing-street.

"My son Cecil comes here on Monday; if you will meet him any one of the holidays, I shall be most happy; but I don't want to canvass, nor will I do so. There is now an opportunity to say a word in favour of our poor deported, so very cruelly and shamefully used.

"I am interrupted by the American Stewart, who has just come from the north; he stays to dinner. Come and meet him if you can to-day at half-past six. "Yours very truly,

"CLONCURRY."

The existing records of Lord Cloncurry's correspondence with the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt are, we regret to say,

* The nomination of a Catholic Episcopacy in England.

imperfect. Any letters, however, from his lordship, which that clergyman chanced to preserve, have been placed at our disposal. The sums of money for charitable purposes usually enclosed were in amount truly munificent. Lord Cloncurry was no ostentatious donor. Whenever possible he shunned the open glare of popular acknowledgment, preferring the silent approbation of his God to that of the world. The number of poor families he rescued from ruin will never be known; the full extent of the good he did remains alone on record in the book of life. In short, to use the figurative language of Holy Writ, his right hand knew not what his left hand gave.

The few letters to Dr. Spratt which in these pages have chanced to see the light, will serve to give the reader a faint idea of Cloncurry's charity, but no more:—

[No. 128.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"12*th November*, 1851.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Permit me again to beg of you to convey, at your leisure (anonymously), the following small tokens of my good will and respect for the subjoined, amongst many of the great charities supported by my fellow-citizens at this time of continued distress:—

"St. Vincent's Hospital, ...	£20	0	0
"Sisters of Mercy, ...	10	0	0
"Roomkeepers, ...	10	0	0
"Benevolent Samaritan, ...	10	0	0
	£50	0	0

"As the untiring advocate of temperance, of *national* and *general* education, I take a liberty with you only allowable from my knowledge of your virtues, and I beg of you, if possible, to put an end to the unfortunate division which impedes the advance of the great manufacture movement, than which I know nothing more likely to benefit Ireland, unless perhaps a western packet station and a domestic legislature.

"Your faithful and very obliged Servant,

"AN IRISH PEER."

To introduce here a bundle of short notes from Lord Cloncurry to his steward will not, we think, be deemed out of place. As contrasted with the political letters which have preceded them, they are curious and interesting. The following begging-letter (*verbatim* with the original) will serve as a fair specimen of many hundred such productions which constantly pursued Lord Cloncurry. The good peer rarely turned a deaf ear to a petition:—

[No. 129.]

"*Lyons, January* 3, 1847.

"My Lord I beg Leave to Address you at this Holy Festival and Unprecedented Time your Lordship May Remember me a Labourer at Lyons and eight years ago I Was Afflicted by Divine Providence with severe pains And I am bedridden for the last month I have also convulsions as your Lordship was always a benefactor To the needy I hope You will not forget Me your Lordships Humble servant michael mahon."

[No. 130.] LORD CLONCURRY TO HIS STEWARD.

"*Maretimo, January* 5, 1847.

"MR. JOHN HOWE,—Please give three or four shillings per week of the enclosed to old Mahon as long as it lasts. I hope your mother and family are well. I have a few newspapers for her whenever I have an opportunity to send them."

(The enclosure was, we believe, a three pound note.)

[No. 131.]

"*Maretimo*, 21*st July.*

"JOHN HOWE,—I have given permission to the Queen's Messengers of the Chief Secretary's Office to walk about Lyons on Sunday next, and to dine on the Hill. I hope your mother and sisters are quite well, and that the potatoes may turn out better than your master and many other good farmers think they will. Most of the crops that I see look extremely well."

[No. 132.]

"*Maretimo*, 10*th December*, 1847.

"DEAR MRS. HOWE,—Pray ask your son John to let me have a list of the men and boys employed at Lyons. He can put a little mark (X) to the old set who worked in my time. I hope that all are well with you. There is much illness and poor hereabouts."

[No. 133.]

"29*th January*, 1850.

"MR. JOHN HOWE,—When you sent me the last cow from Lyons, you said she would soon be changed for another. If you can make the change now, I shall be obliged, for the fine Lyons cow is dry. I was sorry to be prevented by the rain on Friday from visiting your mother. I hope she and the family are well.

"As to Rudd, I heard from Mr. Lawless that *he kept forcible possession*, which deprives him of any claim on me. However, I enclose a pound which may be given in four shillings at a time. I think they would be better off in the poorhouse. I have put the theft of the crucifix in the *Hue-and-Cry*."

[No. 134.]

"*Maretimo*, 30*th December*, 1850.

"DEAR MR. HOWE,—Please order for me a ton or two of hay. If Hancet has no more, some other tenant of mine probably has. I will thank you to

let me know what men and boys are at present employed by Mr. Lawless,* and approved of by him. Remember me to your mother; I hope she and her family are well. I wish you and yours many happy years."

[No. 135.] LORD CLONCURRY TO HIS STEWARD.

"*Maretimo, July* 15, 1851.

"DEAR MR. HOWE,—Though I believe that you see the *Farmer's Journal*, which I think Mr. Lawless takes, still I think it right to send you the last number, in which is given *particulars of the arsenic cure*, for the prevalent disease amongst black cattle. I believe it to be nearly infallible, and wish you to let the neighbours see it.

"I project a visit to the children whilst their mamma is away, but am more afraid of ten miles and St. Swithen than I used to be of a hundred; however I will strive to pay you a visit. We have had violent winds here, which I fear must have done mischief. With best regards to my good friend, your mother, yours most humbly,

"CLONCURRY."

Lord Cloncurry continued to correspond with Dr. Gray. Writing to him at this period, he says:—"I hear from Paris that the President is so involved in debt, that if he don't gain the Imperial Crown, he must end in a prison. He has no time to lose, and he is negotiating with Russia on the emergency!" We have reason to believe that Lord Cloncurry's informant was Arthur O'Connor. For some time previous to his death (a year afterwards) he enjoyed the dignity of President of the National Assembly. The bit of gossip about Louis Napoleon was, it is said, perfectly correct.

The principal landed property of Lord Cloncurry was the very extensive estate of Abington, in the County Limerick. For some years Father John Maher has been the respected parish priest of the district. That he constantly corresponded with his lordship is well known. The following selection from Lord Cloncurry's letters to Father Maher, during the years '50 and '51, will be found both interesting and instructive. Father Maher's parochial flock were nearly all tenants of the noble landlord:—

[No. 136.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo, December* 12, 1850.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have this morning received your very obliging and rational letter of the 8th. To understand any subject, it is necessary to

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* Edward, present Lord Cloncurry.

consider fully and patiently the arguments on both sides. I am, therefore, grateful for the honest opinion of all my friends, and feel myself so circumstanced that I can look to results without fear or one selfish feeling.

"Twenty, or more years ago, O'Connell and I were the founders of a society for the "Improvement of Ireland," and our published proceedings show that we generally agreed pretty well, but our chief difference arose from the non-alienation clauses inserted by many considerate landlords, my father amongst them, to prevent sub-letting without permission.

"My father in letting land always said, 'This farm is for you and your family, and no one else: if you underlet without my *written* permission, you must pay double rent.' On this condition, signed by both parties, he gave his land on most reasonable terms, and engaged to give timber and slates for any buildings the tenant pleased to erect. He kept his agreement. Some of the tenants broke their's, and to most so doing I refused to renew in 1803, giving the land to the occupiers who lived for many years in comfort, and I may almost say, wealth. After a time they began again to subdivide, and bring strangers on the land, and I supported an Act of Parliament, forcing all parties to abide by the agreement signed and sealed by themselves, until both agreed to connect it. O'Connell objected to the plan, and suffered his tenants to divide and subdivide as they pleased. His very nice property has been rendered totally worthless by the neglect: and when I, absentee like, did not prevent subdivision, my beautiful estate has suffered, orchards have vanished, cabins have replaced houses, and poor, instead of happy farmers, cry out for Tenant Right. I was one of the earliest supporters of the Tenant League, discussed its merits and clauses with Mitchel, Duffy, and other most strenuous innovators. Though they had no property in land, they agreed to most of my propositions. Had they been adopted, there would have been no quarter acre clauses, no crowbar-brigade, no misery unrelieved, but when a twenty-one years' lease was to be equal to a perpetuity, and fancy valuators to regulate the private affairs of proprietors, I left things to find their level from experience, and sad experience I fear it will be, for the landlords being legislators, any law passed will rather be against than for the tenants: whence if my proposition was agreed to, and all bargains for land were made at a public sessions, and every way binding on all parties, few unjust bargains could be entered into. As to the Education question, you know how the bad old laws deprived our whole people of education. For twenty years I fought against the Charter Schools, and against the Kildare Place Society; and I had the support of, I believe, the entire Catholic hierarchy in establishing the National System. It may be put down by the very people, who for a long time have supported it, and me, in spite of the Protestant bigots; but can they substitute anything better, or can they afford to go to war with England, and with the Orange party in this country? I fear not—I fear we will go back to the ignorance and vice of sixty years ago. I am very sorry, but I can see no hope for better. The English hate us not as religionists but as Irishmen. An English Catholic would resist education, tenant right, labour rate, or any kind of improvement in Ireland, just as ardently as Lord John Russell or Lord Clarendon.

"However, these are the dreams of an old man. I shall not live to see any improvement. The best hopes of Ireland must rest on America. That great nation will, in time, enrich and instruct the most westerly point of Europe.

"With respect, I remain your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 137.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo, December 23rd*, 1850.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I am truly pleased at your desire to establish a National school. When I first got possession of the Abington property, I set apart three acres of land for that purpose. The differing opinions of the two clergymen, Jebb and O'Brien, rendered the school abortive.

"I will gladly contribute land and money for your good purpose, as the only certain means of obtaining and fitting to enjoy their rights, by our good and intelligent people. * * I shall at all times be most happy to have your opinions, on that and other subjects; if we differ we need not quarrel; it may elicit good, and end in unity of spirit, the bond of peace and righteousness of life. * * I will not take up more of your time, which is now so fully occupied, but am, with best wishes for your happiness, dear Sir,

"Your very faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 138.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo, March 27th*, 1851.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—The fact as to the great mass of the poor tenants of my Limerick property is, I found them in the year 1801-2, under middlemen, mostly absentees from the land. I put out the middlemen, and gave their farms to the occupiers at greatly reduced rents. They went on for a few years pretty well, but soon discontinued to pay their rents, until I was forced to order the first steps towards ejectment to be taken against them. Twice I forgave all arrears, and left myself so bare of my most rightful and moderate rents, that if I had not some other means of living, I should either have sold the estate, or starved with my large and charitable family. On mature consideration and consultation with my son, and agent, I ordered ejectments against all who owed more than three years' rent; this order I will not recall. I was as kind to my tenants as if they were my own children, and when they wrote to me, I answered their letters with such relief as I could afford, but the greater part determined not to pay, and paid me no more attention than if I was a robber, or an impostor. * * Up to 1846-7, my tenants had no excuse. I doubt not their present distress, but the fault is not mine; one-third of the oats or butter crops would have paid all due to me in 1847.

"I write in a great hurry, having much to do. I enclose five pounds which you can dispose of as you think best, in aid of the emigration of the Harty family, though I think emigration a bad speculation for the individual, or the country.

"I have paid Sir Matthew Barrington £90 for the new National school, and beg your kind assistance in the progress of the work.

"I remain, dear and Rev. Sir, your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 139.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*4th September*, 1851.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—When you advocate the cause of your poor parishioners and neighbours, you perform, in my opinion, a sacred duty—

charitable and professional, for which I always feel most respectfully thankful. I only wish that you should make yourself fully acquainted with all the circumstances of the parties soliciting your aid. Persons buying estates in this country, generally expect four or five per 100 for their money; and can get much more on mortgage or other securities, when they escape the expense of agents, sub-agents, and other heavy taxes on the landed proprietor. The property which I possess, not by purchase, but by inheritance, I valued when a young man on the same principle, and finding that middle or wealthy classes let the lands they held from me for more than its value to occupying tenants, as to whose interests they were perfectly indifferent, I refused to renew their leases, and let to the resident tenants at half or two-thirds what they paid to the middlemen, contenting myself with two-and-a-half or three per cent. purchase money of the land. For a time the tenants seemed grateful and happy, though very far from industrious or improving: and having myself embarked in politics, in the hope of serving my unfortunate country, I was forced to employ goodnatured, but careless agents, who allowed arrears to accumulate, which I twice forgave. Again, when the potato failure occurred, I took the loss on myself, though the increased price of oats made up his loss to the general farmer. Since that time a combination has been formed to pay no rent at all, and I have been forced to eject all who owed more than three years' rent: I dare say that you may have heard of some who, owing me more than three years' rent, have forced their under-tenants to pay the *last May rent*. Others having above 800 acres for £60 per annum, paid no rent at all, and are suspected of killing the cattle of a poor man, who put them to graze on the land. All these circumstances force me to act in my own behalf, and in that of my family. If I had been an extravagant man, I must have starved, or gone with my family into the poorhouse; but *unless towards the poor, I am a miser*, and I make more inquiry than could be expected for so aged a person. I assure you, that a most respectable priest in this vicinity was in dread and fear of his own brother, who wanted to obtain from him money belonging to a charity, of which he was a manager, and this man had his recommendations. I never got a farthing from the public; my fortune was honestly earned, and of a large portion of it I was robbed by our bad Government, yet, thank God, I can still afford to be just, and also, I hope, charitable.

"Yours, my dear and Rev. Sir, most faithful and obliged,

"CLONCURRY."

Lord Cloncurry, at this period, was necessitated to pursue a line of conduct towards one of the Abington tenantry very foreign to his wont. C——, a farmer, took the holding of Fuskela. "The rent," wrote Lord Cloncurry to Father Maher, "was low, and the farm large, and of a kind not at all affected by the potato failure. The rent was withheld without excuse, or even offer of part payment—the consequent proceedings were inevitable, and to me very costly." In short, it was found necessary to serve C—— with an ejectment. His family (plain

farming folk) vowed vengeance on Lord Cloncurry, if he persisted in his intention. Father Maher, in one of his letters, apprised Lord Cloncurry of Mr. C.'s indignation. A correspondence ensued:—

[No. 140.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo, 25th March*, 1852.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—I am greatly obliged by your letter of the 26th instant, and hope that our present full explanations will prevent any future misunderstanding. Be assured, I will always treat with sincere respect any communication you may please to make to me. * * *

"My son mixes more in the world, and has imbibed a few of the prevalent prejudices of the aristocracy, but a more humane man, a more just magistrate, or a better neighbour to the rich and the poor does not exist. I should much prefer an assassin who would take my life, *not worth six months' purchase*, than his, the father of a young and innocent family, and the husband of one of the most charitable and lovely of her sex.

"It is a great misfortune to landlords and tenants, when the landlords are absentees, or a very inactive old man, and I often thought of an Act of Parliament compelling residence, and giving power to exchange estates. I could live out of Ireland, with every comfort of society, but a sense of duty makes me reside, though almost always in hot water, from the badness of the Government, and unsteadiness of the people.

"Dear and Rev. Sir, faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

A portion of the omitted matter in the foregoing letter refers to some attacks made on Lord Cloncurry in a certain provincial newspaper. He attributes the editor's malevolence to his having discontinued, some time previously, subscribing to the print.

Meanwhile, Lord Cloncurry was not unmindful of Drummond's apothegm—that "property has its duties, as well as its rights."

[No. 141.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*Maretimo, 12th April*, 1852.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I enclose fifty pounds to distribute with your usual kindness to the following charities:—

"Sisters of Mercy, ...	£10	0	0
"Sisters of Charity, (St. Vincent's), . .	10	0	0
"Roomkeepers, ...	10	0	0
"St. Peter's Schools, ...	10	0	0
"Samaritan, ...	10	0	0
	£50	0	0"

"Again, thanking you for your constant and untiring exertions in favour of our poor country, and of impartial and general education for her suffering people,

"I remain, your faithful and obliged Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 142.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*Maretimo*, 27*th December*, 1852.

"DEAR AND VERY REV. DR. SPRATT,—I am certain, that if anybody could have made peace it would have been you, and that I should have received the good news from you.

"I enclose £40, to be given at your convenience to the following charities:—

"Roomkeepers, ...	£10	0	0
"St. Peter's School, ...	10	0	0
"Samaritan, ...	10	0	0
"Private Charity, ...	10	0	0
	£40	0	0

"Wishing you every happiness, I remain your obliged Friend,

"CLONCURRY.

"P.S.—I have already sent to the Convents."

The Board of Irish Manufacture had, at this time, divided, and a rival one, modelled on the principle of the original, started into life. Dr. Spratt, at Lord Cloncurry's earnest solicitation, undertook to act the part of peacemaker; but his labours, unfortunately, met with no success.

The system of proselytizing in charitable institutions found little favour with Lord Cloncurry. The following letter establishes that fact:—

[No. 143.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*Maretimo*, 1*st March*, 1852.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I take a liberty with you, that nothing but my *fear of doing wrong*, and my very high opinion of your charity can excuse.

"I have been in the habit of giving more or less for many years to the Coombe Lying-in Hospital, thinking it one of the poorest quarters of our very poor city, and have just received the enclosed application from the directors thereof.

"One of them—the Rev. Mr. S——, has been *accused of proselytizing habits*, which I do not think should be suffered in a charitable institution. Will you, at your leisure, tell me what you may know on the subject? If all be right, give the enclosed donation in my name, but if the accusation be true, return the money to, my dear Sir,

"Your very faithful and obliged Servant, "CLONCURRY."

In July, 1852, Parliament was dissolved, and a general election took place throughout Ireland. Men who had represented constituencies for upwards of a quarter of a century were put out, and men little known to the people put in. Foremost amongst the latter returns stood Mr. Frederick Lucas, an Englishman of much talent, and great integrity. As editor of the *Tablet*—an able organ of Catholicism—Mr. Lucas was received by the priests with open arms. He canvassed for Meath, and successfully. Mr. Henry Grattan, the old representative, canvassed also, but he met with little encouragement. The priests and the people were tired of him. A vote and speech of his in favour of a coercion bill for Ireland, some time previously, were never forgiven, and forgetting the Grattan of '82 and 1800, they denounced his son in terms of unmeasured harshness.

Lord Cloncurry was one of the few who gratefully remembered *him* who sat by his country's cradle in '82, and followed her hearse in 1800.

[No. 144.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT, S.M.T.

"*Maretimo*, 11*th August*, 1852.

"DEAR AND VERY REV. DOCTOR SPRATT,—You have possessed my respect and my confidence ever since I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, and, together with a few of your discriminating and most Christian brethren, have alone prevented my giving up the cause of Ireland, and of her ever persecuted people, who, under the guidance of, I must say, either mad or wicked advisers, have forgotten all the best interests of Ireland, of their families, and of themselves, in favour of ignorant or of hostile strangers. All the good we ever had in Ireland, we owed to Grattan. All the good we struggled to recover, was pointed out by O'Connell. The son of Grattan has been spit upon, reviled, and rejected in Meath, in favour of a stranger. Repeal, the only remedy for our evils, pointed out by Grattan and by O'Connell, has been forgotten. The noble and most independent son of Grattan, who, even if he had not such a father, was deserving of all our love and all our confidence—whom we should have loved for his father's sake, if not for his own—at the very moment that he and his most amiable and talented wife mourned the loss of their only son, he has been insulted, and O'Connell has been forgotten. What reward can patriotism expect amongst the abject, place-hunting, flattering, degraded population? I had sometimes occasion to find fault with O'Connell, but I loved him, and he knew it, and made me every atonement in his power. Far more fault had I to find with O'Brien, who endeavoured to compromise me in his mad scheme in my age and decrepitude; but he was an honest man and a lover of his country, and, before he went mad, he delivered in Parliament the speech I got reprinted. It was statesmanlike, modest, and full

of proper views. That man should not be punished for errors, caused by high-wrought feelings, driven to madness by the sufferings of his countrymen.

"Dear and Reverend Sir, in great haste, most faithfully yours.

"CLONCURRY."

Lord Cloncurry could not refrain from telling Father Maher his sentiments too. The following letter, and those that succeed it, explain themselves. The Rev. Mr. Maher's note at the end of the third should not be overlooked.

[No. 145.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo, 7th August*, 1852.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—About a year or fifteen months ago a benevolent lady in this neighbourhood set up a school for needle-work, embroidery, &c., where poor girls were taught nothing but work, as they had an excellent National school for other purposes. The curates, not the P.P., ordered the children away, as she was a Protestant. I was very sorry for it; but the lady had the good sense to give up the point, in order to preserve the peace and Christian charity of an extensive district. I would most anxiously recommend the example to the kind consideration of the Messrs. Barrington. If therefore, good sense and humane feelings have not the power to induce them to yield, I much fear I cannot. * * *

"I am sorry to say I feel far less cordial to my friends the priests since their ill-treatment of Grattan, the son of the man to whom Ireland owes every right or liberty she may possess; and for whom was this most honest and consistent patriot sacrificed?

"Dear and Reverend Sir, yours very faithfully.

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 146.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo, 22nd August*, 1852.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—Since the receipt of your letter relative to the Murrie schools, I have made inquiry and find that there is a Catholic master in the boys' school, and that Sir Matthew Barrington had written for a Catholic mistress for the girls' school, awaiting whose arrival a Protestant mistress was employed to teach embroidery, lace-making, &c., without any reference whatever to other branches of education.

"This, I think, a satisfactory explanation of a circumstance which gave you some alarm, but which, I hope, has now subsided; as, however anxious I am for the education of the people, I would not, on any account, wish to have their religion tampered with. I know, with sorrow, the foolish spirit of proselytism which possesses many good persons of both Churches, but never heard Sir Matthew Barrington accused, or suspected of such folly.

"I shall be truly grieved if you withdraw the children from the schools; but I do not dispute your power nor the suspicion which all Catholics must

feel, after the injustice and cruel treatment they have, for so long a period, been subjected to in their own country.—With respect, dear and Rev. Sir,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 147.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo, 29th August*, 1852.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—It is now half a century since my first act, as a landlord, on coming to Ireland from the Tower of London, was to give three acres of Abington for a school, feeling that an educated people never could be slaves. Immediately after I was obliged to go abroad for the recovery of my health, after my long imprisonment. On my return I found that the school was sacrificed to the demon of discord. Some few years after, the present Judge Jackson, and some other well-meaning gentlemen, came to me to Lyons, and asked me to subscribe to the Kildare-place Society Schools, intended for general education, without any interference with the religious opinions of any Christian. They, however, broke faith with me, and introduced the Protestant Bible, as a *sine qua non*, into their schools. I had a tedious controversy with them, and withdrew from the society; so did the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Curran, Daniel O'Connell, and many other lovers of their country. I projected the great National System; and at the great meeting in the Rotunda Doctors Troy, Murray, Doyle, Everard, and, I believe, the chief Prelates of Ireland, without a dissentient, agreed to it. A mixed moral and secular education in the schools for five days in the week—each sect to have one day, exclusive of Sunday, for religious instruction by their separate pastors. The Protestant clergy, or a majority of them, disapproved; but the Catholics, so long insulted and oppressed, gladly embraced the olive of peace, and of future hope for Ireland. Under that system many hundred thousand children are educated; and I received a letter only two days ago from Dr. Spratt, one of the best men and priest of my acquaintance, saying, that he has 400 boys and 500 girls in national schools, which I enabled him to found. I am, politically, an Irish Roman Catholic, such being the religion of my ill-treated country; but I do not like their reviving a religious war, which I took every pains to put an end to. I never saw the young gentlemen, Barringtons—their father I believe to be sensible and liberal. I hope he may get such a mistress of the school as may satisfy you; but it will be a departure from the National system and from common sense to discharge a poor woman, merely because she is of his own religion and of mine. I respect you, but think you were in too great a hurry to withdraw the girls from the school, where, I hope, you could not think their salvation in any danger. Would it not be better to see and talk to the young mistress, and find out whether she was an improper person? You are too good a man to believe that the blessing of an octogenarian Protestant can do you any harm, and, therefore, you have it most heartily from, Rev. and dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"CLONCURRY."*

[*Note by the Rev. J. Maher, P.P. of Abington.*—"I feel I owe it to myself to state here, that in withdrawing the Catholic children of my parish from the Murroe National Female School at the period referred to by

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* This letter was written by an amanuensis. His lordship was confined to bed extremely ill at the time.

the late Lord Cloncurry, I did so not because there was a Protestant work-mistress employed to teach the pupils fancy work, but because there was not then any Catholic mistress in the school to teach the Catholic children their Catholic catechism and Catholic prayers. I acted on that occasion, not from a narrow feeling of bigotry, but from a stern sense of duty, as the Catholic pastor of Murroe.—J. MAHER."]

[No. 148.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P.

"*2nd September*, 1852.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—Until I received your letter of yesterday. I had entirely forgot the statutes of Thurles, recent though they be, and your necessary obedience to them. As Mr. W. Barrington told me that his father had written to the Board to recommend him a R.C. mistress, I hope you and he may come to some agreement, but it is entirely out of my power to interfere any further.—With great respect, Rev. Sir, your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

It is amusing to see, in the following letter, Lord Cloncurry's reference to the foregoing correspondence. He had, however, a worthier motive in writing to Dr. Spratt than the mere pleasure of expatiating on passing events:—

[No. 149.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT, M.S.T.

"*Maretimo*, *8th September*, 1852.

"I trouble my respected friend with the enclosed, but I must say with some misgivings. By some means my connexion with you is suspected, which does away with the chief merit of charity, and besides subjects me to more applications than justice to my large family would permit me to satisfy. The uncharitable are angry with those who think differently from themselves, and attribute to bad motives what they ought rather to imitate.

"Mr. Mooney having left the Parent Board of Manufacture, they have to struggle to keep alive a very useful body of citizens, though as yet most unfortunately disunited, like everything Irish. I try them with ten pounds.

"A very useful school was set up in the village of Murroe by Sir Matthew Barrington, whose estate in Limerick joins mine in that district. It was connected with the National Board, and had 120 boys, chiefly—almost entirely—Catholics, and a Catholic master. He wrote to Marlborough-street for a mistress for the girls, but waiting her advent, the Miss Barringtons, very excellent young ladies, as I am told (I do not personally know any of the family), engaged a Protestant lace maker to teach needle work to seventy or eighty girls of both creeds; but of course in Limerick, chiefly Catholic. Father Maher, the P.P., has laid his interdict on the schools, and ordered all the scholars out of them. Thus £90 of my money is lost, and more of Sir Matthew's, a wealthy man, Crown Solicitor of Munster, and I believe sensible and liberal. Father Maher, who lives on my estate here, and has always been on the best terms with me, now tells me that the statutes of Thurles put it out of his power to permit any of his flock to learn sewing from a Protestant mistress. It is more than thirty years ago that the hierarchy approved of the National System as proposed by me—'*tantaræ animis cœlestibus iræ*.'

"This day Dublin will ring with the advocacy of Tenant Right, by men

who do not understand one atom of the subject, and who in general have no land. If they and others followed O'Connell's advice, and struggled for a domestic parliament, all other matters could be safely arranged by the legitimate representatives of the people.

[No. 150.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"*October* 27, 1852.

"REV. DEAR AND WORTHY SIR,—If you can persuade the two divisions of the movement in favour of our manufactures to amalgamate and work together, I will give £100 to set up rooms. I believe Doctor Hayden, of Harcourt-street, is desirous of such reconciliation, but have some doubts of Anglesey-street. Forgive me the trouble I give you, and believe me, faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 151.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. J. MAHER, P.P.

"*Maretimo*, 9*th January*, 1853.

"REV SIR.—As soon as I can see my agent, who is now in the North, I shall direct him to answer the letter of David H——y.

"With every wish to pay respect to a recommendation from your Reverence, who must know the truth of the case, I cannot avoid expressing my surprise at the course pursued by the H——ys, my kindness to whom, as well as to some other defaulters, may be known to you.

"They offer a low or very moderate rent for my lands, and I let it to them on their own terms; they break their promise, and discontinue to pay the rent, on which I and my family must depend for our very existence; and when my agent calls upon them, they forthwith employ some low attorney to put me to a very heavy expense by dishonest excuses for not paying what they had engaged to pay, and knew in their conscience were justly due and leniently exacted. When they at length find that they are overtaken by justice, after putting me to great expense, and can no longer defraud me, or keep my land without paying, they then apply to your Reverence, or, perhaps, their brother, a priest of my own making, and they appeal to the mercy of a man whom they did everything in their power to injure.

"Is this the morality or the religion enforced at Thurles? and teaching them to dread the contamination of a Protestant fellow-creature.

"I have the honour to be, with best wishes, your faithful Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

[No. 152.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE REV. J. MAHER, P.P. OF ABINGTON.

"*Maretimo*, 17*th January*, 1853.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 14th, by Mr. William Lewis, has given me very great pleasure.

"We, *mere Irish*, have enemies enough without quarrelling amongst ourselves. Education will help to unite us all.

"I remain, dear and Rev. Sir, very faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

In a letter on the public affairs of Ireland, addressed by Lord Cloncurry, in March, 1852, to W. J. O'Neil Daunt, of Kilcascan, Esq., his lordship animadverted

bitterly on the conduct and character of brawling patriots, whose blatant zeal for Ireland's rights evaporated on their appointment to the paltriest places. He also censured the conduct of the cities then competing for a packet station, which he said were doing all the mischief in their power to each other and to the country. Not content with proving the fitness of their own roadsteads or harbours, they published falsehood upon falsehood to counteract the hopes and exertions of their rivals. Lord Cloncurry concluded his remarks with these words:—"Of the good and happiness of this wretched country I have less hope than I ever had before; and if I did not love it in dotage, I should seek another home." As a number of living parties are severely spoken of in this letter, we did not feel ourselves justified in publishing it.

Lord Cloncurry purchased, at this period, contrary to his wont, a ticket in one of the extensive German lotteries. Several months elapsed, the time for drawing was procrastinated, but at last it arrived. The servants' hall of Maretimo rang with exclamations of satisfaction and surprise when the result became known. Their good master, contrary to general expectation, succeeded in winning from the cunning Germans no less than 67,000 thalers, or £10,000. Matters, however, appeared better at first sight than they did a few weeks later. The proprietors of the lottery swore that they found some flaw in the manner in which his lordship's ticket was drawn, and objected to give him his £10,000. Lord Cloncurry saw through the *ruse*, and would not be defeated. He instituted legal proceedings against the proprietors, and after a considerable amount of litigation, bother, and expense, at length succeeded in getting four thousand out of the ten to which he was, in equity, entitled.

We have said that Lord Cloncurry's frame, in 1851, exhibited symptoms of "falling into the sere and yellow leaf." Previous to that time, however, no man of his age could have been more active or stronger. He was always on the foot, visiting his tenantry, applauding their labours, seeing after the improvements, or taking cogni-

zance of the agricultural prospects of the country. In 1850, he went to Paris, and visited at Bignon the old acquaintance of his youth, Arthur O'Connor. "My father," said the Hon. Cecil Lawless to Mr. Daunt, when one day at Kilcascan Castle, in the autumn of 1850—"my father is as strong and as animated as I remember him for a long time. I expect he will come to see me at Glandore. [This he never did.] He ran over to Paris like a boy."

His lordship's first symptoms of bodily infirmity were drawn into existence under unusual circumstances. Early in 1851, business brought him to visit the Royal Dublin Society House, Kildare-street. Mr. Colles, the librarian of that institution, offered to show Lord Cloncurry the museum, library, and any other portions of the establishment likely to interest his lordship. Whilst descending the grand staircase, in company with Mr. Colles, Lord Cloncurry's foot suddenly slipped, and he came with considerable force to the bottom. The only personal injury, however, which resulted from the fall was a fracture of the fibula bone of the leg, and so much uneasiness did it occasion his lordship for several days after, that he at length found it advisable to apply for medical relief—a proceeding which he rarely appears to have resorted to, except in cases of very pressing necessity. Indeed few people entertained a more lively horror of the faculty, in their *professional* capacity, than Lord Cloncurry. Dr. —— having been applied to, ordered a succession of wet bandages to be applied to the ancle, and strictly enjoined Lord Cloncurry, if he valued his recovery, to continue constantly in a recumbent posture. Lord Cloncurry attended, and with benefit, to the physician's directions; but soon found, much to his mortification, that in endeavouring to avoid Scylla he struck upon Charybdis. The wet applications cured the pain, no doubt; but then, on the other hand, they more than counterbalanced that advantage, by inducing a heavy cold, which eventuated in a swelled throat and a deafness of the right ear. From the latter very awkward and inconvenient infirmity Lord Cloncurry was never afterwards for one moment free.

He did not attach any blame to the physician, but solely attributed the mishap to some unnecessary exposure, while attending to his directions.

Thank God, Lord Cloncurry lived to see the Great Irish Industrial Exhibition of 1853. It was a glorious sight, and one amply calculated to make an Irishman feel proud. His lordship saw its inauguration on the 16th May; but alas, lay cold and stiff in Lyons churchyard by the first November following, when Lord St. Germans, in his viceregal capacity, formally announced the cessation of its existence. Lord Cloncurry, as all who knew him may well suppose, took a warm interest in its progress and success. The following letters are not irrelevant to this subject:—

[No. 153.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN HOGAN, ESQ.

"18*th February*, 1853.

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—I have been requested to send some objects of art to the Exhibition. Do you wish me to send Hibernia, and on what terms? If you can dine with me on Sunday we can talk over the subject."

[No. 154.]

"28*th April*, 1853.

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—Here I am, tired and sorry. I hope to see you soon. Will you dine with me on Sunday? Any news about the Exhibition?"

[No. 155.]

"*Maretimo*, 27*th May*, 1853.

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—I enclose £20 to cover the expenses of new revolving balls and platform for Hibernia. I am delighted to have sent her to the Exhibition, for I think she will cause your fame to stand unrivalled in your own country. Pray do all that you can to defend her from injury, as also the other objects furnished from Lyons."

[No. 156.]

"*Maretimo*, 24*th August*, 1853.

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—I was delighted to see your nice family and Mrs. Hogan yesterday. Will you give her the enclosed as a prize for her gift to poor Ireland, and very small proof of my respect for her and her good man. Do not come here to-morrow. I have a reason for it. I hope some fine holiday to get you to bring the family to see Maretimo, and

"Your faithful Servant, "CLONCURRY."

The "prize" was a cheque for £20.

The good man one morning about a fortnight before his death drove up in his carriage to Mr. Hogan's door, and expressed a wish to see him. The sculptor appeared. "Hogan," said he, handing him a basket containing a quantity of pine apples, apricots, and peaches, "pray share these among the children, after taking as many as you fancy yourself. Accustomed as you have been to the cookery of an Italian sun, I much fear that these won't be likely to please you; but had I any better you should have them."

Meanwhile his lordship's anxiety to see the rival Boards of Manufacture coalesce continued unabated:—

[No. 157.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT, M.S.T.

"*Maretimo*, 21*st February*, 1853.

"My dear and Very Rev. Sir,—I would feel greatly obliged if you can dine with me on Thursday next. I wish much to speak to you on the subject of the fighting Manufacturing Boards.

"Dear Doctor Spratt, very truly yours, "Cloncurry."

Here we shall bundle together a few notes which do not appear to have any regular date, but from the nature of their allusions must have been written about this period:—

[No. 158.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN HOGAN, ESQ.

"*Maretimo*, 14*th March*.

"Dear Mr. Hogan,—Interest is making to erect some kind of Testimonial to Moore—perhaps a statue.

"His namesake has great influence with Sir Philip Crampton and others, and for a bust his is first-rate. I, however, think that no person but you could do justice to a statue for the Poet of Ireland; therefore stir yourself. I will give £100 if you get the job—only £50 for any one else.

"Yours—though I so seldom see or hear of you—

"Cloncurry."

[No. 159.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"20*th August*.

"My dear Doctor Spratt,—I send an order on Mr. Browne, the printer, for the copies of Smith O'Brien's Speech.

"I hear that both the Manufacturing Associations are at a stand. Is there any hope of amalgamation?

"The Education Board and the Manufacturing Board are the foundation of my only hope.

"Very faithfully yours,

"Cloncurry."

[No. 160.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN GRAY, ESQ., M.D.

"My dear Sir,—In the *Evening Packet* of last evening I am said to have cheerfully signed Lord Glengall's petition [in favour of high rents]. This is a mistake. I lost not a moment in refusing to sign it; a requisition, calling a meeting to discuss the matter, I cheerfully signed, as discussion, in my opinion, tends to elicit truth.

"My dear Sir, very truly yours,
"Cloncurry."

[No. 161.] LORD CLONCURRY TO W. J. O'NEIL DAUNT, ESQ., M.P.

"My dear Sir,—Will you give me the favour of your company to dinner on Thursday next, if not otherwise engaged, and talk over the past affairs of Ireland?

"Dear Sir, yours truly,
"Cloncurry."

[No. 162.] LORD CLONCURRY TO JOHN GRAY, ESQ., M.D.

"Dear Doctor Gray,—Cecil is at Glandore, not very well. I expect him about Christmas, if better.

"Faithfully yours,
"Cloncurry."

With the objects and tendencies of the Dublin Library Society Lord Cloncury was always an ardent sympathiser. Believing it calculated to keep alive an enlightened national spirit in the metropolis, he placed in the hands of the trustees, a few days before his death, a generous donation towards its rapidly sinking fund. This was Lord Cloncurry's last public act.

In 1853, the prospects of this excellent institution appeared disheartening in the extreme. The number of its members, from upwards of three thousand, had gradually diminished to between three or four hundred. The once proverbially literary taste of Dublin seemed as though it were dead, and the national spirit of its people almost exanimate. The members fell away one by one; if asked why or wherefore, they could hardly themselves give a reason. The Dublin Library Society was once an essentially national institution. Of late years it had degenerated into a spiritless nothing. When Lord Cloncurry engaged the services of Hogan, in 1841, to execute the figure of Hibernia, he fully intended it as a present for the Dublin Library. Two years elapsed ere the final touch of Hogan's chisel gave the finish to its perfection. During the interval, Lord Cloncurry's

original resolution changed. "Ah!" said he, "its members have manifestly wandered away from their ancient landmarks of nationality. Hibernia shall never leave Lyons." Some twenty years previously Lord Cloncurry presented the Library Society with a magnificent carved oak chair, supported by two Irish wolf dogs of the same material. It may be seen in the reading-room of the institution, immediately beneath Mr. B. Mulrennan's life-like portrait of the noble president. This beautiful and justly celebrated painting was generously presented to the society a few months since by its gifted artist.

In May, 1853, the prospects of the Library Society were dark and gloomy. It had battled for years with an unpropitious fortune; but the conclusion of the struggle now seemed approaching. Neglect and want of means daily sapped its strength. At length, those hard-working and disinterested men who constitute its council-board decided, that unless the retreating members rallied and fell into line once more, the Dublin Library Society could not exist another year.

In their hour of need, the Committee of the Dublin Library resolved to make application for assistance to Lord Cloncurry, the father of the Institution. The late Mr. John Raper, Librarian and Secretary, was deputed to communicate with him. That gentleman, in his letter, expressed to Lord Cloncurry how grateful the Committee would feel by his kindly undertaking to interest Lord Carlisle in the welfare of a society, whose objects could hardly fail to enlist his sympathies. Lord Cloncurry promptly replied:—

[No. 163.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. RAPER.

"*Maretimo*, 14*th May*, 1853.

"Sir,—I have just received your letter of the 13th inst. I shall have much pleasure in doing anything in my power to serve the Dublin Library, for which purpose I will send some such letter as you will find on the other half of this sheet. Perhaps the Committee, who recollect the names of the former Presidents, will kindly correct the phraseology of an old hand long out of the habit of paying compliments.

"Your very faithful Servant,

"Cloncurry."

[No. 164.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Dublin, May, 1853.

"My dear Lord Carlisle,—The poor people of the fair city of Dublin do not forget your kindness and philanthropy. They honoured you whilst amongst them, before you came amongst them, and since you have left them. They depute me, as their humble representative, to ask a great favour, which I sincerely hope it may be in your power to grant.

"I write at the desire of the Dublin Library Society, of which I am the unworthy President; a great and accomplished scholar, Dr. MacDonnell (who has succeeded your excellent friend, the late Dr. Murray), being my chief support. He is the Provost of Trinity College. Our predecessors were Charlemont, Curran, &c., &c. The Society, now of more than sixty years' standing, possess an extensive house and library in D'Olier-street; but they are not without fear that, like most of our public establishments, they may feel the pressure of the times. And they pray from the respected Lord Carlisle the timely aid of his eloquence and taste, as we all expect you to visit our magnificent Exhibition."

Mr. Raper returned the letter to his lordship with a suitable expression of gratitude. The good peer wrote it anew, and in a few days received the following kind reply from Lord Carlisle:—

[No. 165.] THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO LORD CLONCURRY.

"*Castle Howard, May* 21*st*, 1853.

"My dear Lord Cloncurry,—I must beg you to receive yourself, and to convey to your colleagues in the Dublin Library Society the assurance how very sensibly I feel the honour and distinction conferred upon me by your joint request. Whether or not I should have been bold enough to assume the responsibility of complying with it, I need not now discuss, as my almost immediate departure for the East of Europe will put even the shortest visit to Dublin wholly out of my power during the present year.

"It is very pleasant, my dear Lord, to find you taking unabated interest in the pursuits and objects which have distinguished your whole career.

"Believe me, your very faithful Servant,

"Carlisle."

Lord Cloncurry felt that the Dublin Library Society, in its then prostrate condition, required a president of more activity, and influence, to raise it once more upon its feet, and infuse a renovated spirit through its general organization. He feared that his great age incapacitated him from discharging the duties inherent to the presidential office as they ought to be. He came to the conclusion of paying a parting subscription, and resigning in favour of a younger and more active man. He commu-

nicated with Mr. Raper on the 23rd May, but did not yet apprise him of the determination he had come to.

[No. 166.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. RAPER.

"*Maretimo*, 23*rd May*, 1853.

"DEAR SIR,—It grieves me that I am so very useless a President of so excellent an institution as the Dublin Library Society. The loss of our Parliament has entailed on our beautiful city more serious ills than the diminution of the number of those whose circumstances enable them to devote any portion of their time to the pleasures of literature, or, indeed, of pursuits more profitable, though less noble.

"CLONCURRY."

Four months elapsed, and the librarian heard nothing from Lord Cloncurry. At length, on the 25th September, the following letter arrived in answer to a circular issued by the committee:—

[No. 167.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. RAPER.

"25*th September*, 1853.

"DEAR SIR,— At a time when public libraries and literary associations are springing up in every corner of civilized society, it grieves me to think that the ancient and most excellent institution of which I have the honour to be President, should be neglected. I have often blamed myself for having accepted, and continued to hold, an office to which my general residence in the country, and my age, have prevented my paying the attention due to so admirable an institution in my native city.

"I am so circumstanced that it will scarcely be in my power to attend the meeting on the 3rd proximo; but if the gentlemen of the Committee, or some of them, will allow me the honour to meet them at the Library, at three o'clock on Thursday, I shall be particularly obliged. Deeply and dearly interested as I am for everything Irish, I am ready to pay a parting subscription, and to resign an office which I do not feel myself worthy to hold.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

Lord Cloncurry was up to time on the appointed day. As the Post Office clock chimed the hour of three, his lordship's carriage drove up to the Dublin Library. The venerable peer, unaided and alone, mounted the steep stone staircase, advanced to the chair, and at once entered freely into conversation with the members of the committee. He feelingly expressed his sympathy for the gloomy prospects extended before them, and, in token of its sincerity, counted down upon the table one hundred

Bank of Ireland notes. This was Lord Cloncurry's last public act.

He continued, however, to give anonymously as before.

[No. 168.] LORD CLONCURRY TO THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT.

"27*th May*, 1853.

"My dear and Very Rev. Dr. Spratt,—Will you kindly distribute the following remembrances to the useful institutions named on the other side? And pray renew your wise and most paternal exhortations to the rival Boards of Manufacture, and call their attention to an excellent letter of 'a Celt' in this day's *Freeman*.

"The good people who have aided your humane exertions in favour of Mr. Smith O'Brien claim my sincere respect.

"An Exhibitor and Admirer.

"Sisters of Charity (St. Vincent's), . .	£20	0	0
"Roomkeepers' Charity, ...	10	0	0
"Sisters of Mercy, ...	10	0	0
"Samaritan, ...	10	0	0
"Mechanics' Institution, ...	10	0	0
"Sailors' Home, ...	10	0	0
"Schools of St. Peter, ...	20	0	0
"Boards of Manufacture (when united), .	10	0	0
	"£100	0	0"

[No. 169.] "*Maretimo*, *August* 22, 1853.

"Dear and respected Friend, Dr. Spratt,—Your anxiety on the subject of the schools of industry, so successfully carried on in Dublin, induces me to request you will pay for me £10 for the Dargan Industrial Institute. * * * *

"Your faithful and obliged, "Cloncurry."

Lord Cloncurry's parting subscription of £100 saved our metropolitan library from utter dissolution. Had he not flung that heap of faggots on its dying embers, it would, doubtless, have long since died completely out. The good man's contribution fed its flame into fuller light; and new members, attracted by it, thronged forward in numbers. The treasury of the society gradually filled—its spirit revived—its vigour of operation returned—its healthy tone became restored. Clouds of gloom were no longer seen to traverse the countenances of the committee, as, seated around their oval table, they

investigated hebdomadally the posture of the accounts. The demeanour of that body, and the newly painted and decorated board-room, evidenced their complete prosperity and satisfaction.

Lord Cloncurry did not survive long enough to witness the complete success attendant on his generous subscription to the Dublin Library. Whilst he lived, he watched its progress anxiously, and as only a father could. In October—the month he died—we find him addressing Mr. Raper on the still all-engrossing subject of his thoughts.

[No. 170.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. RAPER.

"*3rd October*, 1853.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose a list of subscribers to the Limerick Athenæum. Perhaps we might gain assistance by adding some second name and object to the one we already use, as '*Dublin Library*' and '*Hibernian Athenæum.*'

"Faithfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

One morning, about this period, Lord Cloncurry called, in his carriage, at Mr. Hogan's residence in Wentworth Place. "Hogan," said he, "Hibernia must be my tomb-stone. It was my original wish. In my will, I will bequeath £300 to cover the expenses of a handsome pedestal for it; and I am sure, when I leave the design and execution to your good taste, the work will be done classically and well!" Poor Lord Cloncurry did not think his dissolution was so close. He returned home, but added no codicil to his will. He probably considered, like many others, that there was no necessity to hurry.

In gratitude to William Dargan, a large circle of his admirers decided upon entertaining him at a public banquet. The price of tickets was fixed at a guinea each. Lord Cloncurry, of course, received one of the earliest invitations. The following reply was written six days prior to his dissolution:—

[No. 171.] TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE DARGAN BANQUET.

"*Maretimo, October 22nd*, 1853.

"GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your favour of the 13th instant, I am sorry to say that I have not a guinea in the world, and that I have long given up

any attendance at large parties, such as I hope yours will be; but if a pound can be accepted, as proof of my respect for Mr. Dargan, I shall be most willing to pay it.

"Your most humble Servant,

"CLONCURRY."

One of Lord Cloncurry's oldest and most attached friends was the late Sir Simon Bradstreet, Bart. He was the second son of Sir Samuel Bradstreet, Recorder of, and Member for, Dublin in the Irish Parliament, and afterwards Judge of the Court of King's Bench. With the national movements of his country Sir Simon ever thoroughly identified himself, and in so doing strengthened to a still further extent the repeatedly-expressed friendship of Lord Cloncurry for him. Their ages closely assimilated. Lord Cloncurry was born in 1773, and Sir Simon Bradstreet in 1772. The year 1853 proved fatal to the earthly existence of baron and baronet. In the full vigour of a green old age, both suddenly withered, and "died in October." Lord Cloncurry's demise took place on the 28th, and Sir Simon's on the 25th. The baronet, at his residence near Clontarf, became seriously attacked with bronchitis. The news reached Lord Cloncurry on Thursday the 20th. He was visibly affected, and sent several successive messages of inquiry after the health of his old friend. On Sunday morning he wrote to John Bradstreet, Esq., the present baronet. From this letter we cull the following extracts. Expressing, as it does, a sort of presentiment of his own approaching dissolution, although unconscious at the time of any unusual amount of debility, or indisposition, the letter will doubtless be read with interest. The tenderness of his lordship's heart breathes through every line of it:—

[No. 172.] LORD CLONCURRY TO MR. NOW SIR JOHN BRADSTREET, BART.

"*Maretimo, October 23rd*, 1853.

"MY DEAR BRADSTREET.—I hope that my dear old friend is free from much pain, though I fear that is almost impossible from the nature of the attack. Like myself, he cannot expect a long respite. * * * * * *

"Give my affectionate respects to your dear lady, and be assured of the friendship of "CLONCURRY."

A few days previously Sir Simon Bradstreet had been received into the Roman Catholic Church, by the Rev.

Mr. Kennedy, C.C., of Clontarf. Throughout his life he enjoyed the reputation of being a benevolent man, and a liberal Protestant, and when we recollect what a constant attendant he always was at the Catholic Association, and how thoroughly he identified himself with the proceedings of that body, it cannot be considered as surprising that he should have died in the profession of that faith towards which he ever showed so kindly a disposition.

Lord Cloncurry rarely sat down to dinner of a week day, and never of a Sunday, without the society of a few congenial friends. On Sunday, October 23rd, his lordship had a larger dinner party than usual, and never before appeared more cheerful. Ireland—her present prospects, and her past calamities—formed the chief topic of conversation. Lord Cloncurry regarded the great Dublin Exhibition, than about to close, as the harbinger of an important industrial movement, and spoke of Mr. Dargan's design with liberal praise, and confident hope. It was the last occasion on which he presided at that hospital board, around which the greatest patriots of three generations of Irishmen had discussed the fortunes of Ireland—at which Grattan's splendid fancy, and Curran's glittering humour, and O'Connell's masculine sense, and Shiel's diamond wit, had so often flashed and flowed—at which the Viceroy and the Rebel, Whig, and Tory, Catholic and Protestant, Old and Young Ireland, had all found some strange and fascinating centre of union. It was the last time the old lord was destined to sit among his friends; and as he turned away to die, the last words they remembered were hope for Ireland—the hope that had never flickered throughout eighty years.

At twelve o'clock Lord Cloncurry retired to rest, in excellent health. Equally well he rose* next morning,

* Although far advanced in years, Lord Cloncurry, unlike the generality of octogenarians, never required the slightest assistance to dress or undress. Up to a short time before his death he was as erect as possible, and as regular in his hours for rising and retiring to rest as the most rigid disciplinarian could desire. He never breakfasted in bed, and on no occasion left his bedroom without using the razor. In respect to the neatness of his appearance, no *petit maitre* could have been more scrupulously particular.

For the pleasures of reading Lord Cloncurry always showed a marked

and having some business to transact which took him a few miles away, ordered his carriage to the door. The day was piercing cold, and by the time he got home, it had far advanced.

Comfortable fires awaited his lordship's return; but they could not warm him. He complained of a violent shivering, accompanied by inflammatory pain in the left side. He endeavoured to remain up, but could not. At seven o'clock he retired to bed, cramped with pain, and benumbed with cold.*

We have said that his lordship entertained an aversion to medical interference or prescription. Surgeon Le Clerc of the Black Rock was the only physician whom, in his professional capacity, he could at all tolerate of late. But on this occasion his lordship would not even permit Dr. Le Clerc to be sent for. Lord Cloncurry's illness, however, increased so much, as the night advanced, that those about him became seriously alarmed. At two o'clock on Tuesday morning a messenger was privately despatched for Dr. Le Clerc.

inclination. He never was without a book, and his fund of general information was, in consequence, considerable. Should he even waken for half an hour in the night, he would instantly procure his reading lamp, book, and pencil. This marked taste for the society of a book appears to have been first formed during his lordship's protracted imprisonment in the Tower.

* Up to the very day that Lord Cloncurry became attacked with fatal illness, he continued to dispense his unostentatious bounty. The actual extent of this exceeds all belief. Nor was it confined to Ireland. Miss S——, his lordship's housekeeper, was continually in the habit of finding letters lying about from the most distant parts of England, some soliciting relief, and others thanking the good man for his generous remittance. "What do you know of these people?" she would sometimes say. "Can you be certain that they are deserving objects?" "Oh, the poor people are in great distress," was the invariable answer. "Had you read their petition it would have made your heart bleed for them. I trust in God that I have alleviated their misery." There were several families in Dublin, whose names could not be mentioned, that he regularly supported. Any person in distress had but to apply to him to receive relief. Of all men living, he had, perhaps, the most sensitive heart. Benevolent to a passion, he could not think of standing a minute proof against the voice of supplication; and having filled the outstretched hand of want, would fly, scarcely able to repress his tears, from the scene. In fact, Lord Cloncurry was the great centre of refuge for all beggars indiscriminately—those who had the wickedness to play upon his generosity, and those who were really deserving of his bounty.

Dr. Le Clerc found his lordship labouring under pleurisy, accompanied by a most virulent and harassing cough, which contributed more than any other uneasiness to embitter the few remaining hours of his existence. This attacked him so often, and so violently, that his lordship's countenance would become almost purple with the exertion. Dr. Le Clerc at once put him under the usual medical treatment for such cases.* His lordship made a momentary rally, but nothing more. The disease gradually strengthened in its grasp, and it became evident to all that the good man's dissolution was rapidly approaching.

On Wednesday the cruel malady called an ally to its aid. Diarrhœa tore roughly at his lordship's already enfeebled constitution.

His lordship only spoke once after. He suffered much from debility, and lay stretched at full length with eyes closed. Whispering his physician in a voice barely audible, he at length said, "Ah, Le Clerc, the closing scene!"

On Thursday the Hon. Cecil Lawless arrived from Cork, and had an affecting interview with his dying father.

At two o'clock, A.M., on Friday morning, disease consummated its work, and the saddest affliction which had befallen Ireland since O'Connell's death, fell upon the land.

The family of Lord Cloncurry decided that the funeral should be a private one, and appointed twelve o'clock on Tuesday, November 1st, for the removal of his lordship's remains to Lyons. Long before that hour, however, the carriages of the immediate friends of the illustrious deceased began to arrive, as well as large numbers of the peasantry, who, loving Lord Cloncurry while living, revered his memory now that he was no more.

In addition to the personal friends of Lord Cloncurry, the entire of the committee, and many of the members, of the Dublin Library Society, were in attendance. Edward, present Lord Cloncurry, the Hon. Cecil Lawless, the

* Dr. Le Clerc cupped his lordship plentifully, applied a blister, and administed calomel in small doses.

Right Hon. J. W. Fitz-Patrick, D. Kirwan, J. Burke, H. D. Burke, and W. Lewis, Esqrs., acted as chief mourners.

Shortly after one o'clock the remains of Lord Cloncurry were borne, in presence of many weeping eyes, from his villa to the hearse. We are informed by the papers of the day that three coffins enclosed the good man's bones. The inner one was of cedar wood, and lined with white satin. The second was of lead, and the third of fine grained oak, highly polished, and mounted with richly-gilt handles and escutcheons. On the lid the following inscription, surmounted by a baron's coronet, appeared:—

"The Right Hon. Valentine Browne Lawless, Baron Cloncurry.
Born 19th August, 1773.
Died 28th of October, 1853. Aged 81 years."

The coffin having been covered with a silk velvet pall, deeply fringed with black gimp and heavy tassels, the mournful *cortege* moved from Maretimo, and proceeded slowly on its way through the village of Black Rock, where most of the shops were completely closed. A large concourse of the poor from the surrounding neighbourhood, who, during very many years, had been the recipients of the good old lord's unostentatious bounty, lined the road-way at either side, and, despite the rain which fell in torrents, followed the procession until the trees of Lyons hid it from their view. The Irish peasantry, superstitious as they are warm-hearted, have always regarded wet weather, in immediate connexion with a funeral, as a circumstance that augured well for the salvation of the deceased. They rejoiced upon the present occasion, and as the black hearse-plumes drooped, saturated and weeping, over the dead man's coffin, many a poor old woman's voice might have been heard enunciating, "Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on."

As the funeral train passed through the villages of Inchicore and Clondalkin, numbers of labourers clustered in knots together, whose demeanour testified at once their

sincere respect for the memory of Lord Cloncurry, and their sorrow at having lost a generous employer and a warm friend. The greater number fell in with the procession.

On arriving at Newcastle, the bell of the Catholic chapel began to toll, and crowds of his lordship's tenants, and the peasantry of the surrounding districts, swelled the moving human mass.

At four o'clock the coffin was borne to the Great Hall of Lyons Castle,* and placed on tressels prior to its final removal, by torchlight, to the family vault adjacent. This solemn ceremony was fixed for half-past seven, but long before that hour a large number of the County Kildare magistracy, the resident gentry of the district, and the tenantry and labourers on his lordship's estate, began to arrive. The latter body wore scarfs and hat-bands, and amounted to upwards of three hundred persons. Punctually to the appointed time, the funeral procession formed, and the remains of Cloncurry, reposing on a bier, were conveyed, with much solemnity, in the direction of the crypt. A more picturesque or impressive scene it would be impossible to conceive than was presented on this occasion, as the long, black procession, thrown boldly into relief by the yellow blaze of sixty torches, slowly wended its way through the thickly wooded paths and avenues, which led to the last resting-place of Valentine Lawless.

At eight o'clock the dense cortege reached its destination. Within the ivied ruin of an old and time-stricken

* Lyons Castle is constructed of granite, and castellated. It consists of a spacious centre, connected by semicircular colonnades, with a stately pavillion at each extremity. Of these one is entirely filled with specimens of first-class sculpture, and originally intended by Lord Cloncurry as a study for native artists. The ancient village of Lyonstown, from which the mansion derives its name, was burnt in the war of 1641, and, with the exception of an old tower and the ruined chapel wherein the ashes of Lord Cloncurry sleep, no traces of it remain. The entire inhabitants of the parish of Lyons do not exceed 158. Yet, for the accommodation of this comparatively small population, Lord Cloncurry, on his return from Italy, toiled to erect a Roman Catholic chapel, which, thanks to his influence, his zeal, and his purse, was creditably effected in 1810. A large bronze crucifix, and holy water font of white marble, which at present decorate the chapel, were brought from Rome, in 1805, by Lord Cloncurry. Of these the former was a personal gift from Pope Pius VII.

Christian temple they laid their burden down. Lord and Lady Cloncurry, the Hon. Cecil Lawless, and Denis Kirwan, Esq., stood immediately around the grave. The assemblage were deeply and visibly affected. A death-like silence prevailed, and tears fell thick and fast upon the good man's coffin.

* * * * * *

Early on the following morning the Hon. Cecil Lawless returned by the Great Southern Railway to Cork. Before his father's coffin-plate had tarnished beneath the clay, the young man was himself struck down.

The disease which proved so suddenly fatal to Mr. Lawless was violent inflammation of the brain. He long entertained a presentiment that, sooner or later, he would die insane, and repeatedly expressed his apprehensions on this score to those who possessed his confidence and his friendship. The inflammatory affection of the brain terminated fatally on the second day. Edward Lord Cloncurry arrived in Cork a few hours after the commencement of the attack, and remained beside his brother's bed until death snatched him away. On the 9th November Mr. Lawless's remains were removed, in a special train, to Lyons, and deposited privately in his father's grave. Young and hale he had gazed upon it exactly one week before.*

And as we chronicle this gloomy fact, Lord Cloncurry's observation to Mr. Hogan, in his letter of August 19, 1841, rushes to our mind—"How true it is that in the midst of life, of health, and of happiness, we are in death."

And so we come to the close of this noble and eventful career. The mortal part of Cloncurry rests in the sepulchre of his race. Feebly, we fear, but with good will and true reverence for all that was generous and heroic in him, we have essayed to make his countrymen familiar with the acts which shall keep his name immortal in Ireland. Where shall we see his like again? is the question

* Mr. Lawless was born Oct., 1820, and represented Clonmel in three Parliaments. He married, in 1848, Frances Georgiana, daughter of Maurice Townsend, Esq., of Shepperton, Co. Cork, and widow of John William Digby, Esq., of Landenstown, Co. Kildare.

which every age asks and answers, as the dynasty of the great and good now and then pauses for an instant by some fresh grave. But it is more than proverbially hard, indeed, to hope that we shall ever see the like of Valentine Lord Cloncurry in Ireland again—the man who was an Irish Peer and an Irish Patriot, when the words had their noblest meaning, and all whose LIFE was faithful to the ambition and devotion of his youth. We have traced him in the rebel's cell, in the Viceroy's sanctum, in the public forum, in that home which was, as it were, a laboratory of patriotic designs, a centre of great and good men, a fount of gracious charities. Through all the great triumphs, and greater afflictions of his life, and through its calm even day course, in which we see the love of his country acting like some quiet industry, there is a perfect harmony, there is but one idea—IRELAND. There is a monument of him in every act that was done for the good of this country in his days, on every bench where justice is administered in Ireland, on every wall reared to worship God or shelter the poor that rose to heaven within his neighbourhood, in the artist's studio, whom his generous patronage fostered, in the good men whom he befriended, in the good causes to which his name lent a new sanction. To portray a character so noble in every respect might well task a pen more brilliant and expert than ours. It has been the pleasant occupation of a year's leisure. May it not be altogether unworthy of its aim! May its many shortcomings be excused in consideration of its good purpose! No light thrown upon a good man's character is wholly lost.

APPENDIX.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ROBERT LAWLESS OF LONDON, EXTRACTED FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1806.

(*See Note on page* 27.)

At his apartments in Dean-street, Soho, at the advanced age of 82, Mr. Robert Lawless, who, for considerably more than half a century, had been so well known to, and much distinguished by, the notice and regard of many of the most eminent literary characters of his time, as one of the principal assistants to Mr. Andrew Miller, formerly bookseller on the Strand; afterwards to his successor, the late Mr. Alderman Cadell; and since, till very lately, to Messrs. Cadell and Davies, the present conductors of that extensive business.

Mr. L. was a native of Dublin, and related not very distantly, to the respectable and recently ennobled family of the same name, as well as to the Barnwells and Aylmers. He was a Roman Catholic, and strictly observed the duties and obligations of his religion, yet perfectly free from the bigotry and uncharitableness which have, on too many occasions, marked the conduct of members of the Romish Church. In his character were united the soundest integrity of mind, with a simplicity of manners rarely equalled. His reading had been extensive; his judgment was remarkably correct; his memory uncommonly strong, and the anecdotes with which it was stored often afforded gratification to his friends, who delighted to draw him into conversation. One remarkable instance of his singleness of heart we can add, on the most indisputable authority. Not very long before Mr. Cadell obtained the scarlet gown, on taking stock at the end of the year, *honest Robin* very seriously applied to his master to ask a favour of him. Mr. Cadell, of course, expected that it was somewhat that might be beneficial to the applicant. But, great indeed was his surprise to find, that the purport of the request was, that his annual salary might be lowered, as the year's account was not so good as the preceding one; and Lawless really feared that his master could not *afford* to pay him such very high wages. On retiring from business, the benevolent master had a picture of the faithful servant painted by Sir William Beech, which he always showed to his friends as one of the principal ornaments of his drawing-room.

GRATTAN ON THE SALE OF PEERAGES, AND HIS DEFIANCE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

(*See page* 46.)

Mr. Grattan's speech on the above subject was, in vigour and intensity, inferior to none ever delivered by him. The celebrated passage:—"Rank majorities

may give a nation law, but rank majorities cannot give law authority," occurred in it. Lord Clare, who sat in the Upper House, took notice of the speech, and made it the subject of a series of diatribes. Grattan fired with indignation at this breach of etiquette (we suppose it is unnecessary to remind the reader that the proceedings of one house should never form the subject of debate or censure in another), and repeated, in still plainer and more telling language, his sentiments. "Sir," said he, "I have been told it was said that I should have been stopped—should have been expelled the Commons—should have been delivered up to the bar of the Lords—for the expressions delivered that day. I will repeat what I said on that occasion. I said that his Majesty's Ministers had sold the peerages, for which offence they were impeachable. I said they had applied the money for the purpose of purchasing seats in the House of Commons for the servants or followers of the Castle, for which offence I said they were impeachable. I said they had done this, not in one, or two, but in several instances, for which complication of offences, I said his Majesty's Ministers were impeachable—as public malefactors, who had conspired against the common weal, the independency of Parliament, and the fundamental laws of the land; and I offered and dared them to put this matter in a course of inquiry; I added, that I considered them as public malefactors, whom we were ready to bring to justice. I repeat these charges now; and if anything more severe was on a former occasion expressed, I beg to be reminded of it, and I will again repeat it. Why do not you expel me now? Why not send me to the bar of the House of Lords? Where is your adviser? Going out of this House, I shall repeat my sentiments, that his Majesty's Ministers are guilty of impeachable offences; and advancing to the bar of the Lords, I shall repeat these sentiments; or, if the Tower is to be my habitation, I will there meditate the impeachment of these Ministers, and return, not to capitulate, but to punish. Sir, I think I know myself well enough to say, that if called forth to suffer in a public cause, I shall go further than my prosecutors, both in virtue and in danger."

Curran's speech on the same subject (February 20th, 1790) was more ironical than fierce. "The sale of peerages," said he, "was as notorious as that of the cast horses in the Castle yard—the publicity the same—the terms not very different—the horses not warranted sound—the other animals warranted rotten. The former destined for honest and useful labour; the latter for vile and base drudgery. We offered evidence of the fact—I pledge myself to prove that fact. I know the power of this House. I know the consequences of a malicious and false accusation. Let it fall upon me if I deserve it."—*Parliamentary Register*, vol. x. p. 290.

SINGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.—ATTEMPT ON THE PART OF MR. J. R—— TO CORRUPT THE HON. CECIL LAWLESS, M.P., WITH A BRIBE.

(*See page* 553.)

"*Clonmel, 25th January*, 1850.

"HON. SIR,—As one of your constituents, permit me to request your kind attention to the following:—I have been in the corn trade here for the past eight years, which business I am obliged to relinquish, in consequence of the very prostrate state of the times, and the fatal operation of free trade upon all branches of industry in this country. I am a single man, about thirty-

nine years of age, able and willing to fulfil the duties of most situations, having a lot of cash in bank, and not being able to convert it to any profitable account at present. I thus most respectfully and *confidentially* solicit your kind influence with your friends to obtain for me some decent situation under Government (however so humble), for which favour I pledge myself to hand the friend the sum of £300 the instant I get the appointment. I detest being idle, and love employment; would have no objection to country, and would prefer England.

"I am well aware how much I ask for; but let the result be favourable or otherwise no mortal upon this earth shall ever be the wiser of it, so far as I am or will be concerned.

"Should you be so good as to grant this request, I would wait upon you at any time or *place* you think proper—it would be the prudent and most discreet plan—or would have no objection to meet your friend in London or elsewhere.

"I understand all the civil situations of the military department, having served as sergeant-major of Artillery upon the Island of St. Helena for five years; and beseeching your *confidence* once again, and begging your kind indulgence for this trouble, I subscribe myself, Hon. Sir, your obedient and very humble Servant, "JAMES R——.

"Hon. Cecil Lawless, M.P., &c., &c.

"A reply in due course, if you please, as I intend to try elsewhere. Address James R——, Merchant, Clonmel."

THE HON. CECIL LAWLESS, M.P., TO MR. JAMES R——.

"*Glandore, Ross Carberry, Feb.* 1, 1850.

"SIR,—Your letter of January 25th having been directed to Dublin, has only just reached me. I regret this, as I should have wished you to have received my answer as soon as possible, in order that you might be at liberty to make your offer elsewhere, as you say you intend doing; and I should feel obliged by your informing me with what success you try elsewhere. I have been more than once disgusted by seeing our members truckling to the present Government, who have worked more mischief to Ireland than any of our former rulers since the terrible Union. But yet, Sir, I will not believe that you are likely to succeed better with any one of them; I doubt whether the blackest sheep of the flock will have courage to promote your interest for even double the bribe you offer me.

"I think it may be just possible that your object was to try me, in order that you might expose me should I fail, and so you might cause so iniquitous a member to be removed from the representation. * * * * This is the first time that I have been requested to sell myself (and I must admit the price was handsome,) since I had the honour to be their representative; and if I believed that any three of them could have advised you to the step you have taken, I should to-morrow request them to look for a member with whom they might make their bargains.

"In this matter I am neither your faithful nor obedient Servant,

"CECIL LAWLESS.

"Mr. James R——, Merchant, Clonmel."

[We are perfectly well aware of the applicant's name, and purposely refrain from more than initialing it. About a week previous to the date of the above letter Mr. R—— addressed a similar application to John O'Connell, Esq., M.P., who took no further notice of the fellow than by placing his letter in the hands of the Attorney-General.—W. J. F.]

LORD CLONCURRY'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. GRAY.

We insert the following letter from Dr. Gray, Editor and Proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*:—

"*February 16th*, 1855.

"My dear Sir,—The greater number of the letters with which I had been from time to time favoured by the late Lord Cloncurry were written with that entire freedom from restraint which impresses me with the conviction, that I am bound to look on them as confidential utterances of his lordship's opinions, which I could not, with propriety, hand you for publication. I regret this the more, as, on looking over them in reference to your request, I can with truth affirm, that while the conduct of public men and the objects of public measures were freely canvassed in many of them, there is not a single sentence in any one, the publication of which would not reflect the highest credit on the judgment and patriotism, as well as on the heart of the lamented dead.

"I send you a few of his lordship's letters which may perhaps prove useful to you. Though manifestly not written for publication, I feel that in placing in your hands a few letters which illustrate his ever vigilant anxiety for the material improvement of the people, and his never-flagging hope in the ultimate destiny of this nation, I am but assisting your praiseworthy effort to do justice to the memory of one of the most generous of men, and the most disinterested of patriots.

"Yours truly, "John Gray.

"Wm. John Fitzpatrick, Esq."

Nine highly interesting letters from Lord Cloncurry were enclosed with Dr. Gray's communication.

Dr. Gray permitted us to see some of the letters which he did not feel at liberty to give for publication. Many of them show that Lord Cloncurry was a careful observer of all passing events, and not a few contain elaborate and very able comments on the topics discussed in the last *Times*, *Freeman*, or *Nation*. We requested leave to publish the letter No. 127, page 516, in which allusion is made to the "Stoneybatter dinner," by which is meant the dinner given by the Midland Great Western Railway Company to Lord Clarendon, on the completion of their splendid terminus at the Broadstone. The dinner was given shortly after Lord Clarendon's connexion with the *World* newspaper had been made public by the celebrated trial of Birch and Somerville, and the speech delivered by Dr. Gray, to which allusion is made, was in reply to the toast of "The Press," in the course of which he administered a severe rebuke to Lord Clarendon on his illicit intercourse with a venal and corrupt press, in a manner so happy as not to offend propriety, while it wounded to the quick, and yet so direct as to elicit from the leading journals of the day, of all politics, the most handsome expressions of thanks for the vindication of the honour of the press in the presence of the Viceroy who sought to dishonour and degrade it. This circumstance explains the use of the word "Stoney-*batter*" in his lordship's letter.

DR. LACOUR ON THE POST MORTEM EXAMINATION OF O'CONNELL.

(*See page* 486.)

Dr Lacour, who accompanied O'Connell to Genoa, and attended him during his last illness, read, in November, 1847, a paper before the *Societé*

Medicale d'Emulation of Lyons, on the actual cause of the great man's death, as ascertained by *post mortem* examination. From this document it would appear that O'Connell laboured under ramollissement of the brain for upwards of two years previous to his dissolution; that it produced "the uncertain gait and failing intellect to which," remarks Dr. Lacour, "the fatal termination was entirely attributable." Dr. Lacour's paper contained an elaborate statement of the diagnosis of the case. In reference to the condition of the brain, he observed, among other details solely intelligible to a medical man:—"A space which might have contained a wallnut, was transformed into a greyish thick fluid, in the midst of which there was a little blood. The cerebral matter around this softened part reassumed its normal firmness. There was a high degree of congestion in all the other parts of the brain, just as if it had been thickly sprinkled with blood." Dr. Lacour's interesting paper may be found at full length, in the *Lancet* for December 4th, 1847.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR AND THE SWORD CANE.

(*See page* 156.)

[The following curious anecdote concerning the imprisonment of Arthur O'Connor, at Maidstone, has never before been published to the world, and comes from the pen of perhaps the only man qualified to tell it, viz., Major Scott, of the 91st Regiment, the son and representative of Mr. William Scott, who defended one of the state prisoners arrested with Arthur O'Connor, at Margate, in 1798. The document was recently drawn up by Major Scott, at the request of W. J. O'Neil Daunt, Esq., by whom it has been placed at our entire disposal.—W. J. F.]

The Rev. Mr. O'Coigly, Arthur O'Connor, and O'Leary, servant to O'Connor, were to be tried at Maidstone for high treason. Mr. Scott was counsel for O'Leary; but for O'Connor no counsel had as yet been appointed.

At a meeting of the counsel who were to be employed in the defence, it became a serious question whether Mr. Erskine should be employed as counsel for O'Connor, or whether his services might not be more useful as a witness. To ascertain this it was most desirable to communicate with O'Connor, a matter of extreme difficulty, as all access to the prisoners was forbidden, except to their counsel.

Mr. Scott agreed to make the attempt. He had also another reason for wishing to see O'Connor. Mr. Scott, on visiting his client, O'Leary, could get no information from him. O'Leary suspected Mr. Scott might be a Government spy, frankly told him that he suspected him to be such, and positively refused to tell him anything until Mr. Scott should bring a token from his master, that he might be confided in.

The following morning Mr. Scott went to the prison, and in ascending the stairs towards O'Leary's cell, offered the turnkey five guineas to admit him to O'Connor. The man was staggered, but the money tempted him. He said that the great door of the prison, when opened and shut, slammed with a great noise that was heard all over the prison, and that if Mr. Scott would promise to leave O'Connor and run to O'Leary's cell the moment he might hear the door slam, he would admit him as there would be ample time for him to gain his client's cell before any one could ascend the stairs. This being agreed upon, Mr. Scott went to O'Leary, who was as dumb as before; not one word would he utter till Mr. Scott should have seen his master. The turnkey soon arrived, and saying the coast was clear, conducted Mr. Scott to O'Connor. O'Connor, on seeing Mr. Scott, whom he had previously known,

rushed with open arms to embrace him. O'Connor then told Mr. Scott that when they were apprehended on their way to France, their papers were seized and tied up in bundles. O'Connor heard the officers inquiring for the bundle tied in "the red hankerchief," which, for some time, could not be found. O'Coigly whispered to O'Connor, "If the red handkerchief be lost, we are safe." O'Connor said, "How so?" O'Coigly—"There is a paper in it that would hang us." What that paper was O'Connor could not say; but it afterwards turned out to be an invitation to the French to land a force in England, purporting to be given by a party in England; but, in reality, merely written as a squib in a coffee-house in London, by a friend of O'Coigly's, and given to him to put in the newspapers on his arrival in France, in order to frighten Mr. Pitt. This paper O'Coigly took, and unfortunately put in his pocketbook along with his letters of Ordination.

Mr. Scott's conversation with O'Connor was frequently interrupted by the slamming of the door, when he ran to his client's cell. O'Leary was now quite communicative. Among other things he told Mr. Scott that on their being arrested he managed to conceal a number of papers about his person, and feigning a sudden bowel complaint, was allowed to retire, when he threw them into the privy.

The last time Mr. Scott was admitted to O'Connor, the turnkey said that the interview would be the last for that day, as it would be soon time to shut up the prison. After being with O'Connor some time, the door slammed, and Mr. Scott got up to take leave. He then missed his cane, but was not sure whether he had left it in O'Connor or O'Leary's cell. He said—"Did I leave my cane here?" O'Connor—"My dear friend, it is the very thing I want." Mr. Scott—"I insist upon having the cane [it was a sword cane] immediately." Mr. O'Connor—"I must keep it." Mr. Scott—"Mr. O'Connor, this is most unhandsome conduct; give me my cane at once." Mr. O'Connor—"No." Mr. Scott—"Well, Sir, if you escape being hanged, you shall answer to me for this with your life, for I consider it a personal matter." O'Connor bowed assent, and Mr. Scott retired as fast as he could, for the door now slammed some time.

The next morning Mr. Scott was early at the prison, in hopes of inducing O'Connor to give up the cane. The countenance of the turnkey was ferocious, and on ascending the stairs he turned on Mr. Scott, and shaking at him his ponderous bunch of keys, in a threatening manner, said—"Now, are you not a pretty fellow, to go and ruin a poor man like me, with your damned five guineas?" Mr. Scott—"My good man, what do you mean?" Turnkey—"Was it not you that took to O'Connor that long dagger?" Mr. Scott—"I should have been, I assure you, the last person to have done the like; tell me what you mean and all about it?" The turnkey, pacified a little, said that, during the night, O'Connor had made an attempt at escape, and had used a dagger, by the description of which Mr. Scott recognized his sword.

On going to O'Leary's cell, Mr. Scott was informed by O'Leary that there had been a terrible noise at night and the whole prison roused, but he could not tell the reason. He was now no longer to be allowed to go to help his master to dress as heretofore. Mr. Scott now went to consult with his friends. He found the whole town alarmed—reports that arms had been conveyed to the prisoners, rescue apprehended, &c., &c. He also ascertained that before day-light, a messenger had been despatched to London in a chaise and four with a sword.

All Mr. Scott's friends agreed in assuring him that it was useless for him to do anything; that his expulsion from the Bar was certain, and that he

would be very lucky if he got off with that. He set off at once to London, and went straight to the Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Eldon), to whom he told the whole story, concealing nothing. The Attorney-General said that there had been a great commotion. The sword belonging to a cane had been brought up in a chaise and four, and the most exaggerated reports spread, that the Government could make neither top nor tail of the story, and he was very glad Mr. Scott had told him all about it. He concluded by saying, "When I was as young a man as you are, I should very likely have done an equally foolish thing, but I will now take care that you never hear another word about it." The whole hubbub was quashed.

J. Scott, 91st Regt.

THE DINNER PARTY AT MR. DUFFY'S, ALLUDED TO BY LORD CLONCURRY IN LETTER NO. 114.

(*See page* 554.)

The party referred to consisted, we understand, of a club of young men, some of Young Ireland antecedents, and some not, but most of whom have since risen to political or professional distinction. Among them were the late Maurice Leyne, whose brilliant eloquence and rich Irish humour were a national loss, Edward Butler, then of the staff of the *Nation*, now a member of the Australian bar, and one of the editors of the *Sydney Empire*, Charlton Stuart Ralph, Richard Dalton Williams (the far-famed "Shamrock" of the *Spirit of the Nation*), William K. Sullivan, the distinguished chemist of the Museum of Irish Industry, John Cashel Hoey, Mr. Duffy's colleague and partner in the *Nation*, John O'Hagan, barrister-at-law, and professor in the Catholic University, Henry MacManus, the artist, Doctor R. D. Lyons, George Walters, barrister-at-law, and George Fuller.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 13, line 13, *for* Beattie *read* Johnson.
—— 33, line 11 from bottom, *for* that day *read* that year.
—— 73, line 17, *for* reformer *read* informer.
—— 126. The note "Plowden, vol. ii., p. 399," should be at foot of p. 121.
—— 221, line 5, *for* quagmire *read* mire.
—— 534, line 2, *for* Portland-square *read* Rutland-square.

The author was under error in including the late Mr. Denys Scully amongst the Protestant barristers who sent in their adhesion to the Catholic Board. The two most eloquent Protestant orators at the meetings of that body were John Finlay, LL.D., and Charles Philipps, author of "Curran and his Cotemporaries."

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